

# ENGLISH PROSE

H. CRAIK

VOL. V

*NINETEENTH CENTURY*



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TORONTO



# ENGLISH PROSE

## SELECTIONS

WITH CRITICAL INTRODUCTIONS  
BY VARIOUS WRITERS  
AND GENERAL INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PERIOD

EDITED BY  
HENRY CRAIK

VOL. V  
*NINETEENTH CENTURY*

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## INTRODUCTION

THE selections contained in this the concluding volume of the present series, extend from the beginning of the century to our own day. We are tempted, in comparing these two periods, to be misled by the analogy of the rapid changes which the century has seen in other spheres, and to seek for a wide contrast between English prose as it was written at the beginning and as it is written at the close of the nineteenth century. But, as a fact, the analogy is not real: and it would be more true to say that no equal number of years has shown so few, rather than so many marked changes in prose style. In most of its essential features, English prose is the same now as it was when the eighteenth century closed: and we might read sentences, paragraphs, and even pages from many books written at the beginning and at the end of the period covered by this volume without finding any marked distinction which would help us to decide to which part of it they belong. But on the other hand, we may safely say that there is no equal period which presents anything like the same individual variety, or which has turned and twisted the models of the past into as great a multiplicity of shapes, according to the endless eccentricities either of fashion or of taste; partly also, it is only fair to admit, in compliance with the exigencies of a boundless complexity of subject matter. It is just these two, apparently opposite characteristics, which make it so hard to pronounce a definite judgment upon the main tendencies of English prose in our day. It is comparatively easy to trace the progress of a marked and decisive change of taste or fashion, which moves forward by well-defined stages, compels obedience to its successive developments, and which presents itself finally

in sharp contrast to its earliest phase. It is much more difficult, through a maze of bewildering variety amongst contemporary writings, to grasp any single law which regulates changes which are only slowly revealing themselves, and the ultimate tendencies of which we can at best only guess.

The prose of the eighteenth century at its best had been marked by a certain stateliness which combined with its formal severity, and perhaps in great measure owed to that formal severity a simple lucidity, which was its chief ornament. It is a common fallacy to believe that simplicity is always due to nature; it is quite as often due to the highest art. The eighteenth century had certainly lost, and lost beyond recall, the *naïveté* and freshness which had been the hall-mark of Elizabethan prose. But it had inherited from the seventeenth century an earnestness and directness which was the chief merit of that age, but which had been nothing but a spasmodic force until it had undergone the chastening discipline of taste and harmony. Such discipline the eighteenth century had brought: and, shaking off the uncouthness of pedantry and conceit, had graced English prose with something of the facile ease and natural flow of courtly and polished conversation. The language was recovering, after long and tortuous wanderings, the directness and lucidity which were amongst the best of its inherent traits; but the most that could now be hoped for was that the directness and lucidity should be the product of art and not of nature. What Johnson did for English prose was to establish such lucidity on the solid basis of fixed and logical rule, which made slipshod inaccuracy and vague ambiguity crimes to be arraigned before a tribunal that would give them short shrift. How consistent such rule was with eloquence, with simplicity, with matchless force, Johnson himself showed: and it was not his fault if feeble brains mistook his aims, and feeble hands first parodied and then perverted the model he had set them. That common form of intellectual perversity which thinks that it has sufficiently marked the place of Johnson in prose style by calling him turgid and sesquipedalian, inevitably leads its victims into a parody of his formality which lacks the faintest reflection of his virility and force.

Before the eighteenth century had passed, the tradition of stateliness had waned: and a degraded taste had preserved the formality as a tradition which served to mark what was held to be a literary manner and style. They seemed to have forgotten the

very memory of the lucid simplicity and critical accuracy that had been its saving grace. To dabble in literature became unfortunately a fashion which was supposed to indicate a certain amount of cultivation. It was held to be a graceful accomplishment for the man of the world: and with increasing frequency it even became a calling and an occupation, pursued for profit; and while some of the best, with perhaps heedless superciliousness, disdained its overt pursuit, its ranks were crowded with those who reckoned it a distinction to have written what found its way into print. With such a class, a certain superficial formality which follows some fashion or tradition, was almost a necessity. They were bound either to write in obedience to such a fashion or not to write at all. Most of all was this modish pedantry essential in the days when journalism and the literature of periodicals became a regular occupation of an increasing number. The journalist almost necessarily falls into a certain mannerism: he could not perform his daily task if he did not. It is only when a man lives with his subject and has made it his own, that he can speak a language of his own; and he is happy, if in such a case he belongs to the chosen circle who can use that language with ease and freedom, and yet who never err against the rules prescribed by the genius of their native tongue.

In the earliest years of our century, all the influences which were most harmful were most rife. The best elements of eighteenth-century prose were gone, and only the worthless husks of a certain formal literary tradition were left. A new host were rushing into literature, who wished to pose as men of culture, and therefore thought it necessary above all things to make their writing something distinct from their ordinary conversation—so as to satisfy themselves and others that it was literature. Journalism and periodical writing were becoming more widely spread, but, not yet having acquired the strength of experience which could hammer out a style of their own, were content to allow a stilted pedantry to pose for literary dignity.

But the evil of this habit told upon more than merely its baser instruments. Never did disintegration proceed more rapidly than in the quarter of a century that followed Johnson's death. The formalism became an accepted fashion, which to a certain extent influenced even such as Scott, and did its best to disfigure the masterpieces of his genius. It is true that in his case the effect is but slight, and that defects of style are scarcely more

than flecks upon his genius ; but it is equally true that what mars his style is not its carelessness and looseness, so much as a certain cumbrous and stilted diction that seems to repeat the fashion of the day. And if it was so with him, how much more with the lesser herd, whose style has only helped to commit them to a happy oblivion !

But against this formal pedantry, which was cumbrous without being dignified, and ponderous without strength, a reaction was certain to come. Journalism, at first in the quarterly and monthly reviews—if we may use the word in rather a larger sense than strict etymology would allow—became a living force, and was compelled to develop a style of its own. It had to be terse and impressive, to have a certain swing and march of words ; and, almost insensibly, it fell into certain mannerisms, which doubtless give a uniformity to the style of each writer, but nevertheless mark out his individuality. This is, if we consider it, an almost inevitable result of anonymous writing long pursued. Even if a man does not put his name on the title-page of a book, or sign it at the end of an article, yet he wishes his work to have a certain character of its own : it gives him a sense of continuity and of propriety ; nay, even the rhythm and the turn of his phrases ease his pen, just as each blacksmith that knows the cunning of his craft gives his own peculiar swing and balance to the hammer. No one who has written anonymously has failed to experience the sense of discipline that compels him, up to a certain point, to adopt the tone and catch the mannerisms of the organ for which he writes. But the adepts learn to carry those mannerisms and catch that tone, after a fashion of their own. It was by a process something like this that the style of Jeffrey was evolved, with all its clear and sharply-cut phrases—and its alert and somewhat pedagogic self-complacency ; and it was by the same process that the far more artistic style of Macaulay acquired its first bent and character. Inevitably in anonymous journalism, which aims at any high literary character, and does not stoop to catch attention by tricks of self-advertisement, a certain fashion imposes itself upon all its contributors, just as a fashion of phrase and tone impresses itself upon those who take part in the pleadings in the same Court or in the discussions in the same Assembly. Only the strongest and the most experienced can at once obey that unwritten law of fashion, and yet turn it to their own uses as Macaulay did.

But just as journalism was compelled to invent a style of its own, the crispness and quick movement of which stood in distinct contrast to the waning traditions of the eighteenth century, so others sought to escape from undue formality by straining after fantastic ornament or exaggeration. The prose of De Quincey will always find some admirers attracted by its elaborate involution, its untiring amplitude of description and richness of ornament, which have all the appearances of eloquence except those that are true. We only see how limited and artificial it is when we imagine a prose style formed upon De Quincey's model, and adapting that model to changing needs. The spuriousness of the coin is soon detected when we attempt to pass it outside the narrow circle which De Quincey made his own, and where his ingenuity and inventiveness assure him a meed of respect. The prose of Landor is more chaste, more classic, and more rigid in the severity of its rules; but surely even his warmest admirers must feel that there is a strained note about it, and a certain stiffness of affectation in its elaboration. With Charles Lamb we have a quaintness of archaicism which loses all trace of artificiality only by the magic touch of genius.

How far exaggeration could go, and how far unquestionable genius could find contorted diction, and every conceivable antic of phraseology, a worthy and convenient means of picturesque description or impressive moralising, can never be seen in more striking manifestation than in the style which Carlyle deliberately adopted, and as tenaciously maintained. Genius must make its own laws; and however severe the strain upon our faith or upon our sense of proportion and harmony, we must hesitate to question the validity of these laws in their personal application. We may, however, be permitted to regret that the resources of such genius were not sufficient to find expression at less expense of uncouth phrase, and ejaculatory emphasis, and could not more frequently hold its course in that more serene stream of language which Carlyle can occasionally achieve, where the effect of the restraint and restfulness is perhaps not less picturesque than that of the hurtle and passion of words, and where the impression, if less startling, is certainly not less lasting. But if with all humility we ascribe to genius the right to frame its own laws, we need not surrender our independence in questioning whether these laws are of permanent or universal application. When genius has once used and then laid aside instruments that are of strange

fashion and unwieldly form, then their use is gone. They may have served a good purpose in breaking a former yoke, or dethroning a formal tyranny; but they are unfit for weaker hands, and when grasped by imitators can only afford a spectacle for laughter to gods and men.

But no habit is more sure to find examples than that of imitation, and the penalties of travesty are just those which men learn with most difficulty. A style like that of Carlyle breeds a whole progeny of mimics, who fancy themselves followers, and think that the eccentricities of their model, if slavishly reproduced, will entitle them to the name of scholars and disciples. Above all things, the fashion of the day seems to pursue what is now held to be the picturesque or dramatic in diction, when the feelings are to be harrowed by an ejaculation, the heart is to be stirred by a disjointed sentence, and the ear arrested by a violent fracture of all natural sequence of words. The intention of such tricks is easily perceived, and there is always a large and appreciative public that will praise an intention which it thinks laudable, without critically inquiring whether the intention is achieved or not. After all, we must admit that the effort after a certain colloquial directness is something that lies deep in the genius of our language; and we must be lenient to a fashion which, albeit in a blind and devious way, is groping after that directness, and seeking to make that language a convenient and adaptable vehicle for such thoughts as may be current.

The truth is, that style in our own day is a complex matter, and he would be rash who should attempt to dogmatise either as to its character or its prospects. It was inevitable that, after a somewhat formal phase, there should come one of restless and somewhat lawless exaggeration. With an increased activity in writing, with an increased audience, with an increased range of subjects, it was also certain that eccentricities should be begotten, and that human ingenuity should set itself to devise something new without too much thought of its quality. We must remember also that there were influences from outside that could not but tell on our prose style. The study of German—above all, of German philosophy—in the early part of the century, could not but disturb the rhythm of a period as it was conceived by Johnson. Science, as it advanced and specialised itself, drew farther and farther apart from literature, formed a language of its own, and threw back on literature a whole host of technical



terms, which broke up our most characteristic idioms, and rendered it difficult to preserve a style at once simple and colloquial, and free from expressions which are strained by common custom from the technical use for which they were invented and intended—which, in short, belong strictly to the category of “slang” in its widest sense.

But when we have fully recognised all this, we must admit certain vigorous elements in the prose of our own day. The style which slavishly imitates marked individual peculiarities, and which attempts, at second-hand, to reproduce mannerisms and exaggerations which are hardly forgiven even to the originator, has in it all the elements of decay, and the very cheapness of its effects assures us that they will be short-lived. And, on the other hand, we must admit the presence of a certain taste, and an appreciation of what is best in style, that are certain to force us back to the best models and to make us draw from them a certain inspiration. We must admit also that, even when prose wanders far from the highest models, it strives to cut itself adrift from formality and pedantry, and to express, with an unmistakable dexterity, subtle turns of thought and ingenious intricacies of feeling which the prose of two or three generations ago would scarcely have attempted to convey. It moves lightly and easily; it aims at a colloquial familiarity which, as we must not forget, is one of the earliest and truest characteristics of the genius of the language. It is undoubtedly often slipshod and ambiguous, and the so-called ornaments often amount to little more than vague rhodomontade, which has all the vices of a spurious coinage. But, as we may see more than once in the history of our prose, false ornament, however distasteful, is, on the whole, a better and more healthy sign than no ornament at all: a prose style which moves too timidly, and fears all that is gorgeous lest it become tawdry, and all that is strenuous lest it become exaggerated, soon becomes afraid of its own shadow, and ceases to move at all. No prose can have in it the instinct of life and vigour, which does not to a large extent repeat the tone, and catch, in a certain measure, the current fashion of expression of its own day. Thought may drift into paradox; it may mistake self-complacency for boldness, and pertness for originality. But for that prose style is not to blame, and it must perforce assume something of the tone of its own day. If there is anything which we may venture to prophesy with some confidence, it is that all the swarm of ideas, all the jostling crowd

of competing paradoxes, all the sprightly theories which are most attractive to ignorance just emerging into a little knowledge—symptoms so characteristic of our own day—must suffer a reaction, and must be followed by a period of rest. With that rest will come simplicity: and we need not despair that the prose style which will ultimately evolve itself out of the seemingly lawless and disorganised variety of our own day, will recover, in response to great accuracy of thought, that simplicity of diction by which alone accurate thought can convey itself. It will not be a less potent instrument because for a time it has bent itself to the needs of a restless age, and has acquired some fresh elasticity thereby.

But, whatever may be the future of our prose, we must remember that it has a history; and we shall best discover and preserve what is best in its genius by studying that history. Certain phases of it are gone beyond recall, and a pedantic archaicism will not avail one jot to resuscitate them. Certain notes have been lost, and steps have been taken downward which never can be retraced. But as we linger over its past, and study its best models, as we see how marvellously certain forms of expression, which were in their origin absolutely simple and natural, represent the very highest art in the adaptation of words to thought and to feeling, surely our reverence for our own language must be deepened, and at least some lingering notes from its finest music in the past must continue to echo through the future, and give inspiration to those who may hereafter be its masters.

H. CRAIK.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT

[Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh in 1771, and belonged to a younger branch of an ancient family. Owing to early ill health his education was somewhat irregular; but he studied hard in preparation for the Scottish bar, to which he was called in 1792. From his earliest youth he had been steeped in romance, and his first publication was a translation of Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*, in 1799. From this time literature and his profession kept him constantly employed. His poems followed in close succession till 1815, but before the series closed he had begun the Waverley Novels with *Waverley*. These works, with constant contributions to magazines, and literary and historical works, occupied him till his death in 1832. His literary career was one of unexampled prosperity; but the failure of commercial speculations with which he was connected (in 1825) cast a shadow over the later part of his life, redeemed by the heroism with which he stood the blow, and laboured, even to death, to retrieve the overthrow of his hopes.]

THE task of assigning the place of Sir Walter Scott as a writer of prose is a difficult, and not, in all respects, a very pleasant task for any one penetrated with admiration for his genius. Scott's own contemporaries--nay, even his own most intimate friends--saw faults in his style; and to a later generation these have been even more apparent, and the faults that lie on the surface have perhaps been pointed out with something of undue insistence. This has told with all the more effect, because it has often come from those who pay the most lavish tribute to his power. Let us get over, as speedily as possible, the necessary and unpleasant part of the business, by admitting that the criticism has some foundation. The faults are not hard to seek. It is not only that his prose is irregular and at times ungrammatical--some of our greatest prose writers have shown both these defects. A rugged irregularity and an easy carelessness have often added power and energy to prose. But Scott's irregularity is not of that sort. The defects of his prose are the more serious ones of slipshod and tawdry sentences, of clumsy and lumbering

paragraphs. Where he is solemn or dignified, he rarely troubles himself with the virtues of restraint or selection; he never attempts the subtle harmony of words, or balances his style to suit with nicety the sentiments he wishes to convey. A certain amount of grandiloquence has often a quaint flavour of humour, but it is seldom so with Scott. His phrases are often rotund and ornate, but this seems to come from a careless conventionality of habit, and not from deliberate art. He pours out his words without discrimination, and frequently with an absence of all taste for style, which is perhaps akin to the insensibility of perception which his biographer admits—his obtuseness to what was disagreeable in smell or colour, his lack of musical ear, his bluntness to some of the more common tastes. He himself recognised the lack with his usual magnanimity, and neither resented its suggestion nor defended its faults. Not rarely when his sentences jar upon the ear—as they are apt to do when we are not swept away by his music and his fire—we are reminded of the false taste that disfigured Abbotsford, of the paltry stained glass, of the plaster ceilings counterfeiting oak, of the rococo ornament, and pseudo-Gothic of its architecture. Scott's genius is as little affected by the one as by the other—nay more, he was as little responsible for the one as for the other. He wrote at an unfortunate moment for his style; and the stream of his production was too strong and abundant in its current to allow him leisure to correct what was faulty in the prevailing taste. Rarely perhaps was taste amongst educated men worse as regards style than at the beginning of this century. The stately dignity of the eighteenth century was losing its force. Its unerring rules, its regularity, its restraint were losing their authority. Although preserving their conventionality, they were degenerating into resonant and imitative rotundity. If we wish to see how bad style could become, we have only to look at many of the novels then in vogue, and now almost forgotten, or at the ponderous translations and jejune treatises of the day. The older school was decaying, and the forcible alertness of the newer school never strongly affected Scott. His genius was too vivid in its energy to trouble itself with its vehicle; he took the instrument that was ready to his hand, and left it to others to polish its blade and to temper its edge.

But when we have said thus much, the worst of our task is over. The wonder is not that Scott's style had defects, but

that it was not much worse. He never studied it. His mind was filled with the picturesque in scenery and in conception, and he had neither room nor leisure for more. And if the instrument was sometimes defective, no one used it with a more consummate ease. His style is best where we notice it least; and often the thrilling force and fire of genius, burning underneath, sublimates it into a certain unconscious grandeur. Nay, even this very commonplaceness of Scott's style is not without its value. An artistic style must be redolent both of the writer and of his age; and the impersonality of Scott's style rather adds to, than detracts from, the perennial interest of his romance.

The debt which the world owes to Scott's romances is based upon something far superior to style; and it seems absurd therefore to go for specimens of his style to sources which are valuable for something very different. Nor is it possible to give as extracts from these some of the most characteristic passages, which are broken up by dialogue, or owe much of their force to pithy dialect and to stirring incident. The most devoted admirers of Scott would doubtless agree that his genius is enshrined chiefly in the Scottish novels. In those which have other scenes he deliberately adopts a certain conventional style, which works its effect as a whole, and which in selected passages is apt to impress rather by a falsetto, which it loses when taken in the mass. Yet in both types of the novels there are passages which rise to sublimity of style, not by obedience to rule, not even by any grandeur of language, but by his dramatic power, his concentration of feeling, and by the unerring instinct which gives him for the time a sort of mastery of words--a mastery which has something akin to that element in his genius which made the instinct of popular criticism recognise in him the art of the magician.

Scott used a phrase regarding Byron which stirred the critical wrath of Matthew Arnold--that he "managed his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality." It is easy to deride such a phrase, easy to point out its critical defects. But it nevertheless contains an undoubted truth, and that truth conveys what is a real element in Byron's greatness; and, we may safely add, in the greatness of Scott himself. Literary art deserves and commands our admiration, but it is not the sole or even the chief element of genius; and genius often entirely lacks it, and yet, in spite of that lack, attains by its own force that per-

fection even of form which supreme power must give. Such mastery has a close analogy to the easy use of social forms and the easy practice of social tact which we rightly ascribe to what is generally understood by the "man of quality." His courtesy and his social graces are not the fruit of study or of conscious practice, but derive all their charm from being unstudied, and from carrying with them the ease of nature, not the elaboration of art. Scott did not, any more than Byron, aspire to the name or character of a literary man. Had he been less great, his deliberate repudiation of all such aspiration might have involved something of affectation: as it was, it reflected only the character of the man; and it was because of this, that the effervescent force of that genius, which he himself never recognised, and uniformly undervalued, if it did not attain the positive excellences of a good style, at least acquired that mastery which has so much resemblance to the "careless and negligent ease of a man of quality." After all, if we weigh the words well, and do not read into them the inept vulgarities of conventional slang, the character of "a man of quality" is not one to be despised, whatever his rank and his antecedents; and if any man was ever worthy of the name, Scott at least deserves it.

Amongst the passages which are here selected, some are taken from the novels, not because they show the most characteristic marks of the genius which is there contained, but chiefly because they give passages of sustained dignity in which Scott describes a dramatic episode, or paints a scene, with but little of interruption from dialogue, and little of dialectical peculiarity. If our object were to illustrate Scott's genius, such passages would inadequately serve the purpose; but what is necessary is rather to show Scott as a writer of prose. For this purpose we must in large measure go outside the novel altogether, and seek for specimens rather in his voluminous miscellanies. Of these the prefaces and treatises interspersed amongst the *Border Minstrelsy* are prized by all lovers of Scott; but they are too much concerned with discussion and investigation to lend themselves to selection. It is rather in the lighter treatises on every variety of subject, which he contributed anonymously to reviews, that we have to look for his best writing; and they leave upon us a far higher impression of Scott's power as a writer of prose than do his novels. In the novels our interest is absorbed by qualities that leave us little attention to spare for style; but these articles, poured forth so easily,—

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owing nothing to the commanding interest of drama or of story, without the variety supplied by dialect, or the play of character in dialogue,—show how light and easy was Scott's touch, how quickly he could command interest, and they explain how his prose writing was prized and sought for, even when it was in no way associated either with his name or with the half-shadowed personality which he chose to assume in connection with the novels. We are in the habit of consoling ourselves for the lack of commanding literary excellence in our own generation by appealing to the high standard of anonymous writing in the journal and reviews. It is interesting to see the skill with which Scott, in a less exacting age, could in the odd leisure hours of a life of unparalleled achievement command an audience as an anonymous contributor to reviews, and acquire the light touch and easy style that attracted even without the glamour of his name, and when he had laid aside the chief ensigns of his sovereign genius. Careless as he may often seem, small as are the merits of his style when weighed with his greatest characteristics, yet to such a man we can scarcely deny a mastery of words.

THE EDITOR.

## THE GIPSY'S CURSE

IT was in a hollow way, near the top of a steep ascent, upon the verge of the Ellangowan estate, that Mr. Bertram met the gipsy procession. Four or five men formed the advanced guard, wrapped in long loose great-coats, that hid their tall slender figures, as the large slouched hats, drawn over their brows, concealed their wild features, dark eyes, and swarthy faces. Two of them carried long fowling-pieces, one wore a broadsword without a sheath, and all had the Highland dirk, though they did not wear that weapon openly or ostentatiously. Behind them followed the train of laden asses, and small carts, or *tumblers* as they were called in that country, on which were laid the decrepit and the helpless, the aged and infant part of the exiled community. The women in their red cloaks and straw hats, the elder children with bare heads and bare feet, and almost naked bodies, had the immediate care of the little caravan. The road was narrow, running between two broken banks of sand, and Mr. Bertram's servant rode forward, smacking his whip with an air of authority, and motioning to the drivers to allow free passage to their betters. His signal was unattended to. He then called to the men who lounged idly on before, "Stand to your beasts' heads, and make room for the laird to pass."

"He shall have his share of the road," answered a male gipsy from under his slouched and large-brimmed hat, and without raising his face, "and he shall have nae mair; the highway is as free to our cuddies as to his gelding."

The tone of the man being sulky, and even menacing, Mr. Bertram thought it best to put his dignity in his pocket, and pass by the procession quietly, on such space as they chose to leave for his accommodation, which was narrow enough. To cover with an appearance of indifference his feeling of the want of respect with which he was treated, he addressed one of the men



as he passed without any show of greeting, salute, or recognition, — “Giles Bullie,” he said, “have you heard that your son Gabriel is well?” (The question respected the young man who had been pressed)

“If I had heard otherwise,” said the old man, looking up with a stern and menacing countenance, “you should have heard of it too.” And he plodded on his way, tarrying no further questions. When the laird had pressed on with difficulty among a crowd of familiar faces, which had on all former occasions marked his approach with the reverence due to that of a superior being, but in which he now only read hatred and contempt, and had got clear of the throng, he could not help turning his horse, and looking back to mark the progress of their march. The group would have been an excellent subject for the pencil of Calotte. The van had already reached a small and stunted thicket, which was at the bottom of the hill, and which gradually hid the line of march until the last stragglers disappeared.

His sensations were bitter enough. The race, it is true, which he had thus summarily dismissed from their ancient place of refuge, was idle and vicious; but had he endeavoured to render them otherwise? They were not more irregular characters now than they had been while they were admitted to consider themselves as a sort of subordinate dependents of his family; and ought the mere circumstance of his becoming a magistrate to have made at once such a change in his conduct towards them? Some means of reformation ought at least to have been tried, before sending seven families at once upon the wide world, and depriving them of a degree of countenance which withheld them at least from atrocious guilt. There was also a natural yearning of heart on parting with so many known and familiar faces; and to this feeling Godfrey Bertam was peculiarly accessible, from the limited qualities of his mind, which sought its principal amusements among the petty objects around him. As he was about to turn his horse’s head to pursue his journey, Meg Merrilies, who had lagged behind the troop, unexpectedly presented herself.

She was standing upon one of those high precipitous banks, which, as we before noticed, overhung the road; so that she was placed considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though he was on horseback; and her tall figure, relieved against the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural stature. We have noticed that there was in her general attire, or rather in her mode of

adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign costume, artfully adopted perhaps for the purpose of adding to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her ancestors. On this occasion, she had a large piece of red cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, from beneath which her dark eyes flashed with uncommon lustre. Her long and tangled black hair fell in elf-locks from the folds of this singular head-gear. Her attitude was that of a sibyl in frenzy, and she stretched out in her right hand a sapling bough, which seemed just pulled.

"I'll be d——d," said the groom, "if she has not been cutting the young ashes in the Dukit park!"—The Laird made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which was thus perched above his path.

"Ride your ways," said the gipsy, "ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram!—This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blither for that. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster.

—Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Derncleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the hearthstane at Ellangowan. —Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glower after our folk for!—There's thirty hearts there that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their life-blood ere ye had scratched your finger. Yes—there's thirty yonder, from the auld wife of a hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields, to sleep with the tod and the blackcock in the muirs!—Ride your ways, Ellangowan, —Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up: not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born—God forbid, and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father!—And now, ride e'en your ways; for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan."

So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand, and flung it into the road. Margaret of Anjou, bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen-edged malediction, could not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly contemptuous. The Laird was clearing his voice to speak, and thrusting his hand in his pocket to find a half-crown; the gipsy waited neither for his

reply nor his donation, but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan.

Ellingowan rode pensively home ; and it was remarkable that he did not mention this interview to any of his family. The groom was not so reserved ; he told the story at great length to a full audience in the kitchen, and concluded by swearing, that "if ever the devil spoke by the mouth of a woman, he had spoken by that of Meg Merulies that blessed day."

(From *Guy Mannering*.)

### A HOUSE OF MOURNING

THE Antiquary, being now alone, hastened his pace, which had been retarded by these various discussions, and the rencontre which had closed them, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-crag. They had now, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach ; and, though the day was fine, and the season favourable, the chant, which is used by the fishers when at sea, was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother, as she sits mending her nets by the door. A few of the neighbours, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting till "the body was lifted." As the Laird of Monkbarns approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene which our Wilkie alone could have painted, with that exquisite feeling of nature that characterises his enchanting productions.

The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind, with that strong feeling of painful grief peculiar to

harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world, and all that remain in it, after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had only been withheld by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed side-long towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him, were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word, either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself, on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favourite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to put it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next, to snatch up the boy and devour him with kisses. "Ye'll be a bra' fallow, an ye be spared, Patie,—but ye'll never—never can be—what he was to me!—He has sailed the coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there wasna the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchan-ness.—They say folks maun submit—I will try."

And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother—the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands, and the convulsive agitation of the bosom, which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavouring to stun the grief which they could not console.

The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display

of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant, or fisher, offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendour of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle; then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about, as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck by the black colour of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded. Then, finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word—neither had she shed a tear—nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. Thus she sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

When Oldbuck entered this house of mourning, he was received by a general and silent inclination of the head, and, according to the fashion of Scotland on such occasions, wine and spirits and bread were offered round to the guests. Elspeth, as these refreshments were presented, surprised and startled the whole company by motioning to the person who bore them to stop; then, taking a glass in her hand, she rose up, and, as the smile of dotage played upon her shrivelled features, she pronounced, with a hollow and tremulous voice, "Wishing a' your healths, sirs, and often may we hae such merry meetings!"

All shrunk from the ominous pledge, and set down the untasted liquor with a degree of shuddering horror, which will not surprise those who know how many superstitions are still common on such occasions among the Scottish vulgar. But as the old

woman tasted the liquor, she suddenly exclaimed with a sort of shriek, "What's this?—this is wine—how should there be wine in my son's house?—Ay," she continued, with a suppressed groan, "I mind the sorrowful cause now," and, dropping the glass from her hand, she stood a moment gazing fixedly on the bed in which the coffin of her grandson was deposited, and then, sinking gradually into her seat, she covered her eyes and forehead with her withered and pallid hand.

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. Mr. Blattergowl, though a dreadful proser, particularly on the subject of augmentations, localities, teinds, and overtures in that session of the General Assembly to which, unfortunately for his auditors, he chanced one year to act as Moderator, was nevertheless a good man, in the old Scottish presbyterian phrase, God-ward and man-ward. No divine was more attentive in visiting the sick and afflicted, in catechising the youth, in instructing the ignorant, and in reproving the erring. And hence, notwithstanding impatience of his prolixity, and prejudices, personal or professional, and notwithstanding, moreover, a certain habitual contempt for his understanding, especially on affairs of genius and taste, on which Blattergowl was apt to be diffuse, from his hope of one day fighting his way to a chair of rhetoric or belles lettres,—notwithstanding, I say, all the prejudices excited against him by these circumstances, our friend the Antiquary looked with great regard and respect on the said Blattergowl, though I own he could seldom, even by his sense of decency and the remonstrances of his womankind, be *hounded out*, as he called it, to hear him preach. But he regularly took shame to himself for his absence when Blattergowl came to Monkbarns to dinner, to which he was always invited of a Sunday, a mode of testifying his respect which the proprietor probably thought fully as agreeable to the clergyman, and rather more congenial to his own habits.

To return from a digression which can only serve to introduce the honest clergyman more particularly to our readers, Mr. Blattergowl had no sooner entered the hut, and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavour to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's

hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually, as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half-stifled by sobs ill-repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech—"Yes, sir, yes! -- Ye're very gude—ye're very gude!—Nae doubt, nae doubt!—It's our duty to submit!—But, oh dear! my poor Steenie! the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him!—Oh, my bairn! my bairn! my bairn! what for is thou lying there!—and eh! what for am I left to greet for ye!"

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had repeated recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female assistants whimpered, the men held their bonnets to their faces, and spoke apart with each other. The clergyman, meantime, addressed his ghostly consolation to the aged grandmother. At first she listened, or seemed to listen, to what he said, with the apathy of her usual unconsciousness. But as, in pressing this theme, he approached so near to her ear that the sense of his words became distinctly intelligible to her, though unheard by those who stood more distant, her countenance at once assumed that stern and expressive cast which characterised her intervals of intelligence. She drew up her head and body, shook her head in a manner that showed at least impatience, if not scorn of his counsel, and waved her hand slightly, but with a gesture so expressive, as to indicate to all who witnessed it a marked and disdainful rejection of the ghostly consolation proffered to her. The minister stepped back as if repulsed, and, by lifting gently and dropping his hand, seemed to show at once wonder, sorrow, and compassion for her dreadful state of mind. The rest of the company sympathised, and a stifled whisper went through them, indicating how much her desperate and determined manner impressed them with awe, and even horror.

In the meantime, the funeral company was completed, by the arrival of one or two persons who had been expected from Fairport. The wine and spirits again circulated, and the dumb show of greeting was anew interchanged. The grandame a second time took a glass in her hand, drank its contents, and exclaimed, with a sort of laugh,—“Ha! ha! I hae tasted wine twice in ae day—Whan did I that before, think ye, cummers?—Never since”——and the transient glow vanishing from her countenance, she set the glass down, and sunk upon the settle from whence she had risen to snatch at it.

As the general amazement subsided, Mr. Oldbuck, whose heart bled to witness what he considered as the errings of the enfeebled intellect struggling with the torpid chill of age and of sorrow, observed to the clergyman that it was time to proceed with the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relation of the family made a sign to the carpenter, who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker, to proceed in his office. The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. The last act which separates us for ever, even from the mortal relics of the person we assemble to mourn, has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted. With a spirit of contradiction, which we may be pardoned for esteeming narrow-minded, the fathers of the Scottish Kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion, the form of an address to the Divinity, lest they should be thought to give countenance to the rituals of Rome or of England. With much better and more liberal judgment, it is the present practice of most of the Scottish clergymen to seize this opportunity of offering a prayer, and exhortation, suitable to make an impression upon the living, while they are yet in the very presence of the relics of him whom they have but lately seen such as they themselves, and who now is such as they must in their time become. But this decent and praiseworthy practice was not adopted at the time of which I am treating, or at least, Mr. Blattergowl did not act upon it, and the ceremony proceeded without any devotional exercise.

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father to support the head, as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he only answered by shaking his hand and his



head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them, that he himself, as landlord and master to the deceased, "would carry his head to the grave." In spite of the sorrowful occasion, the hearts of the relatives swelled within them at so marked a distinction on the part of the laird; and old Alison Breck, who was present among other fish-women, swore almost aloud, "His honour Monkbarns should never want sax warp of oysters in the season" (of which fish he was understood to be fond), "if she should gang to sea and dredge for them hersel', in the foulest wind that ever blew." And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their customs, and respect for their persons, Mr. Oldbuck gained more popularity than by all the sums which he had yearly distributed in the parish for purposes of private or general charity.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the bealdies, or saulies, with their batons,—miserable-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats, and hunting-caps decorated with rusty crape. Monkbarns would probably have remonstrated against this superfluous expense, had he been consulted; but, in doing so, he would have given more offence than he gained popularity by condescending to perform the office of chief-mourner. Of this he was quite aware, and wisely withheld rebuke, where rebuke and advice would have been equally unavailing. In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ceremonial, which once distinguished the grandees of the kingdom so much, that a sumptuary law was made by the Parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations, who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessaries of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury them like Christians, as they termed it; nor could their faithful executors be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living the money vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.

The procession to the churenyard, at about half a mile's

distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions,—the body was consigned to its parent earth,—and when the labour of the gravediggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in melancholy silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.

The clergyman offered our Antiquary his company to walk homeward; but Mr. Oldbuck had been so much struck with the deportment of the fisherman and his mother, that, moved by compassion, and perhaps also, in some degree, by that curiosity which induces us to seek out even what gives us pain to witness, he preferred a solitary walk by the coast, for the purpose of again visiting the cottage as he passed.

(From *The Antiquary*.)

### JEANIE DEANS AS WITNESS

THE evidence of the crown being concluded, the counsel for the prisoner began to lead a proof in her defence. The first witnesses were examined upon the girl's character. All gave her an excellent one, but none with more feeling than worthy Mrs. Saddletree, who, with the tears on her cheeks, declared, that she could not have had a higher opinion of Effie Deans, nor a more sincere regard for her, if she had been her own daughter. All present gave the honest woman credit for her goodness of heart, excepting her husband, who whispered to Dumbiedykes, "That Nichil Novit of yours is but a raw hand at leading evidence, I'm thinking. What signified his bringing a woman here to snorter and snivel, and bather their Lordships? He should hae ceeted me, sir, and I should hae gien them sic a screed o' testimony, they shouldna hae touched a hair o' her head."

"Hadna ye better get up and try't yet?" said the laird. "I'll mak a sign to Novit."

"Na, na," said Saddletree, "thank ye for naething, neighbour—that would be ultroneous evidence, and I ken what belongs to that; but Nichil Novit suld hae had me ceeted *debito tempore*." And wiping his mouth with his silk handkerchief with great importance, he resumed the port and manner of an edified and intelligent auditor.

Mr. Fairbrother now premised, in a few words, "that he meant to bring forward his most important witness, upon whose evidence the cause must in a great measure depend. What his client was, they had learned from the preceding witnesses; and so far as general character, given in the most forcible terms, and even with tears, could interest every one in her fate, she had already gained that advantage. It was necessary, he admitted, that he should produce more positive testimony of her innocence than what arose out of general character, and this he undertook to do by the mouth of the person to whom she had communicated her situation—by the mouth of her natural counsellor and guardian—her sister.—Macer, call into court, Jean, or Jeanie Deans, daughter of David Deans, cowfeeder at Saint Leonard's Crags."

When he uttered these words, the poor prisoner instantly started up, and stretched herself half way over the bar, towards the side at which her sister was to enter. And when, slowly following the officer, the witness advanced to the foot of the table, Effie, with the whole expression of her countenance altered, from that of confused shame and dismay, to an eager, imploring, and almost ecstatic earnestness of entreaty, with out-stretched hands, hair streaming back, eyes raised eagerly to her sister's face, and glistening through tears, exclaimed, in a tone which went through the heart of all who heard her,—“O Jeanie, Jeanie, save me, save me!”

With a different feeling, yet equally appropriate to his proud and self-dependent character, old Deans drew himself back still farther under the cover of the bench; so that when Jeanie, as she entered the court, cast a timid glance towards the place at which she had left him seated, his venerable figure was no longer visible. He sat down on the other side of Dumbiedykes, wrung his hand hard, and whispered, “Ah, laird, this is warst of a’—if I can but win ower this part—I feel my head unco dizzy; but my Master is strong in His servant's weakness.” After a moment's mental prayer, he again started up, as if impatient of continuing in any one posture, and gradually edged himself forward towards the place he had just quitted.

Jeanie in the meantime had advanced to the bottom of the table, when, unable to resist the impulse of affection, she suddenly extended her hand to her sister. Effie was just within the distance that she could seize it with both hers, press it to her mouth, cover it with kisses, and bathe it in tears, with the fond

devotion that a Catholic would pay to a guardian saint descended for his safety ; while Jeanie, hiding her own face with her other hand, wept bitterly. The sight would have moved a heart of stone, much more of flesh and blood. Many of the spectators shed tears, and it was some time before the presiding judge himself could so far subdue his emotion as to request the witness to compose herself, and the prisoner to forbear those marks of eager affection, which, however natural, could not be permitted at that time, and in that presence.

The solemn oath,—“the truth to tell, and no truth to conceal, as far as she knew or should be asked,” was then administered by the judge “in the name of God, and as the witness should answer to God at the great day of judgment ;” an awful adjuration, which seldom fails to make impression even on the most hardened characters, and to strike with fear even the most upright. Jeanie, educated in deep and devout reverence for the name and attributes of the Deity, was, by the solemnity of a direct appeal to his person and justice, awed, but at the same time elevated above all considerations, save those which she could, with a clear conscience, call HIM to witness. She repeated the form in a low and reverent, but distinct tone of voice, after the judge, to whom, and not to any inferior officer of the court, the task is assigned in Scotland of directing the witness in that solemn appeal which is the sanction of his testimony.

When the judge had finished the established form, he added in a feeling, but yet a monitory tone, an advice, which the circumstances appeared to him to call for.

“Young woman,” these were his words, “you come before this court in circumstances which it would be worse than cruel not to pity and to sympathise with. Yet it is my duty to tell you, that the truth, whatever its consequences may be, the truth is what you owe to your country, and to that God whose word is truth, and whose name you have now invoked. Use your own time in answering the questions that gentleman” (pointing to the counsel) “shall put to you.—But remember, that what you may be tempted to say beyond what is the actual truth, you must answer both here and hereafter.”

The usual questions were then put to her :—Whether any one had instructed her what evidence she had to deliver ? Whether any one had given or promised her any good deed, hire, or reward, for her testimony ? Whether she had any malice or ill-will at his

Majesty's advocate, being the party against whom she was cited as a witness? To which questions she successively answered by a quiet negative. But their tenor gave great scandal and offence to her father, who was not aware that they are put to every witness as a matter of form.

"Na, na," he exclaimed, loud enough to be heard, "my bairn is no like the Widow of Tekoah—nae man has putten words into her mouth."

One of the judges, better acquainted, perhaps, with the Books of Adjournal than with the Book of Samuel, was disposed to make some instant inquiry after this Widow of Tekoah, who, as he construed the matter, had been tampering with the evidence. But the presiding judge, better versed in Scripture history, whispered to his learned brother the necessary explanation; and the pause occasioned by this mistake had the good effect of giving Jeanie Deans time to collect her spirits for the painful task she had to perform.

Fairbrother, whose practice and intelligence were considerable, saw the necessity of letting the witness compose herself. In his heart he suspected that she came to bear false witness in her sister's cause.

"But that is her own affair," thought Fairbrother; "and it is my business to see that she has plenty of time to regain composure, and to deliver her evidence, be it true, or be it false—*valcat quantum*."

Accordingly, he commenced his interrogatories with uninteresting questions, which admitted of instant reply.

"You are, I think, the sister of the prisoner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not the full sister, however?"

"No, sir—we are by different mothers."

"True; and you are, I think, several years older than your sister?"

"Yes, sir," etc.

After the advocate had conceived that, by these preliminary and unimportant questions, he had familiarised the witness with the situation in which she stood, he asked, "whether she had not remarked her sister's state of health to be altered, during the latter part of the term when she had lived with Mrs. Saddletree?"

Jeanie answered in the affirmative.

"And she told you the cause of it, my dear, I suppose?" said

Fairbrother, in an easy, and, as one may say, an inductive sort of tone.

"I am sorry to interrupt my brother," said the crown counsel, rising: "but I am in your lordship's judgment, whether this be not a leading question?"

"If this point is to be debated," said the presiding judge, "the witness must be removed."

For the Scottish lawyers regard with a sacred and scrupulous horror every question so shaped by the counsel examining, as to convey to a witness the least intimation of the nature of the answer which is desired from him. These scruples, though founded on an excellent principle, are sometimes carried to an absurd pitch of nicety, especially as it is generally easy for a lawyer who has his wits about him to elude the objection. Fairbrother did so in the present case.

"It is not necessary to waste the time of the court, my lord; since the king's counsel thinks it worth while to object to the form of my question, I will shape it otherwise.—Pray, young woman, did you ask your sister any question when you observed her looking unwell?—Take courage—speak out."

"I asked her," replied Jeanie, "what ailed her."

"Very well—take your own time—and what was the answer she made?" continued Mr. Fairbrother.

Jeanie was silent, and looked deadly pale. It was not that she at any one instant entertained an idea of the possibility of prevarication—it was the natural hesitation to extinguish the last spark of hope that remained for her sister.

"Take courage, young woman," said Fairbrother.—"I asked what your sister said ailed her when you inquired?"

"Nothing," answered Jeanie, with a faint voice, which was yet heard distinctly in the most distant corner of the court-room,—such an awful and profound silence had been preserved during the anxious interval which had interposed betwixt the lawyer's question and the answer of the witness.

Fairbrother's countenance fell; but with that ready presence of mind, which is as useful in civil as in military emergencies, he immediately rallied.—"Nothing? True; you mean nothing at *first*—but when you asked her again, did she not tell you what ailed her?"

The question was put in a tone meant to make her comprehend the importance of her answer, had she not been already aware of

it. The ice was broken, however, and, with less pause than at first, she now replied,—“Alack! alack! she never breathed word to me about it.”

A deep groan passed through the court. It was echoed by one deeper and more agonized from the unfortunate father. The hope to which, unconsciously, and in spite of himself, he had still secretly clung, had now dissolved, and the venerable old man fell forward senseless on the floor of the court-house, with his head at the foot of his terrified daughter. The unfortunate prisoner, with impotent passion, strove with the guards betwixt whom she was placed. “Let me gang to my father!—I *will* gang to him—I *will* gang to him—he is dead—he is killed—I hae killed him!”—she repeated, in frenzied tones of grief, which those who heard them did not speedily forget.

Even in this moment of agony and general confusion, Jeanie did not lose that superiority which a deep and firm mind assures to its possessor under the most trying circumstances.

“He is my father—he is our father,” she mildly repeated to those who endeavoured to separate them, as she stooped, shaded aside his gray hairs, and began assiduously to chafe his temples.

The judge, after repeatedly wiping his eyes, gave directions that they should be conducted into a neighbouring apartment, and carefully attended. The prisoner, as her father was borne from the court, and her sister slowly followed, pursued them with her eyes so earnestly fixed as if they would have started from their sockets. But when they were no longer visible, she seemed to find, in her despairing and deserted state, a courage which she had not yet exhibited.

“The bitterness of it is now past,” she said, and then boldly addressed the court. “My lords, if it is your pleasure to gang on wi’ this matter, the weariest day will hae its end at last.”

The judge, who, much to his honour, had shared deeply in the general sympathy, was surprised at being recalled to his duty by the prisoner. He collected himself, and requested to know if the panel’s counsel had more evidence to produce. Fairbrother replied, with an air of dejection, that his proof was concluded.

(From *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*.)

## THE DEATH OF MADGE WILDFIRE

JUST as the clowns left the place, and as Mr. Archibald returned with some fair water, a crowd of boys and girls, and some of the lower rabble of more mature age, came up from the place of execution, grouping themselves with many a yell of delight around a tall female fantastically dressed, who was dancing, leaping, and bounding in the midst of them. A horrible recollection pressed on Jeanie as she looked on this unfortunate creature; and the reminiscence was mutual, for by a sudden exertion of great strength and agility, Madge Wildfire broke out of the noisy circle of tormentors who surrounded her, and, clinging fast to the door of the calash, uttered, in a sound betwixt laughter and screaming, "Eh, d'ye ken, Jeanie Deans, they hae hangit our mother?" Then suddenly changing her tone to that of the most piteous entreaty, "Oh, gar them let me gang to cut her down!—let me but cut her down!—she is my mother, if she was waur than the deil, and she'll be nae mair kenspeckle than half-hangit Maggie Dickson, that cried saut mony a day after she had been hangit; her voice was roupit and hoarse, and her neck was a wee agee, or ye wad hae ken'd nae odds on her frae ony other saut-wife."

Mr. Archibald, embarrassed by the mad woman's clinging to the carriage, and detaining around them her noisy and mischievous attendants, was all this while looking out for a constable or beadle, to whom he might commit the unfortunate creature. But seeing no such person of authority, he endeavoured to loosen her hold from the carriage, that they might escape from her by driving on. This, however, could hardly be achieved without some degree of violence; Madge held fast, and renewed her frantic entreaties to be permitted to cut down her mother. "It was but a tenpenny tow lost," she said, "and what was that to a woman's life?" There came up, however, a parcel of savage-looking fellows, butchers and graziers chiefly, among whose cattle there had been of late a very general and fatal distemper, which their wisdom imputed to witchcraft. They laid violent hands on Madge, and tore her from the carriage, exclaiming—"What, doest stop folk o' king's highway? Hast no done mischief enow already, wi' thy murders and thy witcherings?"

"O Jeanie Deans—Jeanie Deans!" exclaimed the poor maniac, "save my mother, and I will take ye to the Interpreter's



house again,—and I will teach ye a' my bonnie sangs,—and I will tell ye what came o' the"— The rest of her entreaties were drowned in the shouts of the rabble.

"Save her, for God's sake!—save her from those people!" exclaimed Jeanie to Archibald.

"She is mad, but quite innocent; she is mad, gentlemen," said Archibald; "do not use her ill, take her before the mayor."

"Ay, ay, we'se hae care enow on her," answered one of the fellows; "gang thou thy gate, man, and mind thine own matters."

"He's a Scot by his tongue," said another; "and an he will come out o' his whirligig there, I'se gie him his tartan plaid fu' o' broken banes."

It was clear nothing could be done to rescue Madge; and Archibald, who was a man of humanity, could only bid the postilions hurry on to Carlisle, that he might obtain some assistance to the unfortunate woman. As they drove off, they heard the hoarse roar with which the mob preface acts of riot or cruelty, yet even above that deep and dire note, they could discern the screams of the unfortunate victim. They were soon out of hearing of the cries, but had no sooner entered the streets of Carlisle, than Archibald, at Jeanie's earnest and urgent entreaty, went to a magistrate, to state the cruelty which was likely to be exercised on this unhappy creature.

In about an hour and a half he returned, and reported to Jeanie, that the magistrate had very readily gone in person, with some assistance, to the rescue of the unfortunate woman, and that he had himself accompanied him; that when they came to the muddy pool, in which the mob were ducking her, according to their favourite mode of punishment, the magistrate succeeded in rescuing her from their hands, but in a state of insensibility, owing to the cruel treatment which she had received. He added, that he had seen her carried to the workhouse, and understood that she had been brought to herself, and was expected to do well.

This last averment was a slight alteration in point of fact, for Madge Wildfire was not expected to survive the treatment she had received; but Jeanie seemed so much agitated, that Mr. Archibald did not think it prudent to tell her the worst at once. Indeed, she appeared so fluttered and disordered by this alarming accident, that, although it had been their intention to proceed to Longtown that evening, her companions judged it most advisable to pass the night at Carlisle.

This was particularly agreeable to Jeanie, who resolved, if possible, to procure an interview with Madge Wildfire. Connecting some of her wild flights with the narrative of George Staunton, she was unwilling to omit the opportunity of extracting from her, if possible, some information concerning the fate of that unfortunate infant which had cost her sister so dear. Her acquaintance with the disordered state of poor Madge's mind did not permit her to cherish much hope that she could acquire from her any useful intelligence ; but then, since Madge's mother had suffered her deserts, and was silent for ever, it was her only chance of obtaining any kind of information, and she was loath to lose the opportunity.

She coloured her wish to Mr. Archibald by saying that she had seen Madge formerly, and wished to know, as a matter of humanity, how she was attended to under her present misfortunes. That complaisant person immediately went to the workhouse, or hospital, in which he had seen the sufferer lodged, and brought back for reply, that the medical attendants positively forbade her seeing any one. When the application for admittance was repeated next day, Mr. Archibald was informed that she had been very quiet and composed, insomuch that the clergyman who acted as chaplain to the establishment thought it expedient to read prayers beside her bed, but that her wandering fit of mind had returned soon after his departure ; however, her countrywoman might see her if she chose it. She was not expected to live above an hour or two.

Jeanie had no sooner received this information than she hastened to the hospital, her companions attending her. They found the dying person in a large ward, where there were ten beds, of which the patient's was the only one occupied.

Madge was singing when they entered—singing her own wild snatches of songs and obsolete airs, with a voice no longer overstrained by false spirits, but softened, saddened, and subdued by bodily exhaustion. She was still insane, but was no longer able to express her wandering ideas in the wild notes of her former state of exalted imagination. There was death in the plaintive tones of her voice, which yet, in this moderated and melancholy mood, had something of the lulling sound with which a mother sings her infant asleep. As Jeanie entered she heard first the air, and then a part of the chorus and words, of what had been, perhaps, the song of a jolly harvest-home :

Our work is over—over now,  
The goodman wipes his weary brow,  
The last long wain wends slow away,  
And we are free to sport and play.  
The night comes on when sets the sun,  
And labour ends when day is done ;  
When Autumn's gone, and Winter's come,  
We hold our jovial harvest-home.

Jeanie advanced to the bedside when the strain was finished, and addressed Madge by her name. But it produced no symptoms of recollection. On the contrary, the patient, like one provoked by interruption, changed her posture, and called out with an impatient tone, "Nurse—nurse, turn my face to the wa', that I may never answer to that name any mair, and never see mair of a wicked world."

The attendant on the hospital arranged her in her bed as she desired, with her face to the wall and her back to the light. So soon as she was quiet in this new position, she began again to sing in the same low and modulated strains, as if she was recovering the state of abstraction which the interruption of her visitants had disturbed. The strain, however, was different, and rather resembled the music of the Methodist hymns, though the measure of the song was similar to that of the former :

When the fight of grace is fought—  
When the marriage 'vest is wrought—  
When Faith hath chased cold Doubt away,  
And Hope but sickens at delay—  
When Charity, imprison'd here,  
Longs for a more expanded sphere,  
Doff thy robes of sin and clay ;  
Christian, rise, and come away,

The strain was solemn and affecting, sustained as it was by the pathetic warble of a voice which had naturally been a fine one, and which weakness, if it diminished its power, had improved in softness. Archibald, though a follower of the court, and a pococurante by profession, was confused, if not affected ; the dairy-maid blubbered ; and Jeanie felt the tears rise spontaneously to her eyes. Even the nurse, accustomed to all modes in which the spirit can pass, seemed considerably moved.

The patient was evidently growing weaker, as was intimated by an apparent difficulty of breathing, which seized her from time to time, and by the utterance of low, listless moans, intimating

that nature was succumbing in the last conflict. But the spirit of melody, which must originally have so strongly possessed this unfortunate young woman, seemed, at every interval of ease, to triumph over her pain and weakness. And it was remarkable that there could always be traced in her songs something appropriate, though perhaps only obliquely or collaterally so, to her present situation. Her next seemed the fragment of some old ballad :

Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald,  
And sad my sleep of sorrow ;  
But thine sall be as sad and cauld,  
My fause true-love ! to-morrow.  
  
And weep ye not, my maidens free,  
Though death your mistress borrow ;  
For he for whom I die to-day  
• Shall die for me to-morrow.

Again she changed the tune to one wilder, less monotonous, and less regular. But of the words, only a fragment or two could be collected by those who listened to this singular scene :

Proud Maisie is in the wood,  
Walking so early ;  
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,  
Singing so rarely.  
  
" Tell me, thou bonnie bird,  
When shall I marry me ? "  
" When six braw gentlemen  
Kirkward shall carry ye."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
" Who makes the bridal bed,  
Birdie, say truly ? "—  
" The gray-headed sexton,  
That delves the grave duly.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The glow-worm o'er grave and stone  
Shall light thee steady ;  
The owl from the steeple sing,  
Welcome, proud lady."

Her voice died away with the last notes, and she fell into a slumber, from which the experienced attendant assured them that she never would awake at all, or only in the death agony.

The nurse's prophecy proved true. The poor maniac parted with existence without again uttering a sound of any kind. But our travellers did not witness this catastrophe. They left the

hospital as soon as Jeanie had satisfied herself that no elucidation of her sister's misfortunes was to be hoped from the dying person.

(From the Same.)

## AN APPARITION

WE are bound to tell the tale as we have received it; and, considering the distance of the time, and propensity of those through whose mouths it has passed to the marvellous, this could not be called a Scottish story, unless it manifested a tinge of Scottish superstition. As Ravenswood approached the solitary fountain, he is said to have met with the following singular adventure:—His horse, which was moving slowly forward, suddenly interrupted its steady and composed pace, snorted, reared, and, though urged by the spur, refused to proceed, as if some object of terror had suddenly presented itself. On looking to the fountain, Ravenswood discerned a female figure, dressed in a white, or rather grayish mantle, placed on the very spot on which Lucy Ashton had reclined while listening to the fatal tale of love. His immediate impression was, that she had conjectured by which path he would traverse the park on his departure, and placed herself at this well-known and sequestered place of rendezvous, to indulge her own sorrow and his in a parting interview. In this belief he jumped from his horse, and, making its bridle fast to a tree, walked hastily towards the fountain, pronouncing eagerly, yet under his breath, the words, "Miss Ashton!—Lucy!"

The figure turned as he addressed it, and discovered to his wondering eyes the features, not of Lucy Ashton, but of old blind Alice. The singularity of her dress, which rather resembled a shroud than the garment of a living woman—the appearance of her person, larger, as it struck him, than it usually seemed to be—above all, the strange circumstance of a blind, infirm, and decrepit person being found alone and at a distance from her habitation (considerable, if her infirmities be taken into account), combined to impress him with a feeling of wonder approaching to fear. As he approached she arose slowly from her seat, held her shrivelled hand up as if to prevent his coming more near, and her withered lips moved fast, although no sound issued from them. Ravenswood stopped; and as, after a moment's pause, he again

advanced towards her, Alice, or her apparition, moved, or glided backwards towards the thicket, still keeping her face turned towards him. The trees soon hid the form from his sight ; and, yielding to the strong and terrific impression that the being which he had seen was not of this world, the Master of Ravenswood remained rooted to the ground whereon he had stood when he caught his last view of her. At length, summoning up his courage, he advanced to the spot on which the figure had seemed to be seated ; but neither was there pressure of the grass nor any other circumstance to induce him to believe that what he had seen was real and substantial.

Full of those strange thoughts and confused apprehensions which awake in the bosom of one who conceives he has witnessed some preternatural appearance, the Master of Ravenswood walked back towards his horse, frequently, however, looking behind him, not without apprehension, as if expecting that the vision would reappear. But the apparition, whether it was real, or whether it was the creation of a heated and agitated imagination, returned not again ; and he found his horse sweating and terrified, as if experiencing that agony of fear with which the presence of a supernatural being is supposed to agitate the brute creation. The Master mounted, and rode slowly forward, soothing his steed from time to time, while the animal seemed internally to shrink and shudder, as if expecting some new object of fear at the opening of every glade. The rider, after a moment's consideration, resolved to investigate the matter further. "Can my eyes have deceived me," he said, "and deceived me for such a space of time?—or are this woman's infirmities but feigned, in order to excite compassion?—And even then, her motion resembled not that of a living and existing person. Must I adopt the popular creed, and think that the unhappy being has formed a league with the powers of darkness?—I am determined to be resolved—I will not brook imposition even from my own eyes."

In this uncertainty he rode up to the little wicket of Alice's garden. Her seat beneath the birch-tree was vacant, though the day was pleasant, and the sun was high. He approached the hut, and heard from within the sobs and wailing of a female. No answer was returned when he knocked, so that, after a moment's pause, he lifted the latch and entered. It was indeed a house of solitude and sorrow. Stretched upon her miserable pallet lay the corpse of the last retainer of the house of Ravenswood, who still

abode on their paternal domains ! Life had but shortly departed : and the little girl, by whom she had been attended in her last moments, was wringing her hands and sobbing, betwixt childish fear and sorrow, over the body of her mistress.

The Master of Ravenswood had some difficulty to compose the terrors of the poor child, whom his unexpected appearance had at first rather appalled than comforted ; and when he succeeded, the first expression which the girl used intimated that "he had come too late." Upon inquiring the meaning of this expression, he learned that the deceased, upon the first attack of the mortal agony, had sent a peasant to the castle to beseech an interview of the Master of Ravenswood, and had expressed the utmost impatience for his return. But the messengers of the poor are tardy and negligent ; the fellow had not reached the castle, as was afterwards learned, until Ravenswood had left it, and had then found too much amusement among the retinue of the strangers to return in any haste to the cottage of Alice. Meantime her anxiety of mind seemed to increase with the agony of her body ; and to use the phrase of Babie, her only attendant, "she prayed powerfully that she might see her master's son once more, and renew her warning." She died just as the clock in the distant village tolled one ; and Ravenswood remembered, with internal shudderings, that he had heard the chime sound through the wood just before he had seen what he was now much disposed to consider as the spectre of the deceased.

(From *The Bride of Lammermoor*.)

## THE GRAND MASTER OF THE TEMPLARS

THIS establishment of the Templars was seated amidst fair meadows and pastures, which the devotion of the former Preceptor had bestowed upon their Order. It was strong and well fortified, a point never neglected by these knights, and which the disordered state of England rendered peculiarly necessary. Two halberdiers, clad in black, guarded the drawbridge, and others, in the same sad livery, glided to and fro upon the wall with a funeral pace, resembling spectres more than soldiers. The inferior officers of the Order were thus dressed, ever since their use of white garments, similar to those of the knights and esquires, had given rise to a

combination of certain false brethren in the mountains of Palestine, terming themselves Templars, and bringing great dishonour on the Order. A knight was now and then seen to cross the court in his long white cloak, his head depressed on his breast, and his arms folded. They passed each other, if they chanced to meet, with a slow, solemn, and mute greeting; for such was the rule of their Order, quoting thereupon the holy texts, "In many words thou shalt not avoid sin," and "Life and death are in the power of the tongue." In a word, the stern ascetic rigour of the Temple discipline, which had been so long exchanged for prodigal and licentious indulgence, seemed at once to have revived at Templestowe under the severe eyes of Lucas Beaumanoir.

Isaac paused at the gate, to consider how he might seek entrance in the manner most likely to bespeak favour; for he was well aware that to his unhappy race the reviving fanaticism of the Order was not less dangerous than their unprincipled licentiousness; and that his religion would be the object of hate and persecution in the one case, as his wealth would have exposed him in the other to the extortions of unrelenting oppression.

Meantime Lucas Beaumanoir walked in a small garden belonging to the Preceptory, included within the precincts of its exterior fortification, and held sad and confidential communication with a brother of his Order, who had come in his company from Palestine.

The Grand Master was a man advanced in age, as was testified by his long gray beard, and the shaggy gray eyebrows, overhanging eyes, of which, however, years had been unable to quench the fire. A formidable warrior, his thin and severe features retained the soldier's fierceness of expression; an ascetic bigot, they were no less marked by the emaciation of abstinence, and the spiritual pride of the self-satisfied devotee. Yet with these severer traits of physiognomy there was mixed somewhat striking and noble, arising, doubtless, from the great part which his high office called upon him to act among monarchs and princes, and from the habitual exercise of supreme authority over the valiant and high-born knights, who were united by the rules of the Order. His stature was tall, and his gait, undepressed by age and toil, was erect and stately. His white mantle was shaped with severe regularity, according to the rule of Saint Bernard himself, being composed of what was then called Burrell cloth, exactly fitted to the size of the wearer, and bearing on the left shoulder the



octangular cross peculiar to the Order, formed of red cloth. No vair or ermine decked this garment; but in respect of his age, the Grand Master, as permitted by the rules, wore his doublet lined and trimmed with the softest lambskin, dressed with the wool outwards, which was the nearest approach he could regularly make to the use of fur, then the greatest luxury of dress. In his hand he bore that singular *abacus*, or staff of office, with which Templars are usually represented, having at the upper end a round plate, on which was engraved the cross of the Order, inscribed within a circle or orle, as heralds term it. His companion, who attended on this great personage, had nearly the same dress in all respects, but his extreme deference towards his superior showed that no other equality subsisted between them. The Preceptor, for such he was in rank, walked not in a line with the Grand Master, but just so far behind that Beaumanoir could speak to him without turning round his head.

"Conrade," said the Grand Master, "dear companion of my battles and my toils, to thy faithful bosom alone I can confide my sorrows. To thee alone can I tell how oft, since I came to this kingdom, I have desired to be dissolved and to be with the just. Not one object in England hath met mine eye which it could rest upon with pleasure, save the tombs of our brethren, beneath the massive roof of our Temple Church in yonder proud capital. O valiant Robert de Ros! did I exclaim internally, as I gazed upon these good soldiers of the Cross, where they lie sculptured on their sepulchres,—O worthy William de Mareschal! open your marble cells, and take to your repose a weary brother, who would rather strive with a hundred thousand pagans than witness the decay of our holy Order!"

"It is but true," answered Conrade Mont-Fitchet; "it is but too true; and the irregularities of our brethren in England are even more gross than those in France."

"Because they are more wealthy," answered the Grand Master. "Bear with me, brother, although I should something vaunt myself. Thou knowest the life I have led, keeping each point of my Order, striving with devils embodied and disembodied, striking down the roaring lion, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour, like a good knight and devout priest, wheresoever I met with him—even as blessed Saint Bernard hath prescribed to us in the forty-fifth capital of our rule, *Ut leo semper feriatur*. But, by the Holy Temple! the zeal for which hath devoured my

substance and my life, yea, the very nerves and marrow of my bones; by that very Holy Temple I swear to thee, that save thyself and some few that still retain the ancient severity of our Order, I look upon no brethren whom I can bring my soul to embrace under that holy name. What say our statutes, and how do our brethren observe them? They should wear no vain or worldly ornament, no crest upon their helmet, no gold upon stirrup or bridle-bit; yet who now go pranked out so proudly and so gaily as the poor soldiers of the Temple? They are forbidden by our statutes to take one bird by means of another, to shoot beasts with bow or arblast, to halloo to a hunting-horn, or to spur the horse after game. But now, at hunting and hawking, and each idle sport of wood and river, who so prompt as the Templars in all these fond vanities? They are forbidden to read, save what their Superior permitted, or listen to what is read, save such holy things as may be recited aloud during the hours of refection; but lo! their ears are at the command of idle minstrels, and their eyes study empty romaunts. They were commanded to extirpate magic and heresy. Lo! they are charged with studying the accursed cabalistical secrets of the Jews, and the magic of the Paynim Saracens. Simplesness of diet was prescribed to them, roots, pottage, gruels, eating flesh but thrice a-week, because the accustomed feeding on flesh is a dishonourable corruption of the body; and behold their tables groan under delicate fare! Their drink was to be water, and now, to drink like a Templar is the boast of each jolly boon companion! This very garden, filled as it is with curious herbs and trees sent from the Eastern climes, better becomes the harem of an unbelieving Emir, than the plot which Christian monks should devote to raise their homely pot-herbs.—And O, Conrade! well it were that the relaxation of discipline stopped even here!—Well thou knowest that we were forbidden to receive those devout women, who at the beginning were associated as sisters of our Order, because, saith the forty-sixth chapter, the Ancient Enemy hath, by female society, withdrawn many from the right path to paradise. Nay, in the last capital, being, as it were, the copestone which our blessed founder placed on the pure and undefiled doctrine which he had enjoined, we are prohibited from offering, even to our sisters and our mothers, the kiss of affection—*ut omnium mulierum fugiantur oscula*—I shame to speak—I shame to think—of the corruptions which have rushed in upon us even like a flood. The souls of

our pure founders, the spirits of Hugh de Payen and Godfrey de Saint Omer, and of the blessed Seven who first joined in dedicating their lives to the service of the Temple, are disturbed even in the enjoyment of paradise itself. I have seen them, Conrade, in the visions of the night—their sainted eyes shed tears for the sins and follies of their brethren, and for the foul and shameful luxury in which they wallow. Beaumanoir, they say, thou slumberest—awake! There is a stain in the fabric of the Temple, deep and foul as that left by the strakes of leprosy on the walls of the infected houses of old. The soldiers of the Cross, who should shun the glance of a woman as the eye of a basilisk, live in open sin, not with the females of their own race only, but with the daughters of the accursed heathen, and more accursed Jew. Beaumanoir, thou sleepest; up, and avenge our cause!—Slay the sinners, male and female!—Take to thee the brand of Phineas!—The vision fled, Conrade, but as I awaked I could still hear the clank of their mail, and see the waving of their white mantles. And I will do according to their word, I WILL purify the fabric of the Temple! and the unclean stones in which the plague is, I will remove and cast out of the building.”

“Yet bethink thee, reverend father,” said Mont-Fitchet, “the stain hath become engrained by time and consuetude; let thy reformation be cautious, as it is just and wise.”

“No, Mont-Fitchet,” answered the stern old man—“it must be sharp and sudden—the Order is on the crisis of its fate. The sobriety, self-devotion, and piety of our predecessors made us powerful friends—our presumption, our wealth, our luxury, have raised up against us mighty enemies.—We must cast away these riches, which are a temptation to princes—we must lay down that presumption which is an offence to them—we must reform that licence of manners, which is a scandal to the whole Christian world! Or—mark my words—the Order of the Temple will be utterly demolished—and the place thereof shall no more be known among the nations.”

“Now may God avert such a calamity!” said the Preceptor.

“Amen,” said the Grand Master, with solemnity, “but we must deserve His aid. I tell thee, Conrade, that neither the powers in heaven, nor the powers on earth, will longer endure the wickedness of this generation. My intelligence is sure—the ground on which our fabric is reared is already undermined, and each addition we make to the structure of our greatness will only

sink it the sooner in the abyss. We must retrace our steps, and show ourselves the faithful champions of the Cross, sacrificing to our calling, not alone our blood and our lives—not alone our lusts and our vices—but our ease, our comforts, and our natural affections, and act as men convinced that many a pleasure which may be lawful to others is forbidden to the vowed soldier of the Temple.”

(From *Ivanhoe*.)

## LANDSCAPE-GARDENING

THE tendency of our national taste, indeed, has been changed, in almost every particular, from that which was meagre, formal, and poor, and has attained, comparatively speaking, a character of richness, variety, and solidity. An ordinary chair, in the most ordinary parlour, has now something of an antique cast; something of Grecian massiveness, at once, and elegance in its forms. That of twenty or thirty years since was mounted on four tapering and tottering legs, resembling four tobacco pipes; the present supporters of our stools have a curule air, curve outwards behind, and give a comfortable idea of stability to the weighty aristocrat or ponderous burgess who is about to occupy one of them. The same change in taste may be remarked out of doors, where, from the total absence of ornament, we are, perhaps, once more verging to its excess, and exhibiting such a tendency to ornament, in architecture and decoration, that the age may, we suspect, be nothing the worse for being reminded that, as naked poverty is not simplicity, so fantastic profusion of ornament is not good taste.

But in our landscape-gardening, as it has been rather unhappily called, although the best professors of the art have tacitly adopted the more enlarged and liberal views provided by the late Mr. Knight and Sir U. Price, these are not, perhaps, so generally received and practised as could be desired. We say the art has been unfortunately named. The idea of its being, after all, a variety of the gardening art, with which it has little or nothing to do, has given a mechanical turn to the whole profession, and certainly encouraged many persons to practise it, with no greater qualifications than ought to be found in a tolerably skilful gardener. This certainly, however intelligent and respectable

the individuals may be, is not the sort of person, in point of taste and information, to whom we would wish to see the arrangement of great places intrusted. The degree of mechanical skill which they possess may render them adequate to the execution of plans arranged by men of more comprehensive abilities, better education, and a possession, as demanded by Price, of the knowledge connected with the higher branch of landscape-painting, and with the works of the first masters. Far from threatening the disposers of actual scenery with an abrogation of their profession, as was unjustly stated to be his object, Price's system went to demand from them a degree of scientific knowledge not previously required, and to elevate in proportion their rank and profession in general estimation.

The importance of this art, in its more elegant branches, ranks so high in our opinion, that we would willingly see its profession (and certainly it contains persons worthy of such honour) more closely united with the fine arts than it can now be esteemed. The improvers or layers-out of ground would, in that case, be entitled to demand from their employers a greater degree of fair-play than is, in many cases, allowed them at present. According to the common process, their time is estimated at a certain number of guineas per day, and the party consulting them is not unnaturally interested in getting as much out of the professor within as little time as can possibly be achieved. The landscape gardener is, therefore, trotted over the grounds, two, three or four times, and called upon to decide upon points which a proprietor himself would hesitate to determine, unless he were to visit the ground in different lights, and at different seasons, and various times of the day during the course of a year. This leads to a degree of precipitation on the part of the artist, who knows his remuneration will be grudged unless he makes some striking and notable alteration, yet has little or no time allowed him to judge what that alteration ought to be. Hence, men of taste and genius are reduced to act at random ; hence an habitual disregard of the *genius loci*, and a proportional degree of confidence in a set of general rules, influencing their own practice, so that they do not receive from nature the impression of what the place ought to be, but impress on nature, at a venture, the stamp, manner, or character of their own practice, as a mechanic puts the same mark on all the goods which pass through his hands. Some practise the art, we are aware, upon a much more liberal

footing ;—it is on that more liberal footing that we would wish to see the profession of the improver generally practised. We would have the higher professors of this noble art to be that for which nature has qualified some of them whom we have known, and, doubtless, many to whose characters we are strangers—we mean, to be physicians ; liberally recompensed for their general advice—not apothecaries, to be paid in proportion to the drugs which they can contrive to make the patient swallow.

It may, perhaps, be thought that, by the change we propose, we would raise too high a standard for such artists as might attain great proficiency in their calling, and so limit the benefit of their efforts to the great and the wealthy. This would be a consequence far from answering our purpose, but we have no apprehension that it would follow. The rules of good taste, when once exemplified, are pretty sure to be followed. Let any one recollect the atrocious forms of our ordinary crockery and potter's ware forty years since, when the shapes were as vilely deformed as that of the pipkin which cost Robinson Crusoe so much trouble ; and observe the difference since the classical outlines of the Etruscan vases have been adopted as models for our Staffordshire ware. Every form before was detestable, whatever pains might have been bestowed in the ornamenting and finishing ; whereas, since the models introduced by Messrs. Wedgwood, the most ordinary earthenware is rendered pleasing to the eye, however coarse its substance, and mean the purpose for which it is designed. It is thus with good taste in every department. It cannot be established by canons and *dicta*, but must be left to force its way gradually through example. A certain number of real landscapes, executed by men adequate to set the example of a new school, which shall reject the tame and pedantic rules of Kent and Brown, without affecting the grotesque or fantastic, who shall bring back more ornament into the garden, and introduce a bolder, wider, and more natural character into the park, will have the effect of awakening a general spirit of emulation. There are thousands of proprietors who have neither scenes capable of exhibiting the perfection of the art, nor revenues necessary to reimburse the most perfect of the artists, but who may catch the principle on which improvers ought to proceed, and render a place pretty though it cannot be grand, or comfortable though it cannot aspire to beauty.

(From *Reviews*.)

## LORD BYRON

AMIDST the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned, from another quarter, by one of those death-notes, which are pealed at intervals, as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. He died at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April, 1824. That mighty genius, which walked among men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant whose ideas never went beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame, and that of malignant censure, are at once silenced; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question, what were Byron's faults, what his mistakes; but how is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up? Not, we fear, in one generation, which, among many highly gifted persons, has produced none who approached Byron in originality, the first attribute of genius. Only thirty-seven years old—so much already done for immortality—so much time remaining, as it seemed to us shortsighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition,—who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened though not always keeping the straight path, such a light extinguished though sometimes flaming to dazzle and bewilder? One word on this ungrateful subject ere we quit it for ever.

The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart—for nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense—nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress; and no mind was ever more formed for the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, providing he was convinced that the actors had proceeded on disinterested principles. Lord Byron

was totally free from the curse and degradation of literature—its jealousies, we mean, and its envy. But his wonderful genius was of a nature which disdained restraint, even when restraint was most wholesome. When at school, the tasks in which he excelled were those only which he undertook voluntarily; and his situation as a young man of rank, with strong passions, and in the uncontrolled enjoyment of a considerable fortune, added to that impatience of strictures or coercion which was natural to him. As an author he refused to plead at the bar of criticism; as a man he would not submit to be morally amenable to the tribunal of public opinion. Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intentions and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him; but there were few who could or dared venture on a task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error; so that he often resembled the gallant war-steed who rushes forward on the steel that wounds him. In the most painful crisis of his private life, he evinced this irritability and impatience of censure in such a degree as almost to resemble the noble victim of the bull-fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts, and petty annoyances of the unworthy crowds beyond the lists, than by the lance of his nobler, and, so to speak, his more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much of that in which he erred, was in bravado and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden's despot, "to show his arbitrary power." It is needless to say, that his was a false and prejudiced view of such a contest; and that if the noble bard gained a species of triumph, by compelling the world to read poetry, though mixed with baser matter, because it was *his*, he gave, in return, an unworthy triumph to the unworthy, besides deep sorrow to those whose applause, in his cooler moments, he most valued.

It was the same with his politics, which on several occasions assumed a tone menacing and contemptuous to the constitution of his country; while, in fact, Lord Byron was in his own heart sufficiently sensible, not only of his privileges as a Briton, but of the distinction attending his high birth and rank, and was peculiarly sensitive of those shades which constitute what is termed the manners of a gentleman. Indeed, notwithstanding his having employed epigrams, and all the petty war of wit, when such would have been much better abstained from, he would have been found, had a collision taken place between the aristocratic and democratic parties in the state, exerting all his energies in



defence of that to which he naturally belonged. His own feeling on these subjects he has explained in the very last canto of *Don Juan*; and they are in entire harmony with the opinions which we have seen expressed in his correspondence, at a moment when matters appeared to approach a serious struggle in his native country. "If we are to fall," he expressed himself to this purpose, "let the independent aristocracy and gentry of England suffer by the sword of an arbitrary prince, who has been born and bred a gentleman, and will behead us after the manner of our ancestors; but do not let us suffer ourselves to be massacred by the ignoble swarms of ruffians, who are endeavouring to throttle their way to power." Accordingly, he expresses in the strongest terms his purpose of resisting to the last extremity the tendency to anarchy, which commercial distress had generated, and disaffection was endeavouring to turn to its own purposes. His poetry expresses similar sentiments.

It is not that I adulate the people;  
Without *me* there are Demagogues enough,  
And infidels to pull down every steeple,  
And set up in their stead some proper stuff,  
Whether they may sow Scepticism to reap Hell,  
As is the Christian dogma rather rough,  
I do not know;—I wish men to be free  
As much from mobs as kings—from you as me.  
The consequence is, being of no party,  
I shall offend all parties.

We are not, however, Byron's apologists,—for *now* alas! he needs none. His excellences will *now* be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not remembered in his epitaph. It will be recollected what a part he has sustained in British literature since the first appearance of *Childe Harold*, a space of nearly sixteen years. There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation; none of that *coddling* and petty precaution, which little authors call "taking care of their fame." Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists; and, although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle, since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimate of his genius, yet he advanced to the honourable contest again and again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as

Shakespeare himself (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his *Don Juan*) he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, and from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and the laughing muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither *Childe Harold* nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of *Don Juan*, amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind. But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea—scarce think that the voice is silent for ever, which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest

All that's bright must fade,  
The brightest still the fleetest!

With a strong feeling of awful sorrow, we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious, as well as upon our most idle employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune, and hazarding his life in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor:

(From *Biographies*.)

## THE COMEDY OF THE RESTORATION

ANOTHER remarkable feature in the comedies which succeeded the Restoration, is the structure of their plot, which was not, like that of the tragedies, formed upon the Parisian model. The English audience had not patience for the regular comedy of their neighbours, depending upon delicate turns of expression, and

nicer delineation of character. The Spanish comedy, with its bustle, machinery, disguise, and complicated intrigue, was much more agreeable to their taste. This preference did not arise entirely from what the French term the phlegm of our national character, which cannot be affected but by powerful stimulants. It is indeed certain, that an Englishman expects his eye, as well as his ear, to be diverted by theatrical exhibition ; but the thirst of novelty was another and separate reason, which affected the style of the revived drama. The number of new plays represented every season was incredible ; and the authors were compelled to have recourse to that mode of composition which was most easily executed. Laboured accuracy of expression, and fine traits of character, joined to an arrangement of action, which should be at once pleasing, interesting, and probable, requires sedulous study, deep reflection, and long and repeated correction and revision. But these were not to be expected from a playwright, by whom three dramas were to be produced in one season ; and, in their place were substituted adventures, surprises, rencontres, mistakes, disguises, and escapes, all easily accomplished by the intervention of sliding panels, closets, veils, masques, large cloaks, and dark lanterns. If the dramatist was at a loss for employing these convenient implements, the fifteen hundred plays of Lope de Vega were at hand for his instruction ; presenting that rapid succession of events, and those sudden changes in the situation of the personages, which, according to the noble biographer of the Spanish dramatist, are the charms by which he interests us so forcibly in his plots. These Spanish plays had already been resorted to by the authors of the earlier part of the century. But under the auspices of Charles II., who must often have witnessed the originals while abroad, and in some instances by his express command, translations were executed of the best and most lively Spanish comedies.

The favourite comedies, therefore, after the Restoration were such as depended rather upon the intricacy, than the probability of the plot ; rather upon the vivacity and liveliness, than on the natural expression of the dialogue ; and, finally, rather upon extravagant and grotesque conception of character, than upon its being pointedly delineated, and accurately supported through the representation. These particulars, in which the comedies of Charles the Second's reign differ from the example set by Shakespeare, Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, seem to

have been derived from the Spanish model. But the taste of the age was too cultivated to follow the stage of Madrid in introducing, or, to speak more accurately, in reviving the character of the *gracioso* or clown upon that of London. Something of foreign manners may be traced in the licence assumed by valets and domestics in the English comedy; a freedom which at no time made a part of our national manners, though something like it may still be traced upon the continent. These seem to be the leading characteristics of the comedies of Charles the Second's reign; in which the rules of the ancients were totally disregarded. It were to be wished that the authors could have been exculpated from a heavier charge—that of assisting to corrupt the nation, by nourishing and fermenting evil passions, as well as by indulging and pandering to their vices.

The theatres, after the Restoration, were limited to two in number; a restriction perhaps necessary, as the exclusive patent expresses it, in regard of the extraordinary licentiousness then used in dramatic representation; but for which no very good reason can be shown, when they are at least harmless, if not laudable places of amusement. One of these privileged theatres was placed under the direction of Sir William Davenant, whose sufferings in the royal cause merited a provision, and whose taste and talents had been directed towards the drama even during its proscription. He is said to have introduced moveable scenes upon the English stage; and, without entering into the dispute of how closely this is to be interpreted, we are certain that he added much to its splendour and decoration. His set of performers, which contained the famous Betterton, and others of great merit, was called the Duke's company. The other licensed theatre was placed under the direction of Thomas Killigrew, much famed by tradition for his colloquial wit, but the merit of whose good things evaporated as soon as he attempted to interweave them with comedy. His performers formed what was entitled the King's company. With this last theatre Dryden particularly connected himself, by a contract to be hereafter mentioned. None of his earlier plays were acted by the Duke's company, unless those in which he had received assistance from others, whom he might think as well entitled as himself to prescribe the place of representation.

Such was the state of the English drama when Dryden became a candidate for theatrical laurels. So early as the year of the

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Restoration, he had meditated a tragedy upon the fate of the Duke of Guise ; but this, he has informed us, was suppressed by the advice of some friends who told him that it was an excellent subject, but not so artificially managed as to render it fit for the stage. It were to be wished these scenes had been preserved, since it may be that the very want of artifice alleged by the critics of the day, would have recommended them to our more simple taste. We might at least have learned from them, whether Dryden, in his first essay, leant to the heroic, or to the ancient English tragedy. But the scene of Guise's return to Paris is the only part of the original sketch which Dryden thought fit to interweave with the play, as acted in 1682 ; and as that scene is rendered literally from Davila, upon the principle that, in so remarkable an action, the poet was not at liberty to change the words actually used by the persons interested, we only learn from it, that the piece was composed in blank verse, not rhyme.

(From *Life of Dryden*.)



## JANE AUSTEN

[Jane Austen was the daughter of a clergyman in Hampshire, and was born in 1775. She was educated at home, where the influences were of a kind to guide her reading, limited though it might be, in the direction of sound models of taste and style. In 1801 she removed to Bath with her family, and the rest of her life was passed, with occasional visits to London, in the country or in provincial towns. She died at Winchester in 1817. Like Miss Burney, she began to write when very young. The first group of her novels was chiefly written between 1796 and 1798, and consisted of *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, and *Northanger Abbey*; the later group consisted of *Mansfield Park*, *Emma*, and *Persuasion*, and was written between 1811 and 1816. The order of publication was different. *Sense and Sensibility* appeared in 1811; *Pride and Prejudice* in 1813; *Mansfield Park* in 1814; *Emma* in 1816; *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion* after her death in 1818.]

THERE is probably no writer of fiction of whom it can be said, with so much truth as of Jane Austen, that the taste for his or her books must almost of necessity begin as an acquired and artificial one, yet quickly becomes absorbing and invincible. It may indeed with truth be called the taste of a literary class, in the sense that those only feel it who have acquired something of literary judgment, who have patience enough to give the charm of her novels time to penetrate, whose object is not to be startled out of the common lethargy of the average reader of fiction, but to compare, to discriminate, to recall,—above all, who seek in reading not excitement, but repose. It might be thought from this that Jane Austen appeals only to a select circle; that some peculiar initiation is required before the mystery of her charm is understood; and that the “common-sense” critic is justified in sneers at the fancied superiority of her privileged admirers. In truth, the very opposite is the case. Her genius was too great to work by any but the most simple methods. Had she been tempted to be pedantic she would have been deterred by the sarcasm which was ingrained in her own mind. Any vanity of authorship, any

efflorescence of exclusiveness or of peculiarity, would have been nipt by her own inexhaustible power of ridicule. In herself she had her severest critic; restricting her rigidly to the narrowest limits of ordinary life, permitting her no extravagance of fancy, imposing upon her a monotonous uniformity of method, denying to her all bursts of passion and all attractiveness of adventure. These limitations did not crush her genius; and in spite of them she holds, and is likely to retain, the most secure place in the roll of our female novelists.

Miss Austen owed to Frances Burney not only her first inspiration, but the very title of her earliest novel—*Pride and Prejudice*. For her predecessor she felt unstinted admiration: and however she might discard some of her extravagance of sentiment, however little she followed Miss Burney in the exaggerated humours of her characters, which make them so often read like caricatures, yet she followed her closely in seeking a theme in the commonplace lives of ordinary people of the middle class, whose lives, if severely, perhaps even if truthfully, judged, are in great part made up of trifling and conventionality. Frances Burney occasionally essays tragedy, but it not unfrequently comes perilously near burlesque; and even when she makes one of her characters blow his brains out after a supper party in a London tea-garden, the reader is moved quite as much by the comic as by the tragic element in the incident. Jane Austen perceived the incongruity between tragedy and the society she describes, and she rarely makes the faintest attempt to harrow her readers' feelings.

Like Miss Burney, she began by publishing anonymously, ignorant of her own powers, dreading the verdict of the world, and astonished to find that her unaided and unguided efforts attracted attention and commanded favour. But unlike Miss Burney, she never emerged from her obscurity; she refrained from entering into that world of society and literature which her books would have opened to her; she remained within her own circle, unknowing, and unknown of, any conspicuous contemporary personages; and, born nearly a quarter of a century after Miss Burney, Jane Austen died nearly a quarter of a century before her—leaving the world as yet quite unaware of the full measure of her genius. She was misled by no flattery, spoilt by no false examples, and tainted by no errors of fashion. She never deviated by one hair's-breadth from her earliest models, never changed her methods



never sought for new subjects, and never suffered any guidance or any influence to interfere with the even current of her own invention.

Her earliest novel was published in 1811, her last appeared in the year after her death (1818). Three of them were written between the years 1796 and 1798, and three between 1811 and 1816. It is difficult, if not impossible, to draw any marked contrasts between the novels of the earlier and later period. Most of her admirers would probably assign the highest places to one novel in each group—*Pride and Prejudice* and *Emma*. *Northanger Abbey* contains more of her own literary opinions than any other, and perhaps *Mansfield Park* and *Persuasion* contain something more of deep and even passionate feeling than the novels that precede them. But, indeed, any attempt at chronological discrimination would be absurd. She began to write in her early womanhood, she died before she had reached middle age. Her genius had ample time to ripen, but her life was too short for any gradations either of development or of decay.

What strikes us chiefly in all her novels, is the slenderness of the plot; what testifies chiefly to her genius is the unbroken interest which that slender plot excites. Her characters lie within a singularly narrow circle; and over and over again she seems to test her own delicacy of manipulation and skill in discrimination, by choosing characters which in outward appearance and position seem almost identical, but which nevertheless stand out with marvellously vivid individuality. Lord Macaulay has shown this with regard to her clergymen. The same might be said of Emma, and Elinor Dashwood and Anne Elliot; of Catherine Morland and Fanny Price; of Darcy and Henry Crawford; of Wickham and Willoughby, Knightley and Colonel Brandon--and the parallels might be extended over all her characters. But in spite of this apparent similarity, we feel that each is a real and actual character with his or her individuality in a society, of which each novel gives a particular group, but which is in truth the same from first to last. Not one of Miss Austen's characters would have failed to know the catchwords, to enter into the feelings, to find himself understood, discussed, and intimately criticised by the members of the circle into which he would have entered, had he stepped from the stage of one novel to that of another. With no literary training, mixing in no literary society, with little reading and with no wide opportunity

for studying life, Miss Austen nevertheless gauged to a nicety the range of her own genius, and never strained it to tasks for which it was unfitted. Her work was scrupulous in its delicate perfection of skill ; but she never attempted to embrace any wide variety of life, to sound any profound depth of feeling, or to essay any flights of imagination. Simplicity of method—absolute truthfulness in delineating, not the mere picture of a photographic lens, but the essential features, which her genius grouped into living realities as the result of critical observation ; untiring skill in discrimination—these were her crowning qualities.

But to these she added what gives raciness and infinite zest to the whole, a power of sarcastic humour which would have been ruthless had it not been severely restrained, and which is sometimes tempted even to burst restraint.

We have some slight reminiscences, which family recollections have preserved, of Jane Austen's life and character. These are not without interest. They represent her as a favourite with her nephews and nieces ; as ready to join in all innocent amusements ; as amiable and beloved in her family circle. All this is well so far as it goes ; but it may be permissible to say that it goes a very little way. Miss Austen's family was one of the highest respectability, and she no doubt found herself in surroundings that were kindly and pleasant. But it is equally clear that the family contained no members of very striking ability, and that the life at Steventon, at Bath, and in Hampshire, must have been passed amidst the most conventional of surroundings, which the most cordial family amiability could hardly have made either lively or interesting. How many Eltons and Collinses, how many a Mr. Woodhouse and Miss Bates, how many a Mrs. Jennings and Mrs. Bennet, must poor Jane Austen have endured, before she could have given them to all time as perfect types, living for us as vividly as if we had talked to, and known, and suffered them ! Miss Austen may doubtless have been as gentle and lovable in demeanour as family traditions represent her. She had her feelings too well under control, was moved by too strong a sense of duty, was too proud in her self-restraint, to allow of her being otherwise than equable in temper and demeanour. But it is surely impossible to read her books and not to feel that under the self-repression, the studied simplicity, the half-implied laughter, there runs a current of strong and impetuous feeling, of sarcasm most keen and most searching ; a power of ridicule that might at

times be absolutely unsparing ; and, we must add, a depth of cynicism that seems sometimes to be with difficulty restrained within the bounds of conventional decorum. Instances of this will occur to any student of her books, and they are far too numerous, and often too slight, for citation. Let the last pages of *Sense and Sensibility* serve as a specimen ; and observe in these how the fates of all the characters are dealt out to them with not a little of implied sarcasm, and with a cynicism which does not spare even those characters for whom our warmest sympathy is desired. If she does not hesitate to hint a little ridicule, even of the characters to whom she is most considerate, and to let her most respectable puppets excite an occasional smile, what must have been the anger, which avenged years of pent-up provocation under the torture of some domestic Mrs. Norris, by the concentrated sarcasm conveyed in that most consummate type of female pest ?

Miss Austen owed much to Frances Burney, and had not *Evelina* and *Cecilia* been written, we might have wanted *Pride and Prejudice*. But she did not adopt Miss Burney's literary methods, whether at their best or their worst. The same scrupulous care and delicacy of finish which are visible in the treatment, mark also the style of her novels. Her sentences are never eloquent, and never ambitious ; but they are absolutely correct, and absolutely lucid, and even when the shade of meaning is most subtle and most delicate, they never leave us with the slightest doubt as to the precise impression which they are to convey. She never is weak enough to avoid that due measure of graceful formality, which is neither forced nor obtrusive, but serves only to keep at a distance the slipshod familiarity often indistinguishable from vulgarity. She wrote when the example of our greatest prose writer was still powerful, when his authority was little questioned ; and her admiration for Dr. Johnson preserved her style at once from the ponderous travesty that caricatured his language, and from the flippant carelessness which discarded its dignity and its lucidity. But she owed to Dr. Johnson more than style only. Is there any author of the day who reflected so distinctly as Miss Austen, that clearness of vision, that detestation of cant, that stern and cynical and withal playful humour, that intense interest in all the ways and characters of men, which made up the personality of Johnson ? Here is a sentence which might come straight from Boswell. "The distinction (between poverty and fortune) is not quite so much

against the candour and common-sense of the world as appears at first, for a very narrow income has a tendency to contract the mind, and sour the temper. Those who can barely live, and who live perforce in a very small, and generally very inferior society, may well be illiberal and cross." Or again "personal size and mental sorrow have no necessary proportions. A large bulky figure has as good a right to be in deep affliction as the most graceful set of limbs in the world. But, fair or not fair, there are unbecoming conjunctions which reason will patronise in vain—which taste cannot tolerate—which ridicule will seize." There was another who, with Johnson, shared the admiration of Jane Austen, and whose powerful and unrelenting realism deeply affected her. From Crabbe's *Tales* she could draw neither humour, nor playfulness, nor tenderness; but his truthfulness of delineation has left its impression on her pages too deeply to be overlooked.

THE EDITOR.

## MR. COLLINS

DURING dinner, Mr. Bennet scarcely spoke at all; but when the servants were withdrawn, he thought it time to have some conversation with his guest, and therefore started a subject in which he expected him to shine, by observing that he seemed very fortunate in his patroness. Lady Catherine de Bourgh's attention to his wishes, and consideration for his comfort, appeared very remarkable. Mr. Bennet could not have chosen better. Mr. Collins was eloquent in her praise. The subject elevated him to more than usual solemnity of manner, and with a most important aspect he protested that "he had never in his life witnessed such behaviour in a person of rank—such affability and condescension, as he had himself experienced from Lady Catherine. She had been graciously pleased to approve of both the discourses which he had already had the honour of preaching before her. She had also asked him twice to dine at Rosings, and had sent for him only the Saturday before, to make up her pool of quadrille in the evening. Lady Catherine was reckoned proud by many people he knew, but *he* had never seen anything but affability in her. She had always spoken to him as she would to any other gentleman; she made not the smallest objection to his joining in the society of the neighbourhood, nor to his leaving his parish occasionally for a week or two, to visit his relations. She had even condescended to advise him to marry as soon as he could, provided he chose with discretion; and had once paid him a visit in his humble parsonage, where she had perfectly approved of all the alterations he had been making, and had even vouchsafed to suggest some herself—some shelves in the closets upstairs."

"That is all very proper and civil, I am sure," said Mrs. Bennet, "and I dare say she is a very agreeable woman. It is a pity that great ladies in general are not more like her. Does she live near you, sir?"

"The garden in which stands my humble abode is separated only by a lane from Rosings Park, her ladyship's residence."

"I think you said she was a widow, sir? has she any family?"

"She has one only daughter, the heiress of Rosings, and of very extensive property."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Bennet, shaking her head, "then she is better off than many girls. And what sort of young lady is she? is she handsome?"

"She is a most charming young lady indeed. Lady Catherine herself says that, in point of true beauty, Miss de Bourgh is far superior to the handsomest of her sex, because there is that in her features which marks the young woman of distinguished birth. She is unfortunately of a sickly constitution, which has prevented her making that progress in many accomplishments which she could not otherwise have failed of, as I am informed by the lady who superintended her education, and who still resides with them. But she is perfectly amiable, and often condescends to drive by my humble abode in her little phaeton and ponies."

"Has she been presented? I do not remember her name among the ladies at court."

"Her indifferent state of health unhappily prevents her being in town; and by that means, as I told Lady Catherine myself one day, has deprived the British court of its brightest ornament. Her ladyship seemed pleased with the idea; and you may imagine that I am happy on every occasion to offer those little delicate compliments which are always acceptable to ladies. I have more than once observed to Lady Catherine, that her charming daughter seemed born to be a duchess, and that the most elevated rank, instead of giving her consequence, would be adorned by her. These are the kind of little things which please her ladyship, and it is a sort of attention which I conceive myself peculiarly bound to pay."

"You judge very properly," said Mr. Bennet, "and it is happy for you that you possess the talent of flattering with delicacy. May I ask whether these pleasing attentions proceed from the impulse of the moment, or are the result of previous study?"

"They arise chiefly from what is passing at the time, and though I sometimes amuse myself with suggesting and arranging such little elegant compliments as may be adapted to ordinary occasions, I always wish to give them as unstudied an air as possible."

Mr. Bennet's expectations were fully answered. His cousin was as absurd as he had hoped, and he listened to him with the keenest enjoyment, maintaining at the same time the most resolute composure of countenance, and, except in an occasional glance at Elizabeth, requiring no partner in his pleasure.

By tea-time, however, the dose had been enough, and Mr. Bennet was glad to take his guest into the drawing-room again, and, when tea was over, glad to invite him to read aloud to the ladies. Mr. Collins readily assented, and a book was produced; but on beholding it (for everything announced it to be from a circulating library), he started back, and begging pardon, protested that he never read novels. Kitty stared at him, and Lydia exclaimed. Other books were produced, and after some deliberation he chose Fordyce's Sermons. Lydia gaped as he opened the volume, and before he had, with very monotonous solemnity, read three pages, she interrupted him with—

"Do you know, mamma, that my uncle Philips talks of turning away Richard; and if he does, Colonel Forster will hire him. My aunt told me so herself on Saturday. I shall walk to Meryton to-morrow to hear more about it, and to ask when Mr. Denny comes back from town."

Lydia was bid by her two eldest sisters to hold her tongue; but Mr. Collins, much offended, laid aside his book, and said—

"I have often observed how little young ladies are interested by books of a serious stamp, though written solely for their benefit. It amazes me, I confess;—for, certainly, there can be nothing so advantageous to them as instruction. But I will no longer importune my young cousin."

Then turning to Mr. Bennet, he offered himself as his antagonist at backgammon. Mr. Bennet accepted the challenge, observing that he acted very wisely in leaving the girls to their own trifling amusements. Mrs. Bennet and her daughters apologised most civilly for Lydia's interruption, and promised that it should not occur again, if he would resume his book; but Mr. Collins, after assuring them that he bore his young cousin no ill-will, and should never resent her behaviour as any affront, seated himself at another table with Mr. Bennet, and prepared for backgammon.

(From *Pride and Prejudice*.)

## A PROPOSAL

THE next day opened a new scene at Longbourn. Mr. Collins made his declaration in form. Having resolved to do it without loss of time, as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday, and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself even at the moment, he set about it in a very orderly manner, with all the observances, which he supposed a regular part of the business. On finding Mrs. Bennet, Elizabeth, and one of the younger girls together, soon after breakfast, he addressed the mother in these words: "May I hope, madam, for your interest with your fair daughter Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honour of a private audience with her in the course of this morning?"

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise, Mrs. Bennet instantly answered, "Oh dear!—yes—certainly. I am sure Lizzy will be very happy—I am sure she can have no objection. Come, Kitty, I want you upstairs." And, gathering her work together, she was hastening away, when Elizabeth called out—

"Dear ma'am, do not go. I beg you will not go. Mr. Collins must excuse me. He can have nothing to say to me that anybody need not hear. I am going away myself."

"No, no, nonsense, Lizzy. I desire you will stay where you are." And upon Elizabeth's seeming really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added, "Lizzy, I *insist* upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins."

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction—and a moment's consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quickly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal, by incessant employment, the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off, and as soon as they were gone Mr. Collins began—

"Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there *not* been this little unwillingness; but allow me to assure you, that I have your respected mother's permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse,



however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble ; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house, I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it would be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying—and, moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did.”

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing, that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him farther, and he continued—

“My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish ; secondly, I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness ; and thirdly—which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier—that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too !) on this subject ; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford—between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss de Bourgh’s footstool, that she said, ‘Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman for *my* sake ; and for your *own*, let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.’ Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe ; and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favour of matrimony ; it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighbourhood, where I assure you there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honoured father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be

as little as possible, when the melancholy event takes place—which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the 4 per cents., which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent; and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

"You are too hasty, sir," she cried. "You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without further loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favour; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long."

"Upon my word, sir," cried Elizabeth, "your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my refusal. You could not make *me* happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make *you* so. Nay, were your friend Lady Catherine to know me, I am persuaded she would find me in every respect ill-qualified for the situation."

"Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so," said Mr. Collins very gravely—"but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honour of seeing her again, I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy, and other amiable qualifications."

"Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and, by refusing your hand, do all in my power to prevent your being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls, without any self-reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled." And rising as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room, had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her :

"When I do myself the honour of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favourable answer than you have now given me ; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and perhaps you may have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

"Really, Mr. Collins," cried Elizabeth with some warmth, "you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one."

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses is merely words of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these :—It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh, and my relationship to your own, are circumstances highly in my favour ; and you should take into further consideration, that in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is unhappily so small, that it will in all likelihood undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must therefore conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females."

"I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to

that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honour you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female, intending to plague you, but as a rational creature, speaking the truth from her heart."

"You are uniformly charming!" cried he, with an air of awkward gallantry; "and I am persuaded that when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable."

To such perseverance in wilful self-deception Elizabeth would make no reply, and immediately and in silence withdrew; determined, that if he persisted in considering her repeated refusals as flattering encouragement, to apply to her father, whose negative might be uttered in such a manner as must be decisive, and whose behaviour at least could not be mistaken for the affectation and coquetry of an elegant female.

(From the Same.)

## AN INVITATION

THIS was the occurrence:—The Coles had been settled some years in Highbury, and were very good sort of people, friendly, liberal, and unpretending; but, on the other hand, they were of low origin, in trade, and only moderately genteel. On their first coming into the country they had lived in proportion to their income, quietly, keeping little company, and that little unexpensively; but the last year or two had brought them a considerable increase of means—the house in town had yielded greater profits, and fortune in general had smiled on them. With their wealth, their views increased; their want of a larger house, their inclination for more company. They added to their house, to their number of servants, to their expenses of every sort; and by this time were, in fortune and style of living, second only to the family at Hartfield. Their love of society, and their new dining-room, prepared everybody for their keeping dinner-company; and a few parties, chiefly among the single men, had already taken place. The

regular and best families Emma could hardly suppose they would presume to invite—neither Donwell, nor Hartfield, nor Randalls. Nothing should tempt *her* to go, if they did ; and she regretted that her father's known habits would be giving her refusal less meaning than she could wish. The Coles were very respectable in their way, but they ought to be taught that it was not for them to arrange the terms on which the superior families would visit them. This lesson, she very much feared, they would receive only from herself ; she had little hope of Mr. Knightly, none of Mr. Weston.

But she had made up her mind how to meet this presumption so many weeks before it appeared, that when the insult came at last it found her very differently affected. Donwell and Randalls had received their invitation, and none had come for her father and herself ; and Mrs. Weston's accounting for it with, "I suppose they will not take the liberty with you ; they know you do not dine out," was not quite sufficient. She felt that she should like to have had the power of refusal ; and afterwards, as the idea of the party to be assembled there, consisting precisely of those whose society was dearest to her, occurred again and again, she did not know that she might not have been tempted to accept. Harriet was to be there in the evening, and the Bateses. They had been speaking of it as they walked about Highbury the day before, and Frank Churchill had most earnestly lamented her absence. Might not the evening end in a dance ? had been a question of his ? The bare possibility of it acted as a further irritation on her spirits ; and her being left in solitary grandeur, even supposing the omission to be intended as a compliment, was but poor comfort.

It was the arrival of this very invitation, while the Westons were at Hartfield, which made their presence so acceptable ; for though her first remark on reading it was, that, "of course it must be declined," she so very soon proceeded to ask them what they advised her to do, that their advice for her going was most prompt and successful.

She owned that, considering everything, she was not absolutely without inclination for the party. The Coles expressed themselves so properly—there was so much real attention in the manner of it—so much consideration for her father. "They would have solicited the honour earlier, but had been waiting the arrival of a folding-screen from London, which they hoped

might keep Mr. Woodhouse from any draught of air, and, therefore, induce him the more readily to give them the honour of his company." Upon the whole, she was very persuadable; and it being briefly settled among themselves how it might be done without neglecting his comfort,—how certainly Mrs. Goddard, if not Mrs. Bates, might be depended on for bearing him company,—Mr. Woodhouse was to be talked into an acquiescence of his daughter's going out to dinner on a day now near at hand, and spending the whole evening away from him. As for *his* going, Emma did not wish him to think it possible; the hours would be too late, and the party too numerous. He was soon pretty well resigned.

"I am not fond of dinner-visiting," said he; "I never was. No more is Emma. Late hours do not agree with us. I am sorry Mr. and Mrs. Cole should have done it. I think it would be much better if they would come in one afternoon next summer and take their tea with us; take us in their afternoon walk, which they might do, as our hours are so reasonable, and yet get home without being out in the damp of the evening. The dews of a summer evening are what I would not expose anybody to. However, as they are so very desirous to have dear Emma dine with them, and as you will both be there, and Mr. Knightley too, to take care of her, I cannot wish to prevent it, provided the weather be what it ought, neither damp, nor cold, nor windy." Then turning to Mrs. Weston, with a look of gentle reproach,—“Ah, Miss Taylor, if you had not married, you would have staid at home with me.”

“Well, sir,” cried Mr. Weston, “as I took Miss Taylor away, it is incumbent upon me to supply her place, if I can; and I will step to Mrs. Goddard in a moment, if you wish it.”

But the idea of anything to be done in a *moment* was increasing, not lessening, Mr. Woodhouse's agitation. The ladies knew better how to allay it. Mr. Weston must be quiet, and everything deliberately arranged.

With this treatment Mr. Woodhouse was soon composed enough for talking as usual. “He should be happy to see Mrs. Goddard. He had a great regard for Mrs. Goddard; and Emma should write a line, and invite her. James could take the note. But first of all there must be an answer written to Mrs. Cole.”

“You will make my excuses, my dear, as civilly as possible. You will say that I am quite an invalid, and go nowhere, and

therefore must decline her obliging invitation ; beginning with my *compliments*, of course. But you will do everything right. I need not tell you what is to be done. We must remember to let James know the carriage will be wanted on Tuesday. I shall have no fears for you with him. We have never been there above once since the new approach was made ; but still I have no doubt that James will take you very safely ; and when you get there you must tell him at what time you would have him come for you again ; and you had better name an early hour. You will not like staying late. You will get very tired when tea is over."

"But you would not wish me to come away before I am tired, papa?"

"Oh no, my love ; but you will soon be tired. There will be a great many people talking at once. You will not like the noise."

"But, my dear sir," cried Mr. Weston, "if Emma comes away early it will be breaking up the party."

"And no great harm if it does," said Mr. Woodhouse. "The sooner every party breaks up the better."

"But you do not consider how it may appear to the Coles. Emma's going away directly after tea might be giving offence. They are good-natured people, and think little of their own claims ; but still they must feel that anybody's hurrying away is no great compliment ; and Miss Woodhouse's doing it would be more thought of than any other person's in the room. You would not wish to disappoint and mortify the Coles, I am sure, sir ; friendly, good sort of people as ever lived, and who have been your neighbours these *ten* years."

"No, upon no account in the world, Mr. Weston, I am much obliged to you for reminding me. I should be extremely sorry to be giving them any pain. I know what worthy people they are. Perry tells me that Mr. Cole never touches malt liquor. You would not think it to look at him, but he is bilious—Mr. Cole is very bilious. No, I would not be the means of giving them any pain. My dear Emma, we must consider this. I am sure rather than run the risk of hurting Mr. and Mrs. Cole you would stay a little longer than you might wish. You will not regard being tired. You will be perfectly safe, you know, among your friends."

"Oh yes, papa. I have no fears at all for myself ; and I

should have no scruples of staying as late as Mrs. Weston, but on your account. I am only afraid of your sitting up for me. I am not afraid of your not being exceedingly comfortable with Mrs. Goddard. She loves piquet, you know; but when she is gone home I am afraid you will be sitting up by yourself instead of going to bed at your usual time; and the idea of that would entirely destroy my comfort. You must promise me not to sit up."

He did, on the condition of some promises on her side; such as that, if she came home cold, she would be sure to warm herself thoroughly; if hungry, that she would take something to eat; that her own maid should sit up for her; and that Serle and the butler should see that everything was safe in the house as usual.

(From *Emma*.)

## SOCIETY AT BATH

CATHERINE was not so much engaged at the theatre that evening, in returning the nods and smiles of Miss Thorpe, though they certainly claimed much of her leisure, as to forget to look with an inquiring eye for Mr. Tilney in every box which her eye could reach; but she looked in vain. Mr. Tilney was no fonder of the play than the Pump-room. She hoped to be more fortunate the next day; and when her wishes for fine weather were answered by seeing a beautiful morning, she hardly felt a doubt of it; for a fine Sunday in Bath empties every house of its inhabitants, and all the world appears on such an occasion, to walk about, and tell their acquaintance what a charming day it is.

As soon as divine service was over, the Thorpes and Allens eagerly joined each other; and, after staying long enough in the Pump-room to discover that the crowd was insupportable, and that there was not a genteel face to be seen, which everybody discovers every Sunday throughout the season, they hastened away to the Crescent, to breathe the fresh air of better company. Here Catherine and Isabella, arm in arm, again tasted the sweets of friendship in an unreserved conversation. They talked much, and with much enjoyment; but again was Catherine disappointed in her hope of re-seeing her partner. He was nowhere to be met



with ; every search for him was equally unsuccessful, in morning lounges or evening assemblies ; neither at the upper nor lower rooms, at dressed or undressed balls was he perceivable ; nor among the walkers, the horsemen, or the curricule-drivers of the morning. His name was not in the Pump-room book, and curiosity could do no more. He must be gone from Bath ; yet he had not mentioned that his stay would be so short. This sort of mysteriousness, which is always so becoming in a hero, threw a fresh grace, in Catherine's imagination, around his person and manners, and increased her anxiety to know more of him. From the Thorpes she could learn nothing, for they had been only two days in Bath before they met with Mrs. Allen. It was a subject, however, in which she often indulged with her fair friend, from whom she received every possible encouragement to think of him ; and his impression on her fancy was not suffered therefore to weaken. Isabella was very sure that he must be a charming young man ; and was equally sure that he must have been delighted with her dear Catherine, and would therefore shortly return. She liked him the better for being a clergyman, "for she must profess herself very partial to the profession" ; and something like a sigh escaped her as she said it. Perhaps Catherine was wrong in not demanding the cause of that gentle emotion, but she was not experienced enough in the finesse of love, or the duties of friendship, to know when delicate raillery was properly called for, or when a confidence should be forced.

Mrs. Allen was now quite happy, quite satisfied with Bath. She had found some acquaintance ; had been so lucky, too, as to find in them the family of a most worthy old friend ; and as the completion of good fortune, had found these friends by no means so expensively dressed as herself. Her daily expressions were no longer, "I wish we had some acquaintance in Bath !" They were changed into, "How glad I am we have met with Mrs. Thorpe !" and she was as eager in promoting the intercourse of the two families as her young charge and Isabella themselves could be ; never satisfied with the day unless she spent the chief part of it by the side of Mrs. Thorpe in what they called conversation ; but in which there was scarcely ever any exchange of opinion, and not often any resemblance of subject, for Mrs. Thorpe talked chiefly of her children, and Mrs. Allen of her gowns.

The progress of the friendship between Catherine and Isabella

was quick as its beginning had been warm ; and they passed so rapidly through every gradation of increasing tenderness, that there was shortly no fresh proof of it to be given to their friends or themselves. They called each other by their Christian name, were always arm-in-arm when they walked, pinned up each other's train for the dance, and were not to be divided in the set ; and, if a rainy morning deprived them of other enjoyments, they were still resolute in meeting in defiance of wet and dirt, and shut themselves up to read novels together. Yes, novels ; for I will not adopt that ungenerous and impolitic custom, so common with novel writers, of degrading, by their contemptuous censure, the very performances to the number of which they are themselves adding : joining with their greatest enemies in bestowing the harshest epithets on such works, and scarcely ever permitting them to be read by their own heroine, who, if she accidentally take up a novel, is sure to turn over its insipid pages with disgust. Alas ! if the heroine of one novel be not patronised by the heroine of another, from whom can she expect protection and regard ? I cannot approve of it. Let us leave it to the Reviewers to abuse such effusions of fancy at their leisure, and over every new novel to talk in threadbare strains of the trash with which the press now groans. Let us not desert one another ; we are an injured body. Although our productions have afforded more extensive and unaffected pleasure than those of any other literary corporation in the world, no species of composition has been so much decried. From pride, ignorance, or fashion, our foes are almost as many as our readers ; and while the abilities of the nine-hundredth abridger of the History of England, or of the man who collects and publishes in a volume some dozen lines of Milton, Pope, and Prior, with a paper from the Spectator, and a chapter from Sterne, are eulogised by a thousand pens, there seems almost a general wish of decrying the capacity and undervaluing the labour of the novelist, and of slighting the performances which have only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them. " I am no novel reader ; I seldom look into novels ; do not imagine that I often read novels ; it is really very well for a novel." Such is the common cant. " And what are you reading, miss— ? " " Oh ! it is only a novel ! " replies the young lady ; while she lays down her book with affected indifference, or momentary shame. " It is only Cecilia, or Camilla, or Belinda ; or, in short ; only some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are

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displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humour, are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language. Now, had the same young lady been engaged with a volume of the Spectator, instead of such a work, how proudly would she have produced the book, and told its name ! though the chances must be against her being occupied by any part of that voluminous publication of which either the matter or manner would not disgust a young person of taste ; the substance of its papers so often consisting in the statement of improbable circumstances, unnatural characters, and topics of conversation, which no longer concern any one living ; and their language, too, frequently so coarse as to give no very favourable idea of the age that could endure it.

(From *Northanger Abbey*.)



## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

[The prose writings of Coleridge (1772-1834) may be reckoned to begin with the Bristol lectures, printed in 1795; viz. the *Moral and Political Lecture*, the *Conciones ad Populum*, and the *Plot Discovered*. The *Watchman* came out in the following year. During the period of his greatest poetical energy, Coleridge was also active as a journalist, especially between the years 1798 and 1800. After the decline of his spirits and of his poetical faculty, he still retained his early metaphysical and didactic enthusiasm, and wrote a great number of discourses, which are collected under various titles in his prose works. The *Friend* appeared as "a literary, moral, and political weekly paper" in 1809 and 1810, as a book in 1812, and in a revised and altered form in 1818. The *Statesman's Manual*, and a second *Lay Sermon*, were published in 1816 and 1817; the *Biographia Literaria* also belongs to 1817, which deserves to be taken as the most notable date in the history of Coleridge's prose works. *Aids to Reflection* appeared in 1825; the essay on *The Constitution of the Church and State* in 1830. Of the works published after his death the principal are *Table Talk* (1835), *Literary Remains* (1836, 1838), *Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit* (1840), *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare* (1849), *Essays upon his own Times* (1850), collected from his early work as a journalist.]

COLERIDGE has explained his views about his own prose style, in the third Essay of the *Friend*, and this passage is confirmed by many others, in other parts of his writings :—

A man long accustomed to silent and solitary meditation, in proportion as he increases the power of thinking in long and connected trains, is apt to lose or lessen the talent of communicating his thoughts with grace and perspicuity. Doubtless, too, I have in some measure injured my style, in respect to its facility and popularity, from having almost confined my reading, of late years, to the works of the ancients and those of the elder writers in the modern languages. We insensibly imitate what we habitually admire; and an aversion to the epigrammatic, unconnected periods of the fashionable *Anglo-Gallican* taste has too often made me willing to forget, that the stately march and difficult evolutions which characterise the eloquence of Hooker, Bacon, Milton, and Jeremy Taylor are, notwithstanding their intrinsic excellence, still less suited to a periodical essay. This fault I am now endeavouring to correct; though I can never so far sacrifice my judgment to the desire of being immediately popular, as to cast my sentences in the

French moulds, or affect a style which an ancient critic would have deemed purposely invented for persons troubled with the asthma to read, and for those to comprehend who labour under the more pitiable asthma of a short-witted intellect.

One of the most constant opinions in Coleridge's mind, one that is little short of the chief place among his critical judgments, is that which distinguishes between the continuous energy of genius and the cautious progress of less noble faculties, bit by bit, in small successive efforts. His own discourse, whatever its faults, has always something of the character that he himself admired in others. When the argument is least assured, and when the progress of the speculation is most impeded, there is still always in Coleridge's style the life and the living movement of one accustomed to long trains of thought; there is never any of the hard brilliance of the styles that are made out of separate finished pieces of thought and expression. The "criterion of genius," given in the Table Talk of 6th August 1832, is one to which Coleridge himself might have submitted the style of his own prose:—

You will find this a good gauge or criterion of genius—whether it progresses and evolves, or only spins upon itself.

This (which leads to a striking comparison of Dryden and Pope, Charles Lamb and Hazlitt) is the repetition of an idea that governs very much of Coleridge's criticism of literature. If it cannot be said of all his arguments in the *Friend*, or in *Aids to Reflection*, that they "evolve," it is still almost always to be found that the movement of the discourse is in the form of large and continuous reasoning; and it is this apparent spontaneity that gives distinction to his writing, even when it is least effectual. No English prose is nearer to that of Goethe in its power of carrying the reader along, with or without his consent, till he is left wondering what it is that has got hold of him. The spell that drew so many people, of all orders of intellectual constitution, to listen to Coleridge talking, may still be found in his philosophical and critical writings; and, in spite of the scorner, it is still possible to "sit under" the eloquence of his sermons, merely because it is true eloquence, and not a battery of separate notes and epigrams.

The commonly accepted descriptions of Coleridge's manner in conversation are not altogether borne out by his recorded

“Table Talk.” There is too much wit and too much sound sense, as well as too much interest in sublunar things, to agree well with the common account of Coleridge’s “transcendental” monologues. That Coleridge in any way lost himself in metaphysics, will be almost incredible to any one who follows the journal of his daily conversation, on things in general and things in particular.

The monotony of some portions of his speculative books is in strong contrast to the quickness of most of his talk, as that is reported. There are, however, some of his prose writings, and especially the greater part of *Biographia Literaria*, in which there is a balance or a compromise between the metaphysical and the imaginative sides in his composition, and in which his metaphysics are condensed out of their nebulous state, into some of the most effective criticism of poetry to be found anywhere in English. Coleridge’s philosophy has been shown, by philosophical scholars, to be futile in its adaptation of German systems for the benefit of English novices. It is not thorough or systematic enough for idealist philosophers; and for all other schools it is simply a weariness. But if his more ambitious attempts have failed, there can be no question, on the other hand, either of the wide influence of his philosophic spirit, as an encouragement to hopefulness and intellectual daring, or of the success of his work, when it was applied to subjects more palpable than those of metaphysical enquiry. His long-continued exposition of Reason and Understanding may have been unsatisfactory as philosophical literature, or profitable merely as an example of philosophical aspirations, by which many younger men were stirred to speculations of their own. But when the antithesis of Reason and Understanding appears in the pages of *Biographia Literaria* as the opposition of Imagination and Fancy, there is no need to look far for any justification or excuse. It may be necessary to remember Coleridge’s immediate influence upon the minds of his contemporaries, in order to appreciate the *Aids to Reflection*; but the strength and beauty of his critical essays on poetry are enough to put out of account all external and accidental considerations. They stand on their own merits. There had been nothing like them in English, except Wordsworth’s essays appended to the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1800 and 1815; and Coleridge had the advantage of Wordsworth both in greater freedom of view, and in greater accuracy of discrimination. In the play of his mind in *Biographia Literaria*, between the general philosophy of the

poetic art, and the critical judgment of particulars in his answer to Wordsworth's theory of diction, there is no fluctuation of strength or skill; the philosophy of Imagination and Fancy is just as lively as the refutation of his friend's paradoxical rhetoric. In dealing with poetry, the energy of his speculation is not wasted, nor is its effect the merely formal, though glorious influence exerted on younger and better-disciplined minds, by the solemnity of his tone, apart from the weight of his doctrine. In his criticism of poetry, the matter and form of his writings are equivalent. Here, in place of the reiterated assaults on the citadel of metaphysics, the weary relapses, and perpetual new beginnings, there is a victorious and conquering progress, with prizes gained at every step in the march.

There is another field to which Coleridge escaped at times from the bewilderment of metaphysics, and in his own words was enabled "to pluck the flower, and reap the harvest from the cultivated surface, instead of delving in the unwholesome quicksilver mines of metaphysic depths." His lay sermons and other essays on politics and political science, are, like his æsthetic criticism, under the control of his common philosophical ideas; and here, also, the principles of "Reason" against "Understanding," are found to be anything but sterile.

Coleridge in his political philosophy appears as the successor of Burke, and the forerunner of Carlyle. To the difficulties of his own time he applied the instruments that Burke had left behind him; Burke's hatred of abstract dogmas and formulas, Burke's sense of the complexity of life, and of the need for insight into the particular circumstances of each individual problem. The second Lay Sermon ("Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters!"), anticipates more of *Past and Present* than ever seems to have been fully acknowledged by the author of the latter book. There is no weakness or faltering, no inconsequence or irrelevance, in this political essay, one of the best designed and most complete of all the works of Coleridge in prose. In scorn of the demagogue and his machinery, Coleridge resembles Burke and Carlyle; and hardly in these will there be found anything more fervent than Coleridge's recitation and appropriation of the words of the prophet: "the vile person shall no more be called liberal, nor the churl said to be bountiful." He is with Carlyle, or before him, in his comprehension of "the existing distresses and discontents," and his appeal to "the higher and middle classes"



in 1817 is to the same effect, and helped by much the same arguments, as the appeal of *Past and Present*, or of the essay on *Chartism*.

In Coleridge's prose there are many interludes of different kinds, and of all degrees of value. Of these the account of his interview with Klopstock, in *Satyrane's Letters* (*Biographia Literaria*), is one of the most singular, through the contrast of its short phrases and its ironical reserve, with the voluble expression of the author's more habitual didactic moods.

It is seldom that the prose of Coleridge is decorated in any adventitious way. There are many illustrations, but rarely any that look as if they had been stuck on for effect. The argument in its course discovers its own illustrations: "the wheels take fire from the rapidity of their motion," to borrow a phrase that Coleridge himself had applied to his own youthful oratory (*Letter to Sir George and Lady Beaumont*, 1st October 1803), before he used it in his splendid acknowledgment of the genius of Dryden. There is evidence, however, that when he chose he could play lightly with the weapons of prose argument. The marginal gloss to the *Ancient Mariner* (1828) is one of his finest compositions, in an unfamiliar mood; a translation or transposition of his poem, for a purely artistic end, such as had never come within the view of the *Watchman*, or any other of the serious monitors of Church and State. The exercise was wholly different from that to which he was accustomed. It was not the evolution of an argument; it was minute work, piecemeal, following the lines of a composition already finished, giving no room for anything like his usual copious paragraphs of edification, compelling him to write for the mere beauty of writing.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

Nowhere else in the works of Coleridge is the element of prose thus disengaged from matter. It is significant of Coleridge's spirit, that in his moral treatises he never relied on anything like the charm of this prose, to gain applause or acceptance for his doctrines. Whether he fought well or slackly, he was always a combatant in his prose essays, and never a vendor of merely

ornamental rhetoric. He never allowed himself to be tempted by any attraction inconsistent with his purpose ; his digressions were always prompted by something in the matter, never by the vanities of language ; he used no rhetorical display except what was immediately intended to support his ethical strategy. It is this consistency that distinguishes his style, even in its most intricate and florid passages, from all the varieties of ostentatious literature.

W. P. KER.

## THE PRIVILEGE OF GENIUS

BUT how shall I avert the scorn of those critics who laugh at the oldness of my topics, evil and good, necessity and arbitrement, immortality and the ultimate aim? By what shall I regain *their* favour? My themes must be new, a French constitution; a balloon; a change of ministry; a fresh batch of kings on the Continent, or of peers in our happier island; or who had the best of it of two parliamentary gladiators, and whose speech, on the subject of Europe bleeding at a thousand wounds, or our own country struggling for herself and all human nature was cheered by the greatest number of "laughs," "loud laughs," and "very loud laughs": (which, carefully marked by italics, form most conspicuous and strange parentheses in the newspaper reports). Or if I must be philosophical, the last chemical discoveries, provided I do not trouble my reader with the principle which gives them their highest interest, and the character of intellectual grandeur to the discoverer; or the last shower of stones, and that they were supposed, by certain philosophers, to have been projected from some volcano in the moon, taking care, however, not to add any of the cramp reasons for this opinion! Something new, however, it must be, quite new and quite out of themselves! for whatever is within them, whatever is deep within them, must be as old as the first dawn of human reason. But to find no contradiction in the union of old and new, to contemplate the Ancient of Days with feelings as fresh as if they sprang forth at His own fiat, this characterises the minds that feel the riddle of the world, and may help to unravel it! To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonderment and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years has rendered familiar,

With sun and moon and stars throughout the year,  
And man and woman—

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talent. And so to represent familiar objects as to awaken the minds of others to a like freshness of sensation concerning them (that constant accompaniment of mental, no less than of bodily convalescence)—to the same modest questioning of a self-discovered and intelligent ignorance, which like the deep and massy foundations of a Roman bridge, forms half of the whole structure (*prudens interrogatio dimidium scientiæ*, says Lord Bacon)—this is the prime merit of genius, and its most unequivocal mode of manifestation. Who has not, a thousand times, seen it snow upon water? Who has not seen it with a new feeling, since he has read Burns's comparison of sensual pleasure to

the snowfall in the river,  
A moment white—then melts for ever!

In philosophy, equally as in poetry, genius produces the strongest impressions of novelty, while it rescues the stalest and most admitted truths from the impotence caused by the very circumstance of their universal admission. Extremes meet—a proverb, by the by, to collect and explain all the instances and exemplifications of which, would constitute and exhaust all philosophy. Truths, of all others the most awful and mysterious, yet being at the same time of universal interest, are too often considered as so true that they lose all the powers of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.

(From *The Friend*.)

### THIS ENLIGHTENED AGE

WHEN I named this essay a sermon, I sought to prepare the inquirers after it for the absence of all the usual softening suggested by worldly prudence, of all compromise between truth and courtesy. But not even as a sermon would I have addressed the present discourse to a promiscuous audience; and for this reason I likewise announced it in the title-page, as exclusively *ad clerum*; i.e. (in the old and wide sense of the word), to men of clerical acquirements of whatever profession. I would that the greater part of our publications could be thus directed, each to

its appropriate class of readers. But this cannot be! For among other odd burs and kecksies, the misgrowth of our luxuriant activity, we have now a reading public—as strange a phrase, methinks, as ever forced a splenetic smile on the staid countenance of meditation; and yet no fiction! For our readers have, in good truth, multiplied exceedingly, and have waxed proud. It would require the intrepid accuracy of a Colquhoun to venture at the precise number of that vast company only, whose heads and hearts are dictated at the two public ordinaries of literature, the circulating libraries and the periodical press. But what is the result? Does the inward man thrive on this regimen? Alas! if the average health of the consumers may be judged of by the articles of largest consumption; if the secretions may be conjectured from the ingredients of the dishes that are found best suited to their palates; from all that I have seen, either of the banquet or the guests, I shall utter my *profaccia* with a desponding sigh. From a popular philosophy and a philosophic populace, Good Sense deliver us!

At present, however, I am to imagine for myself a very different audience. I appeal exclusively to men, from whose station and opportunities I may dare anticipate a respectable portion of that sound book-learnedness, into which our old public schools still continue to initiate their pupils. I appeal to men in whom I may hope to find, if not philosophy, yet occasional impulses at least to philosophic thought. And here, as far as my own experience extends, I can announce one favourable symptom. The notion of our measureless superiority in good sense to our ancestors, so general at the commencement of the French Revolution, and for some years before it, is out of fashion. We hear, at least, less of the jargon of this enlightened age. After fatiguing itself, as performer or spectator in the giddy figure-dance of political changes, Europe has seen the shallow foundations of its self-complacent faith give way; and among men of influence and property, we have now more reason to apprehend the stupor of despondence, than the extravagancies of hope, unsustained by experience or of self-confidence not bottomed on principle.

In this rank of life the danger lies, not in any tendency to innovation, but in the choice of the means for preventing it. And here my apprehensions point to two opposite errors; each of which deserves a separate notice. The first consists in a

disposition to think, that as the peace of nations has been disturbed by the diffusion of a false light, it may be re-established by excluding the people from all knowledge and all prospect of amelioration. O! never, never! Reflections and stirrings of mind, with all their restlessness, and all the errors that result from their imperfection, from the Too much, because Too little, are come into the world. The powers that awaken and foster the spirit of curiosity are to be found in every village; books are in every hovel. The infants' cries are hushed with picture-books, and the cottager's child sheds his first bitter tears over pages which render it impossible for the man to be treated or governed as a child. Here, as in other cases, the inconveniences that have arisen from a thing's having become too general are best removed by making it universal.

The other and contrary mistake proceeds from the assumption, that a national education will have been realised whenever the people at large have been taught to read and write. Now among the many means to the desired end, this is doubtless one, and not the least important, but neither is it the most so. Much less can it be held to constitute education, which consists in educating the faculties and forming the habits; the means varying according to the sphere in which the individuals to be educated are likely to act and become useful, I do not hesitate to declare, that whether I consider the nature of the discipline adopted, or the plan of poisoning the children of the poor with a sort of potential infidelity under the "liberal idea" of teaching those points only of religious faith, in which all denominations agree, I cannot but denounce the so-called Lancastrian schools as pernicious beyond all power of compensation by the new acquirement of reading and writing. But take even Dr. Bell's original and unsophisticated plan, which I myself regard as an especial gift of Providence to the human race; and suppose this incomparable machine, this vast moral steam-engine, to have been adopted and in free motion throughout the empire; it would yet appear to me a most dangerous delusion to rely on it as if this of itself formed an efficient national education. We cannot, I repeat, honour the scheme too highly as a prominent and necessary part of the great process; but it will neither supersede nor can it be substituted for sundry other measures, that are at least equally important. And there are such measures, too, as unfortunately involve the necessity of sacrifices on the side of the rich and powerful more costly

and far more difficult than the yearly subscription of a few pounds! such measures as demand more self-denial than the expenditure of time in a committee or of eloquence in a public meeting.

Nay, let Dr. Bell's philanthropic end have been realised, and the proposed *modicum* of learning have become universal; yet, convinced of its insufficiency to stem up against the strong currents set in from an opposite point, I dare not assure myself that it may not be driven backward by them and become confluent with the evils it was intended to preclude.

What other measures I had in contemplation, it has been my endeavour to explain elsewhere. But I am greatly deceived, if one preliminary to an efficient education of the labouring classes be not the recurrence to a more manly discipline of the intellect on the part of the learned themselves, in short, a thorough recasting of the moulds in which the minds of our gentry, the characters of our future land-owners, magistrates and senators are to receive their shape and fashion. Oh, what treasures of practical wisdom would be once more brought into open day by the solution of this problem! Suffice it for the present to hint the master thought. The first man, on whom the light of an idea dawned, did in that same moment receive the spirit and the credentials of a lawgiver; and so long as man shall exist, so long will the possession of that antecedent knowledge (the maker and master of all profitable experience) which exists only in the power of an idea, be the one lawful qualification of all dominion in the world of the senses. Without this, experience itself is but a Cyclops walking backwards under the fascination of the past; and we are indebted to a lucky coincidence of outward circumstances and contingencies, least of all things to be calculated on in times like the present, if this one-eyed experience does not seduce its worshipper into practical anachronisms.

But alas! the halls of old philosophy have been so long deserted, that we circle them at shy distance as the haunt of phantoms and chimeras. The sacred grove of Academus is held in like regard with the unfoodful trees in the shadowy world of Maro that had a dream attached to every leaf. The very terms of ancient wisdom are worn out, or (far worse!) stamped on baser metal; and whoever should have the hardihood to reproclaim its solemn truths must commence with a glossary.

(From *Statesman's Manual*.)

## STUDY OF PHILOSOPHY

IN lieu of the various requests which the anxiety of authorship addresses to the unknown reader, I advance but this one, that he will either pass over the following chapter altogether, or read the whole connectedly. The fairest portion of the most beautiful body will appear deformed and monstrous, if dis severed from its place in the organic whole. Nay, on delicate subjects, where a seemingly trifling difference of more or less may constitute a difference in kind, even a faithful display of the main and supporting ideas, if yet they are separated from the forms by which they are at once clothed and modified, may perchance present a skeleton indeed; but a skeleton to alarm and deter. Though I might find numerous precedents, I shall not desire the reader to strip his mind of all prejudices, nor to keep all prior systems out of view during his examination of the present. For in truth, such requests appear to me not much unlike the advice given to hypochondriacal patients in Dr. Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*, *videlicet*, to preserve themselves uniformly tranquil and in good spirits. Till I had discovered the art of destroying the memory *a parte ante*, without injury to its future operations, and without detriment to the judgment, I should suppress the request as premature; and, therefore, however much I may wish to be read with an unprejudiced mind, I do not presume to state it as a necessary condition.

The extent of my daring is to suggest one criterion, by which it may be rationally conjectured beforehand, whether or no a reader would lose his time, and perhaps his temper, in the perusal of this, or any other treatise constructed on similar principles. But it would be cruelly misinterpreted, as implying the least disrespect either for the moral or intellectual qualities of the individuals thereby precluded. The criterion is this: if a man receives as fundamental facts, and therefore, of course, indemonstrable and incapable of further analysis, the general notions of matter, spirit, soul, body, action, passiveness, time, space, cause and effect, consciousness, perception, memory, and habit; if he feels his mind completely at rest concerning all these, and is satisfied, if only he can analyse all other notions into some one or more of these supposed elements with plausible subordination and apt



arrangement : to such a mind I would as courteously as possible convey the hint, that for him the chapter was not written.

Vir bonus es, doctus, prudens ; ast *haud tibi spiro*.

For these terms do in truth include all the difficulties which the human mind can propose for solution. Taking them therefore in mass, and unexamined, it requires only a decent apprenticeship in logic to draw forth their contents in all forms and colours, as the professors of legerdemain at our village fairs pull out ribbon after ribbon from their mouths. And not more difficult is it to reduce them back again to their different *genera*. But though this analysis is highly useful in rendering our knowledge more distinct, it really does not add to it. It does not increase, though it gives us a greater mastery over, the wealth which we before possessed. For forensic purposes, for all the established professions of society, this is sufficient. But for philosophy in its highest sense, as the science of ultimate truths, and therefore *scientia scientiarum*, this mere analysis of terms is preparative only, though as a preparative discipline indispensable.

Still less dare a favourable perusal be anticipated from the proselytes of that compendious philosophy, which talking of mind but thinking of brick and mortar, or other images equally abstracted from body, contrives a theory of spirit by nicknaming matter, and in a few hours can qualify its dullest disciples to explain the *omne scibile* by reducing all things to impressions, ideas, and sensations.

But it is time to tell the truth ; though it requires some courage to avow it in an age and country, in which disquisitions on all subjects, not privileged to adopt technical terms or scientific symbols, must be addressed to the public. I say, then, that it is neither possible nor necessary for all men, nor for many, to be philosophers. There is a philosophic (and inasmuch as it is actualised by an effort of freedom, an artificial) consciousness, which lies beneath or (as it were) behind the spontaneous consciousness natural to all reflecting beings. As the elder Romans distinguished their northern provinces into Cis-Alpine and Trans-Alpine, so may we divide all the objects of human knowledge into those on this side, and those on the other side of the spontaneous consciousness ; *citra et trans conscientiam communem*. The latter is exclusively the domain of pure philosophy, which is therefore properly entitled *transcendental*, in order to discriminate it

at once, both from mere reflection and *re*-presentation on the one hand, and on the other from those flights of lawless speculation which, abandoned by *all* distinct consciousness, because transgressing the bounds and purposes of our intellectual faculties, are justly condemned, as *transcendent*. The first range of hills that encircles the scanty vale of human life is the horizon for the majority of its inhabitants. On *its* ridges the common sun is born and departs. From *them* the stars rise, and touching *them* they vanish. By the many, even this range, the natural limit and bulwark of the vale, is but imperfectly known. Its higher ascents are too often hidden by mists and clouds from uncultivated swamps, which few have courage or curiosity to penetrate. To the multitude below these vapours appear, now as the dark haunts of terrific agents, on which none may intrude with impunity; and now all aglow with colours not their own, they are gazed at as the splendid palaces of happiness and power. But in all ages there have been a few, who measuring and sounding the rivers of the vale at the feet of their furthest inaccessible falls have learned that the sources must be far higher and far inward; a few, who even in the level streams have detected elements, which neither the vale itself nor the surrounding mountains contained or could supply. How and whence to these thoughts, these strong probabilities, the ascertaining vision, the intuitive knowledge may finally supervene, can be learnt only by the fact. I might oppose to the question the words with which Plotinus supposes Nature to answer a similar difficulty. "Should anyone interrogate her, how she works, if graciously she vouchsafe to listen and speak, she will reply, 'it behoves thee not to disquiet me with interrogatories, but to understand in silence, even as I am silent and work without words.'"

(From *Biographia Literaria*.)

## LYRICAL BALLADS: MR. WORDSWORTH'S THEORY

DURING the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours our conversation turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagina-

tion. The sudden charm which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity, where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves.

In this idea originated the plan of the *Lyrical Ballads*, in which it was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand.

With this view I wrote "The Ancient Mariner," and was preparing among other poems, "The Dark Ladie," and the "Christabel," in which I should have more nearly realised my ideal than I had done in my first attempt. But Mr. Wordsworth's industry had proved so much more successful, and the number of his poems so much greater, that my compositions, instead of forming a balance, appeared rather an interpolation of heterogeneous matter. Mr. Wordsworth added two or three poems written in his own character, in the impassioned, lofty, and

sustained diction, which is characteristic of his genius. In this form the *Lyrical Ballads* were published; and were presented by him as an experiment, whether subjects, which from their nature rejected the usual ornaments and extra-colloquial style of poems in general, might not be so managed in the language of ordinary life, as to produce the pleasurable interest, which it is the peculiar business of poetry to impart. To the second edition he added a preface of considerable length; in which, notwithstanding some passages of apparently a contrary import, he was understood to contend for the extension of this style to poetry of all kinds, and to reject as vicious and indefensible all phrases and forms of speech that were not included in what he (unfortunately, I think, adopting an equivocal expression) called the language of real life. From this preface, prefixed to poems in which it was impossible to deny the presence of original genius, however mistaken its direction might be deemed, arose the whole long-continued controversy. For from the conjunction of perceived power with supposed heresy I explain the inveteracy and in some instances, I grieve to say, the acrimonious passions with which the controversy has been conducted by the assailants.

Had Mr. Wordsworth's poems been the silly, the childish things, which they were for a long time described as being; had they been really distinguished from the compositions of other poets merely by meanness of language and inanity of thought; had they indeed contained nothing more than what is found in the parodies and pretended imitations of them, they must have sunk at once, a dead weight, into the slough of oblivion, and have dragged the preface along with them. But year after year increased the number of Mr. Wordsworth's admirers. They were found, too, not in the lower classes of the reading public, but chiefly among young men of strong sensibility and meditative minds; and their admiration (inflamed perhaps in some degree by opposition) was distinguished by its intensity, I might almost say, by its religious fervour. These facts, and the intellectual energy of the author, which was more or less consciously felt, where it was outwardly and even boisterously denied, meeting with sentiments of aversion to his opinions, and of alarm at their consequences, produced an eddy of criticism, which would of itself have borne up the poems by the violence with which it whirled them round and round.

(From the Same.)

## ROBERT SOUTHEY

[Robert Southey was born in 1774 at Bristol, where his father was an unsuccessful linen draper. A maiden aunt, with whom he spent most of the days of his childhood, gave him an early bias to reading, and fed his imagination with stage plays, so that when he was sent to Westminster School, at the age of fourteen, his mind was already furnished with a quantity of miscellaneous knowledge, he had written a considerable quantity of verse, and had arrived at the conclusion that it was his mission to be an epic poet. Westminster gave him little—so at least he thought—but the friendship of C. W. W. Wynn, afterwards his indefatigable benefactor, and Grosvenor Bedford, who was his confidential friend for life. Southey wrote much for school magazines; at last an ironical article on flogging led to his private expulsion. Christ Church, Oxford, closed its doors against him, but Balliol received the youth who, as he says himself, “left Westminster in a perilous state—a heart full of poetry and feeling, a head full of Rousseau and Werther, and my religious principles shaken by Gibbon.” At Oxford he gained some notoriety by the profession of Republicanism, but apparently found no profit in the studies of the place, beyond learning to know Epictetus. He had not left the University when the fall of the Girondins, and the consequent horrors in Paris during 1793, wrecked the faith of the young Oxford Jacobin in the French Revolution. Coleridge came upon him thus robbed of his ideal, whispered “Pantisocracy” in his ear, and persuaded him to join a colony of equals—each provided with a mild and lovely woman—in America. The scheme fell through, but Southey married his chosen mild and lovely woman, Edith Fricker, while Coleridge paired off with her sister Sarah. Before choosing a profession, Southey went for a six months’ visit to his uncle Hill, who was chaplain to the British Factory at Lisbon, and was attracted at once by the literature of the Peninsula, to which he gave the best part of his life. Returning home, he found that there could be no profession for him but that of letters, and at the age of twenty-two was looking out for a permanent home in which to write. He was long in finding one. He spent six years between various habitations at home and on the Continent, writing epic poems and ballads—the latter at a guinea a week—for the *Morning Post*. At last, in 1803, he settled down in Greta Hall, Keswick, to a life of constant literary toil. Coleridge, who at first shared housekeeping with him, soon wandered off, and Southey was left for some time in charge of Mrs. Coleridge and her children, and of his wife’s other sister, Mrs. Lovell. From Greta Hall proceeded the majority of Southey’s well-nigh forgotten epics, and his most important prose works. He had enjoyed a civil list pension of £160 since 1807, up to which time his friend Wynn had allowed him a like sum out of

his own pocket. In 1813 the Laureateship brought an addition of £90 a year to his income, and twenty-two years later Peel, on his declining a baronetcy, bestowed on him another pension of £300 a year. It was really on the *Quarterly Review*, however, that Southey lived from 1809 onwards. Writing for every number, he sometimes received as much as £100 for an article. This and other hack work gave him the time and opportunity to produce much solid and ineffectual literature which did not pay him, and has sunk into oblivion with the designedly ephemeral matter to which he grudged the labour that might have been bestowed on his *History of Portugal*. Southey's mind gave way before his death, which took place in 1843.]

SOUTHEY is the stock example—though not necessarily the model—of a man of letters. He lived by and for literature. Coleridge styled Southey's library his wife, and no spouse could desire greater tenderness or more steadfast devotion than he bestowed upon the books which covered the walls of almost every room in Greta Hall. He was a bibliophile in the widest sense of the word. Books that were worthy of fine binding he clothed handsomely; others were sometimes decently and sometimes gaily covered by his women folks, and made of one room a "Cottonian library." But he was never so much of a lover of tall folios as Lamb, though, in his decadence, Wordsworth found him fondly handling the volumes he could no longer read. Books were in truth to Southey the raw material in which he exercised what can only be termed his book-making faculties. He bought as many as he could pay for, and as fast. Some were chosen to feed his intellect and please his palate; but most were destined to be delved into as rapidly as possible and forced to give up their treasures of information, which were classified, indexed, and shaped for use in the production of history, biography, or *Quarterly* article. A sentence in a letter to his son-in-law sums up Southey's conception of the art of literature. "As for composition," he says, "it has no difficulties for one who will 'read, learn, mark, and inwardly digest,' the materials on which he is to work." Here we have his own estimate both of his style and of the *genre* of his work, and it is a fair one. He made books out of other books, and took no thought of the manner of writing save to put down the results of collation in the simplest mode that occurred to him. He is one of our classic prose writers. Yet he never sought the perfection which Byron (no friendly critic) allowed him to have attained. "Of what is called *style*, not a thought enters my head at any time," he confessed; he "only endeavoured to write plain English,

and to put my thoughts in language which every one can understand." No one, indeed, has ever affected to discover individuality in Southey's prose, or has assigned to him epoch-making importance in any of the departments of letters he cultivated so assiduously. His style has been, and still is, considered "perfect," because it suits to perfection the use to which it is deliberately put.

The purely bookish life which Southey led affected, in De Quincey's opinion, his conversational manner. When engaged in controversial talk, he was apt to use a sententious, epigrammatic form of speech, not for the object of winning applause for brilliance, but so that he might meet the demand upon his opinions at the slightest cost of thought and time, and get back with the least possible delay to his books. The habits of a literary recluse did not affect his style of composition to the same extent. But solitary thinking and the trick of getting rid of discussion when it came his way by means of an epigram, largely influenced the character of his work, and for the worse. He is a striking proof of the fallacy that detachment from the world gives of necessity a true perspective. The Southey of Keswick was in temperament the Southey of the Pantisocracy. As he never lost the buoyancy of youth—the half-physical necessity to energise in some way or other—so he never overcame the defects of the early shaping given to his mind. His imagination was developed too soon and too rapidly. He never became a deep or even a fairly broad thinker. In his day he found no new political truth. He collected facts industriously, grouped them artistically, and told his story perspicuously. But he could not grasp the significance of an epoch or an incident, and he measured action by no standard but his own moral taste. Macaulay scarcely exaggerated when he said that Southey's success almost always had an inverse proportion to the degree in which his undertakings required a logical head. If, as Mr. Dowden happily puts it, "History as written by Southey is narrative rendered spiritual by moral ardour," we cannot accept sympathy, even though its leanings are admirable, as a substitute for the show of right reason that is essential to the unifying of a chapter or volume of events. But it was the want of a sense of proportion that had the chief share in rendering Southey a historian *manqué*. His early visit to Lisbon gave him an interest in the Iberian peoples; he conceived and preserved through

life an exaggerated notion of their importance in the economy of the world. At his death he had not completed his preparations even for a *History of Portugal*. His *History of Brazil* is a storehouse of facts relating to a comparatively uninteresting and unimportant race. He imagined that when the Brazilians became a powerful nation it would be to them what the work of Herodotus was to Europe. It is a monument of industry. One cannot but admire the skill with which the simple, uneventful story of the country's progress is unfolded, but one cannot also help doubting whether the work will ever redeem, or deserve to redeem its original failure. No one now dips into the three quarto volumes of the *History of the Peninsular War*. It is, like the *History of Brazil*, a colossal piece of work, an honest narrative of facts, inspired by a profound enthusiasm for the Spanish cause, and a very hearty hatred of Bonaparte and all his works. Yet Wellington justly said it was wholly inadequate, and displayed gross ignorance; and it has been fairly enough criticised as an exhibition of useless erudition. Southey, beyond all doubt, took immense pains with his historical work. He consulted all available sources, witnesses, and books. He set down the truth in plain narrative. His success was the measure of his capacity, not of his industry or of his good intentions.

In biography Southey attained a far higher level. Here he was unmistakably at his best, and that best was excellent. Judged by his most famous and enduring work, *The Life of Nelson*, he has all the virtues of a first-rate biographer, except a large knowledge of the world, and the very highest skill in the appreciation of character. In writing biographies at all events he did not fail, as in his histories, to distinguish between what interested him and what interested the public. His *Life of Cowper* and his *Life of Wesley* are only not so good as his *Life of Nelson*. His style is natural, easy, unaffected; a better for the purpose could not be imagined. Though he never got to the bottom of Nelson's character, and "walked among sea-terms as carefully as a cat does among crockery," he produced a splendid panorama of the deeds of the naval hero. His *Cowper*, though it has not kept its place as a popular classic, any more than his *Wesley*, which Coleridge could "read for the twentieth time" is a sound literary performance. Southey's translations of romantic fiction are wholly admirable. His rendering of *The Cid* into limpid English prose has not been superseded.



Southey, the poet laureate (successor of Pye, and predecessor of Wordsworth), the historian, the biographer, the literary critic, made in reality a deeper impression on his time in political controversy than in any other department of letters. The sometime republican and enthusiast for the Revolution became, in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*, the leading champion of Toryism. He suffered obloquy for his apparently cardinal change of views. But we at this time of day are better able to judge of the morality of his political evolution than hostile reviewers and politicians in the beginning of the century. 'Crabbe Robinson drew from his published correspondence a "conviction of the perfect freedom of his mind from all dishonourable motives in the change that has taken place in his practical politics and philosophy." While others in consequence of the horrors of the French Revolution lost all faith in the future, Southey never doubted the cause of human improvement. But he came to believe more and more in the slow process of education, and to disbelieve in the Radicalism to which he had pinned his early faith. The cast of his mind and his temperament indeed sufficiently account for his seeming tergiversation. He was incapable of clear sustained thought on any subject. He was ever swayed by his feelings rather than by reason; his judgments were too often hasty and incomplete. But he could sustain a long argument with both power and skill, and being always confident in his monopoly of the truth, he wrote with an ease and lucidity which gave distinction to his controversial style, and helped to keep literature of the kind remarkably pure and elevated in tone at a time when party passion ran high. De Quincey, although he would not allow Southey the loftier qualities of style, admitted him to have been completely successful in the conduct of elaborate and involved controversy. The dignity of his argumentative writing is indeed very notable. Never walking on stilts, he never lets himself down below a certain decorous level. It is worth while to quote the conclusion of his reply to a Mr. William Smith who, while Southey was expounding Toryism in the press, raked up in Parliament an early revolutionary poem of his, *Wat Tyler*, which was never published by himself. "How far," he wrote, "the writings of Mr. Southey may be found to deserve a favourable acceptance from after ages time will decide; but a name which, whether worthily or not, has been conspicuous in the literary history of its age, will certainly not perish. Some account of his life will

always be prefixed to his works, and transferred to literary histories and to the biographical dictionaries not only of this but of other countries. There it will be related of him that he lived in the bosom of his family in absolute retirement; that in all his writings there breathed the same abhorrence of oppression and immorality, the same spirit of devotion, and the same ardent wishes for the melioration of mankind; and that the only charge which malice could bring against him was that, as he grew older, his opinions altered concerning the means by which the melioration was to be effected, and that, as he learned to understand the institutions of his country, he learned to appreciate them rightly, to love, and to revere, and to defend them. It will be said of him that, in an age of personality, he abstained from satire; and that during the course of his literary life, often as he was assailed, the only occasion on which he ever condescended to reply was when a certain Mr. William Smith insulted him in Parliament with the appellation of renegade. On that occasion it will be said that he vindicated himself as it became him to do, and treated his calumniator with just and memorable severity. Whether it shall be added that Mr. William Smith redeemed his own character by coming forward with honest manliness and acknowledging that he had spoken rashly and unjustly concerns himself but is not of the slightest importance to me."

The necessary allowance made for the personal equation, this proud *apologia* presents the real Southey. His correspondence proves him to have been a kindly, generous, plain-living, and high-thinking man. His epistolary style, particularly in his mature years, was a model at once of simplicity and of neatness. Southey essayed yet another method of composition. Into *The Doctor*, a sort of novel with the slenderest thread of story, he poured the contents of his note-books, and all the vagrant thoughts of an active brain. It contains fragments of narrative of great beauty, and some good stories, but even the immortal *Three Bears* cannot redeem the book from the charge of intolerable dulness. *Espriella's Letters*, purporting to be a Spaniard's impressions of England, can still be read. For the *Colloquies on Society*, Macaulay's celebrated article has secured immortality of a sort.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

## THE BATTLE OF CORUÑA

THE preparations for embarking were completed on the morning of the 16th, and the General gave notice that he intended, if the French did not move, to begin embarking the reserve at four in the afternoon. This was about mid-day. He mounted his horse, and set off to visit the outposts: before he had proceeded far, a messenger came to tell him that the enemy's line were getting under arms; and a deserter, arriving at the same moment, confirmed the intelligence. He spurred forward. Their light troops were pouring rapidly down the hill on the right wing of the British, and the advanced picquet were already beginning to fire. Lord William Bentinck's brigade, consisting of the 4th, 42nd, and 50th regiments, maintained this post. It was a bad position, and yet, if the troops gave way on that point, the ruin of the army was inevitable. The Guards were in their rear. General Paget was ordered to advance with the reserve, and support Lord William. The enemy opened a cannonade with eleven heavy guns, advantageously placed on the hills. Two strong columns, one advancing from a wood, the other skirting its edge, directed their march towards the right wing. A third column approached the centre: a fourth advanced slowly upon the left, a fifth remained half way down the hill, in the same direction. Both in number and weight of guns they had a decided superiority; and they fired with such effect from the commanding situation which they had chosen, that the balls in their bounding reached the British reserve, and occasioned some loss there.

Sir David Baird had his arm shattered with a grape-shot as he was leading on his division. The two lines of infantry advanced against each other: they were separated by stone walls and hedges which intersected the ground; but as they closed, it was perceived that the French line extended beyond the right flank of the British, and a body of the enemy was observed moving up the

valley to turn it. Marshal Soult's intention was to force the right of the British, and thus to interpose between Coruña and the army, and cut it off from the place of embarkation. Failing in this attempt, he was now endeavouring to outflank it. Half of the 4th regiment was therefore ordered to fall back, forming an obtuse angle with the other half. This manœuvre was excellently performed, and they commenced a heavy flanking fire. Sir John Moore called out to them that this was exactly what he wanted to be done, and rode on to the 50th, commanded by Majors Napier and Stanhope. They got over an enclosure in their front, charged the enemy most gallantly, and drove them out of the village of Elvina; but Major Napier, advancing too far in the pursuit, received several wounds, and was made prisoner, and Major Stanhope was killed.

The General now proceeded to the 42nd. "Highlanders," said he, "remember Egypt!" They rushed on, and drove the French before them, till they were stopped by a wall: Sir John accompanied them in this charge. He now sent Captain Hardinge to order up a battalion of Guards to the left flank of the 42nd. The officer commanding the light infantry conceived, at this, that they were to be relieved by the Guards, because their ammunition was nearly expended, and he began to fall back. The General, discovering the mistake, said to them, "My brave 42nd, join your comrades: ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets!" Upon this, they instantly moved forward. Captain Hardinge returned, and pointed out to the General where the Guards were advancing. The enemy kept up a hot fire, and their artillery played incessantly on the spot where they were standing. A cannon-shot struck Sir John, and carried away his left shoulder and part of the collar-bone, leaving the arm hanging by the flesh. He fell from his horse on his back, his countenance did not change, neither did he betray the least sensation of pain. Captain Hardinge, who dismounted, and took him by the hand, observed him anxiously watching the 42nd, which was warmly engaged, and told him they were advancing; and upon that intelligence his countenance brightened. Colonel Graham, who now came up to assist him, seeing the composure of his features, began to hope that he was not wounded, till he saw the dreadful laceration. From the size of the wound, it was in vain to make any attempt at stopping the blood; and Sir John consented to be removed in a blanket to the rear. In raising him up, his sword,

hanging on the wounded side, touched his arm, and became entangled between his legs. Captain Hardinge, observing his composure, began to hope that the wound might not be mortal, and said to him, he trusted he might be spared to the army, and recover. Moore turned his head, and looking steadfastly at the wound for a few seconds, replied, "No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible."

As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them frequently turn round, that he might see the field of battle, and listen to the firing; and he was well pleased when the sound grew fainter. A spring waggon came up, bearing Colonel Wynch, who was wounded: the Colonel asked who was in the blanket, and being told it was Sir John Moore, wished him to be placed on the waggon. Sir John asked one of the Highlanders whether he thought the waggon or the blanket was best? and the man said the blanket would not shake him so much, as he and the other soldiers would keep the step, and carry him easy. So they proceeded with him to his quarters at Coruña, weeping as they went.

(From *The History of the Peninsular War*.)

## THE DEATH OF NELSON

IT had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the "Redoubtable," supposing that she had struck because her great guns were silent; for as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizentop, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the capulet on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied, "my backbone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they

were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately ; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the Battle of Trafalgar.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived upon examination that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood which he felt momentarily within his breast that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful. "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade, to allay his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed, and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy, and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful yet sublimest moment. "Well Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy: "ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and I have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck." Hardy answered, "there was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will all be over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have

my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied, "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great? he replied, so great that he wished he was dead. "Yet," said he in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes in the same undertone he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then in a stronger voice he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy!" said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed; "do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings, "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone."

Death was indeed rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner;" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult, but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he had repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

(From the *Life of Nelson*.)

### THE ORIGIN OF METHODISM

CHARLES, then pursuing contentedly his scholastic course, had been elected from Westminster to Christ Church, just after his brother John obtained his fellowship. He was diligent in study, and regular in his conduct; but when John sought to press upon him the importance of austerer habits, and a more active devotion, he protested against becoming a saint all at once, and turned a deaf ear to his admonitions. While John, however, resided at Wroote, the process which he had vainly sought to accelerate in his brother was going on. His disposition, his early education, the example of his parents and of both his brethren, were in unison: not knowing how or when he woke out of his lethargy, he imputed the change to the efficacy of another's prayers—most likely, he said, his mother's; and meeting with two or three undergraduates, whose inclinations and principles resembled his own, they associated together for the purpose of religious improvement, lived by rule, and received the sacrament weekly. Such conduct would at any time have attracted observation in an English University: it was peculiarly noticeable at that time, when a laxity of opinions as well as morals obtained, and infidelity, a plague which had lately found its way into the country, was becoming so prevalent, that the vice-chancellor had, in a *programmæ*, exhorted the tutors to discharge their duty by double diligence, and had forbidden the undergraduates to read such books as might tend to the weakening of their faith. The greatest prudence would not have sufficed to save men from ridicule, who, at such an age, and in such a scene, professed to make religion the great business of their lives: and prudence is



rarely united with enthusiasm. They were called in derision the Sacramentarians, Bible-bigots, Bible-moths, the Holy, or the Godly Club. One person, with less irreverence and more learning, observed, in reference to their methodical manner of life, that a new sect of Methodists was sprung up, alluding to the ancient school of physicians known by that name. Appellations, even of opprobrious origin, have often been adopted by the parties to which they were applied, as well as by the public, convenience legitimating the inventions of malice. In this instance there was neither maliciousness nor wit, but there was some fitness in the name; it obtained vogue; and though long, and even still sometimes indiscriminately applied to all enthusiasts, and even to all who observe the forms of religion more strictly than their neighbours, it has become the appropriate designation of the sect of which Wesley is the founder.

It was to Charles Wesley and his few associates that the name was first given. When John returned to Oxford, they gladly placed themselves under his direction; their meetings acquired more form and regularity, and obtained an accession of numbers. His standing and character in the University gave him a degree of credit; and his erudition, his keen logic, and ready speech commanded respect wherever he was known. But no talents, and, it may be added, no virtues, can protect the possessor from the ridicule of fools and profligates. "I hear," says Mr. Wesley, "my son John has the honour of being styled the Father of the Holy Club: if it be so, I am sure I must be the grandfather of it; and I need not say, that I had rather any of my sons should be so dignified and distinguished, than to have the title of His Holiness."

(From *Life of Wesley*.)

### WESLEY ON OLD AGE

"LEISURE and I," said Wesley, "have taken leave of one another. I propose to be busy as long as I live, if my health is so long indulged to me." This resolution was made in the prime of life, and never was resolution more punctually observed. "Lord, let me not live to be useless!" was the prayer which he uttered after seeing one whom he had long known as an active and useful magistrate, reduced by age to be "a picture of human nature in

disgrace, feeble in body and mind, slow of speech and understanding." He was favoured with a constitution vigorous beyond that of ordinary men, and with an activity of spirit which is even rarer than his singular felicity of health and strength. Ten thousand cares of various kinds, he said, were no more weight or burden to his mind, than ten thousand hairs were to his head. But in truth his only cares were those of superintending the work of his ambition, which continually prospered under his hands. Real cares he had none; no anxieties, no sorrows, no grief which touched him to the quick. His manner of life was the most favourable that could have been devised for longevity. He rose early, and lay down at night with nothing to keep him waking, or trouble him in sleep. His mind was always in a pleasurable and wholesome state of activity, he was temperate in his diet, and lived in perpetual locomotion; and frequent change of air is perhaps, of all things, that which most conduces to joyous health and long life.

The time which Mr. Wesley spent in travelling was not lost. "History, poetry, and philosophy," said he, "I commonly read on horseback, having other employment at other times." He used to throw the reins on his horse's neck; and in this way he rode, in the course of his life, above a hundred thousand miles, without any accident of sufficient magnitude to make him sensible of the danger which he incurred. His friends, however, saw the danger; and in the sixty-ninth year of his age they prevailed upon him to travel in a carriage, in consequence of a hurt which had produced a hydrocele. The ablest practitioners in Edinburgh were consulted upon his case, and assured him there was but one method of cure. "Perhaps but one natural one," says he, "but I think God has more than one method of healing either the soul or the body." He read upon the subject a treatise which recommends a seton or a caustic, "but I am not inclined," said he, "to try either of them; I know a physician that has a shorter cure than either one or the other." After two years, however, he submitted to an operation, and obtained a cure. A little before this, he notices in his Journal the first night that he had ever lain awake; "I believe," he adds, "few can say this; in seventy years I never lost one night's sleep."

He lived to preach at Kingswood under the shade of trees which he had planted; and he outlived the lease of the Foundery, the place which had been the cradle of Methodism. In 1778 the

headquarters of the society were removed to the City Road, where a new chapel was built upon ground leased by the city. Great multitudes assembled to see the ceremony of laying ~~the~~ foundation, so that Wesley could not, without much difficulty, get through the press to lay the first stone, in which his name and the date were inserted upon a plate of brass: "This was laid by John Wesley on 1st April 1777. "Probably," says he, "this will be seen no more by any human eye, but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof are burnt up."

(From the Same.)

## EVILS OF THE MANUFACTURING SYSTEM

THE manufacturing poor are also removed from other causes which are instrumental to good conduct in the labouring classes. They have necessarily less of that attachment to their employers which arises from long connexion, and the remembrance of kind offices received, and faithful services performed, an inheritance transmitted from parent to son: and being gathered together in herds from different parts, they have no family character to support in the place to which they have been transplanted. Their employments, too, unlike those of the handicraft and the agriculturist, are usually so conducted as to be equally pernicious to mind and body. The consumption of life in some manufactories, even in those which might at first be thought most innocuous, though it may be a consolation to those philosophers who are afraid of being crowded at the table of nature, would make good men shudder if the account could be fully laid before them. We could mention one of the most extensive and important of our fabrics, where the first generation of persons who were employed bore the change of life without much apparent injury; the second grew sickly and were invalided long before the natural age of decay; and in the third the whole race was extinct!

John Hunter predicted that our manufactories would engender new varieties of pestilence. New and specific diseases they have produced, but the only pestilence which has yet manifested itself is of a moral nature. Physical diseases are not more surely generated by crowding human beings together in a state of filth and wretchedness, than moral ones by herding them together, and

that, too, without distinction of sex, in a state of ignorance. This is the case under the least unfavourable conditions which can be imagined ; but it is doubly so under the manufacturing system, where children are trained up in the way wherein that system destines them to go, as soon as their little fingers can twirl a thread, or feed a machine. When that system was at its height, the slave-trade itself was scarcely more systematically remorseless. The London workhouses supplied children by waggon loads to those manufactories which would take them off the hands of the parish ; a new sort of slave trade was invented ; a set of child jobbers travelled the country, procuring children from parents whose poverty was such as would consent to the sacrifice, and undertaking to feed, lodge, and clothe them for the profits of their labour. In this manner were many of our great manufactories supplied ! In those manufactories the machinery never stood still. One set of these poor children worked by day, another by night ; and when one relay was relieved, they turned into the beds which had been vacated by the other, warm as the others had left them. When this system had continued long enough for those who lived through so unnatural and miserable a childhood to reach the age of maturity, it was found that the girls, when they married, were utterly unable to perform the commonest and most indispensable domestic work ; and the remedy which was devised for the future, was, that they should go to school to learn those things for an hour in the day, after they had done work !

(From *Collected Essays*.)

### LORD BYRON

IT was because Lord Byron had brought a stigma upon English literature, that I accused him ; because he had perverted great talents to the worst purposes ; because he had set up for pander-general to the youth of Great Britain as long as his writings should endure ; because he had committed a high crime and misdemeanour against society, by sending forth a work, in which mockery was mingled with horrors, filth with impiety, profligacy with sedition and slander. For these offences I came forward to arraign him. The accusation was not made darkly, it was not

insinuated, nor was it advanced under the cover of a review. I attacked him openly in my own name, and only not by his, because he had not then publicly avowed the flagitious production, by which he will be remembered for lasting infamy. He replied in a manner altogether worthy of himself and his cause. Contention with a generous and honourable opponent leads naturally to esteem, and probably to friendship; but, next to such an antagonist, an enemy like Lord Byron is to be desired, one, who, by his conduct in the contest, divests himself of every claim to respect; one, whose baseness is such as to sanctify the vindictive feeling that it provokes, and upon whom the act of taking vengeance is that of administering justice. I answered him as he deserved to be answered, and the effect which that answer produced upon his lordship has been described by his faithful chronicler, Captain Medwin. This is the real history of what the purveyors of scandal for the public are pleased sometimes to announce in their advertisements as *Byron's Controversy with Southey*. What there was "dark and devilish" in it belongs to his lordship; and had I been compelled to resume it during his life, he, who played the monster in literature, and aimed his blows at women, should have been treated accordingly. "*The Republican Trio*," says Lord Byron, "when they began to publish in common, were to have had a community of all things, like the Ancient Britons . . . to have lived in a state of nature like savages . . . and peopled some island of the blest with children like——. A very pretty Arcadian notion!" I may be excused for wishing that Lord Byron had published this himself; but though he is responsible for the atrocious falsehood, he is not for its posthumous publication. I shall only observe, therefore, that the slander is as worthy of his lordship as the scheme itself would have been. Nor would I have condescended to have noticed it even thus, were it not to show how little this calumniator knew concerning the objects of his uneasy and restless hatred. Mr. Wordsworth and I were strangers to each other, even by name, at the time when he represents us as engaged in a Satanic confederacy, and we never published anything in common.

Here I dismiss the subject. It might have been thought that Lord Byron had attained the last degree of disgrace when his head was set up for a sign at one of those preparatory schools for the brothel and the gallows, where obscenity, sedition, and blasphemy are retailed in drams for the vulgar. There remained

one further shame . . . there remained this exposure of his Private Conversations, which has compelled his lordship's friends, in their own defence, to compare his oral declarations with his written words, and thereby to demonstrate that he was as regardless of truth as he was incapable of sustaining those feelings suited to his birth, station, and high endowment, which sometimes came across his better mind.

(From *Letter Concerning Lord Byron.*)

### IRELAND AND CATHOLICISM

NEVER was there a land in a state so disgraceful to its rulers, and its wealthy inhabitants. Never in any part of the world, or in any period of history, have four millions of men existed in circumstances so fearful and so humiliating to human nature. Having for seven centuries been subject to England, being now united to it, and lying almost within sight of it . . . of a country where the arts and comforts of civilisation are carried to a higher pitch than they ever attained elsewhere, the great mass of the Irish people are at this moment, in their bodily condition, worse than slaves, and in their moral condition, worse than savages. Pestilence, perpetual warfare, bloody superstitions, and the difficulty of procuring food, keep down the number of men in other countries wherever they approach to the state of wild beasts. Government, and their geographical position, preserve the Irish from three of these evils; and against the fourth they are secured by the use of a root, of all others the most productive, and the most easily cultivated; and in this state of degradation they are enabled to increase and multiply, so as to be truly styled the great and growing majority. Meantime their whole education is confined to the mere forms and vulgarest fables of their false faith, the very dregs and fæces of the most corrupt Catholicism. They have no other intercourse with those who should, by their presence, and influence, and labours of love, be gradually improving and humanising them, than what is just sufficient to excite in them all rancorous and mutinous feelings; and the knowledge which they possess serves only to supply the means, and increase the power, of mischief. They are gifted with a quickness of feeling, and with all the elements of genius, perhaps in a degree

above all other people ; and yet these very endowments, which, if well cultivated, might produce such infinite blessings, serve only in their present miserable condition, to render them more sensible of wrong, more tenacious of resentment, and more eager for revenge.

For these people Catholic Emancipation can do nothing, . . . a Catholic establishment might do much ; but, though it would remove much misery, it would perpetuate so much evil, that it is no more to be thought of than Harrington's extraordinary proposal of selling Ireland to the Jews. This, however, is the ultimate object of those people who have any object at all, and this would readily be conceded by the majority of their advocates ; a number, happily so inconsiderable, that there is no reason to be alarmed at their disposition. No opinion has been more loudly and insolently maintained by men who disguise their irreligion under the name of liberality, than that nations are to be suffered to enjoy their superstitions, however monstrous ; that no attempt should be made to shake their faith and supplant it by a better ; and that the established religion of every country ought to be that of the majority of its inhabitants. The ground of these political dogmas is a heartless and hopeless Pyrrhonism, and that desperate moral atheism, which, resolving all things into expediency, considers truth and falsehood as equally indifferent in themselves. Even upon their own grounds these reasoners might be confuted. For, were it admitted that truth is not to be attained, and that there is no resting-place for the heart and hopes of man, . . . that which is false may still be proved to be so, . . . the specific evils which originate in such falsehood can be demonstrated from history and experience, and it is our duty to prevent those consequences. Wherever the Roman Catholic superstition predominates, it offers only these alternatives. Unbelief, with scarce a decent covering of hypocrisy, and all the abominations of vice, as exhibited in Italy and France, among the higher ranks ; or base, abject, degrading, destructive bigotry in all, as in Spain, Portugal, and the Catholic Low Countries. These are the effects which always have been, and always must be produced by a Roman Catholic establishment. Whatever good, therefore, might immediately be obtained by the complete restoration of Popery, would be more than counter-balanced by the subsequent evil.

(From *Collected Essays*.)

## TOM FOOL A KNIGHT

IN these days when honours have been so profusely distributed by the most liberal of Administrations and the most popular of kings, I cannot but think that Tom Fool ought to be knighted. And I assure the reader that this is not said on the score of personal feeling, because I have the honour to be one of his relations, but purely with regard to his own claims, and the fitness of things as well as to the character of the Government.

It is disparaging him, and derogatory to his family, which in undisputed and indisputable antiquity exceeds any other in these kingdoms,—it is disparaging him, I say, to speak of him as we do of Tom Duncombe, and Tom Cribb, and Tom Campbell; or of Tom Hood and Tom Moore, and Tom Sheridan; and before them of Tom Browne and Tom D'Urfey, and Tom Killigrew. Can it be supposed if he were properly presented to his Majesty (Lord Nugent would introduce him), and knelt to kiss the royal hand, that our most gracious and good-natured king would for a moment hesitate to give him the accolade, and say to him "Rise Sir Thomas!"

I do not ask for the Guelphic Order; simple knighthood would in this case be more appropriate.

It is perfectly certain that in this case Sir Thomas More, if he were alive, would not object to have him for a brother knight and namesake. It is equally certain that Sir Thomas Lethbridge could not, and ought not.

Dryden was led into a great error by his animosity against Hunt and Shadwell when he surmised that dulness and clumsiness were fatal to the name of Tom. "There are," says Serjeant Kite, "several sorts of Toms; Tom o' Lincoln, Tom Tit, Tom Tell-truth, Tom o' Bedlam and Tom Fool!" With neither of these is dulness or clumsiness associated. And in the primitive world, according to the erudite philologist who with so much industry and acumen collected the fragments of its language, the word itself signified just or perfect. Therefore the first Decan of the constellation Virgo was called Tom, and from thence Court de Gobelin derives Themis: and thus it becomes evident that Themistocles belongs to the Toms. Let no Thomas then or Sir Thomas, who has made shipwreck of his fortune or his reputation or of both, consider himself as having been destined to such disgrace by his



godfathers and godmothers when they gave him that name. The name is a good name. Any one who has ever known Sir Thomas Acland may like it and love it for his sake : and no wise man will ever think the worse of it for Tom Fool's.

No ! the name Thomas is a good name, however it has been disparaged by some of those persons who are known by it at this time. Though Bovius chose to drop it and assume the name Zephiriël in its stead in honour of his tutelary angel, the change was not for the better, being indeed only a manifestation of his own unsound state of mind. And though in the reign of King James the First, Mr. William Shepherd of Towcester christened his son by it for a reason savouring of disrespect, it is not the worse for the whimsical consideration that induced him to fix upon it. The boy was born on the never-to-be forgotten fifth of November 1605, about the very hour when the Gunpowder Treason was to have been consummated ; and the father chose to have him called Thomas, because he said this child, if he lived to grow up, would hardly believe that ever such wickedness could be attempted by the sons of men.

It is recorded that a parrot which was seized by a kite and carried into the air, escaped by exclaiming *Sanctè Thoma adjuva me !* for upon that powerful appeal the kite relaxed his hold, and let loose the intended victim. This may be believed, though it is among the miracles of Thomas à Becket, to whom, and not to the great schoolman of Aquino, nor the Apostle of the East, the invocation was addressed. Has any other human name ever wrought so remarkable a deliverance ?

Has any other name made a greater noise in the world ? Let Lincoln tell, and Oxford ; for although, *omnis clocha clochabilis in clocherio clochando, clochans clochativo, clochare facit clochabiliter clochantes*, yet among them all, Master Janotus de Bragmardo would have assigned pre-eminence to the mighty Toms.

The name then is sufficiently vindicated, even if any vindication were needed, when the paramount merits of my claimant are considered.

Merry Andrew likewise should be presented to receive the same honour, for sundry good reasons, and especially for this, that there is already a Sir Sorry Andrew.

I should also recommend Tom Noddy, were it not for this consideration, that the honour would probably soon be merged in an official designation, and therefore lost upon him ; for when a

certain eminent statesman shall be called from the Lower House, as needs he must ere long, unless the party who keep moving and push him forward as their leader, should before that time relieve him of his hereditary rights, dignities, and privileges, no person can possibly be found so worthy to succeed him in office and tread in his steps, as Tom Noddy.

(From *The Doctor*.)

## CHARLES LAMB

[Charles Lamb (1775-1834), born in the Temple, London, the son of John Lamb, clerk and confidential servant to Samuel Salt, a bencher of the Inner Temple. Educated at Christ's Hospital, he early obtained a clerkship in the South Sea House, which however was exchanged after a year or two for one in the India House, where he remained until his retirement on a pension, in the year 1824. Lamb never married, but devoted himself to the care of his sister Mary, ten years his senior, who was subject to fits of mental aberration, in one of which she had fatally wounded her mother, in the year 1796. Besides his essays and other writings, mainly critical, in prose, Lamb wrote occasional verse; a short romance modelled upon the sentimental school of Sterne and Mackenzie; a blank verse tragedy, redolent of Massinger and Fletcher; and a farce, the memorable "Mr. H." produced, for one night only, at Drury Lane, in 1806.]

THE literary style of Charles Lamb, and the sources from which it was derived, have been so often described and traced, that there remains little new to be said. But it may be doubted whether that style, characteristic as it is, has had much to do with the writer's popularity. The style is certainly " quaint " in a true sense of that much abused word—that is to say, it wears the strangeness we associate with something old-fashioned; it contains an element of the fantastic which yet is not affectation. So far as Lamb's style was deliberately manipulated by himself, it was the result of a humorous intuition that the style of his favourite writers of the 16th and 17th centuries would have a novel and whimsical effect if applied to modern ways, thoughts, and topics. It is quite easy to trace in Lamb's English, imitations (conscious or unconscious) of the writers he most loved, notably Milton and Sir Thomas Browne; Fuller, and the earlier " Character " writers, Earle and Overbury; besides others, such as Burton and Isaac Walton. He falls naturally into these writers' rhythms and vocabularies, just as the subject he is treating recalls them to his memory. Thus, although Lamb is undeniably

a mannered writer, his manner is seldom in two essays quite the same. And this constitutes one secret of the charm that the cultivated reader seldom fails to find in him; and moreover prevents him from ever becoming monotonous or tiresome. His style is full of surprises because the mood continually varies, creating or suggesting its own style, and calling into play some recollection of this or that writer of the older world.

It is only to a superficial critic that Lamb's English will appear easy of imitation. On a first glance indeed he appears to have a "trick" or "tricks" which might be copied—the frank egotism, as of Montaigne or the author of the *Religio Medici*, the picked vocabulary, the allusiveness, the turn of the sentence so often suggesting something old-world. Experiments on the same lines have been made since Lamb, but never with success. The imitation, however skilful, is at once detected and resented, for without the living spirit underneath the trickery is seen to be the mere galvanic mimicry of life. Unless Lamb's individuality could be reproduced, the reproduction of his style would be simply nauseous,—the "gorge rises at it." Hence Lamb has no place in the main current of our literature. He was not of those who are developed out of their predecessors and in turn hand on their influence to others; though, as I have said elsewhere, he did much to break the spell of the serious and systematic method of treating social questions which the essay of the *Rambler* type had done much to foster. Lamb stands apart as a stylist, and it is just for this reason that his place in the reader's enjoyment and affection is secure of change. He has not had to suffer, like Dickens or Carlyle, for the sins of his copyists. The attempt to conjure with his rod brings a speedy Nemesis. It may safely be said that since the publication of the essays of Elia no writer has won a name for wit or pathos by the simple path of appropriating Lamb's methods. For if, in one sense, no writer is more easily imitated, in a more important sense no writer is less so. To no one is Buffon's saying more entirely applicable that *le style, c'est de l'homme*. For if Lamb's style be consciously constructed, and in that sense be "affected"; if his love of hoaxing and indifference to accuracy seem to be out of keeping with a character for sincerity, no writer was ever more absolutely sincere than Lamb. Though his temporary disguises are manifold, his real self is never doubtful; its goodness and justness showing through all his antipathies—the piercing insight of his critical

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faculty, never obscured by his freaks or paradoxes : the genuine humanity and pity, as of one himself *haud ignarus mali*—to reproduce Lamb, all this must be reproduced,—and this kind of individuality the man of letters may studiously mimic, but cannot assimilate at will.

ALFRED AINGER.

## MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST

“A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game.” This was the celebrated wish of old Sarah Battle (now with God) who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber ; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning ; that they like to win one game and lose another ; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no ; and will desire an adversary, who has slipped a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favours. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight : cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) like a dancer. She sate bolt upright ; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions, and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that hearts was her favourite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play ; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game ; or ring for a servant till it was fairly over. She never introduced or connived at miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards : and if I ever saw

unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candour declared that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do,—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book.

Pope was her favourite author; his *Rape of the Lock* her favourite work. She once did me the favour to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of ombre in that poem, and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from Tradrille. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr. Bowles; but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners—a thing which the constancy of whist abhors; the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of Spadille—absurd, as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter gave him no proper power above his brother-nobility of the Aces; the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone; above all, the overpowering attractions of a *sans prendre vole*,—to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching in the contingencies of whist;—all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivity to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *solider* game: that was her word. It was a long meal; not like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might co-extend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance-started, capricious, and ever-fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian states, depicted by Machiavel—perpetually changing postures and connexions; bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breath;—but the

wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favourite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage—nothing superfluous. No *flushes*—that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up:—that anyone should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and colour, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colours of things. Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them; but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshalled—never to take the field? She even wished that whist were more simple than it is; and in my mind would have stripped it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably, allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps?—Why two colours, when the mark of the suit would have sufficiently distinguished them without it?

“But the eye, my dear madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason—he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your Quaker spirit of unsensualising would have kept out. You yourself have a pretty collection of paintings; but confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes, or among the Paul Potters in the ante-room, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all comparable to *that* you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the court-cards?—the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession—the gay triumph-assuring scarlets—the contrasting deadly-killing sables—the ‘hoary majesty of spades’—Pam in all his glory!

“All these might be dispensed with; and with their naked names upon the drab pasteboard, the game might go on very well, pictureless; but the *beauty* of cards would be extinguished



for ever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling. Imagine a dull deal board, or drum head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to nature's), fitted arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and turneys in! Exchange those delicately-turned ivory markers (work of Chinese artist unconscious of their symbols, or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman that turned out those little shrines for the goddess)—exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestors' money) or chalk and a slate!"

The old lady, with a smile, confessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favourite topic that evening I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage-board, made of the finest Sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (old Walter Plumer, whom I have elsewhere celebrated) brought with him from Florence: this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds, came to me at her death.

The former bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religious care; though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say,—disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce "*Go*," or "*That's a go*." She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five dollar stake) because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring "*two for his heels*." There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms—such as pique—repique—the capot—they savoured, she thought, of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrate, or square. She would argue thus:—Cards are warfare: the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war in disguise of a sport; when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves it is too close a fight; with spectators, it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money; he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*, or for your play. Three are still worse; a mere

naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in tradrille. But in square games (she meant whist) all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honour, common to every species—though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theatre to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold—or even an interested—bystander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathises in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game. By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favourite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. Chance she would argue—and here again, admire the subtlety of her conclusion;—chance is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious that cannot be *glory*. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times together by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending? Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number—and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively without a prize? Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in backgammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots, who were taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of over-reaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit,—his memory, or combination-faculty rather—against another's; like a mock engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless. She

could not conceive a *game* wanting the spritely infusion of chance, the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the centre, would inspire her with insufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes of castles and knights, the *imagery* of the board (she would argue) and I think in this case justly, were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard-head contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and colour. A pencil and dry slate, she used to say, were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other:—that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards: that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but play at being mightily concerned where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet during the illusion we are as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado, great battling and little bloodshed, mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting and a great deal more innoxious than many of those more serious *games* of life which men play without esteeming them to be such.

With great deference to the old lady's judgment in these matters, I think. I have experienced some moments in my life when playing at cards *for nothing* has even been agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet *for love* with my cousin Bridget—Bridget Elia.

I grant there is something sneaking in it; but with a tooth-ache, or a sprained ankle—when you are subdued and humble—you are glad to put up with an inferior spring of action.

There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as *sick whist*.

I grant it is not the highest style of man—deprecate the manes of Sarah Battle—she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologise.

At such times, those *terms* which my old friend objected to, come in as something admissible—I love to get a tierce or a quatorze, though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

That last game I had with my sweet cousin (I capotted her)

—(dare I tell thee, how foolish I am ?)—I wished it might have lasted for ever, though we gained nothing, and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play : I would be content to go on in that idle folly for ever. The pipkin should be ever boiling, that was to prepare the gentle lenitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply after the game was over ; and, as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and I should be ever playing.

(From *Essays of Elia.*)

### MACKERY END IN HERTFORDSHIRE

BRIDGET ELIA has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness ; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as “with a difference.” We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed ; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story—well, ill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinions, heads with some diverting twist in them, the oddities of authorship, please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of anything that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She “holds Nature more clever.” I can pardon her

blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the *Religio Medici*; but she must apologise to me for certain disrespectful insinuations which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favourite of mine, of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical and original-brained, generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener, perhaps, than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers—leaders and disciples of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with nor accepts their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her when a child retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of facts, dates, and circumstances, it turns out that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition or steadiness of conviction I set out with, I am sure always, in the long-run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question without fully understanding its purport—which is provoking and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly; but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it,

but I can answer for it that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter ; but in the teasing accidents and minor perplexities which do not call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life, she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at play with, or upon a visit ; but best when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire ; a farm-house,—delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child under the care of Bridget ; who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible. The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of ; and for the greater portion of that period we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park of Luton in our way from St. Albans, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farmhouse, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollections, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though *I* had forgotten it, *we* had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place which, when present, O how unlike it was to *that* which I had conjured up so many times instead of it !

Still the air breathed balmily about it ; the season was in the "heart of June," and I could say with the poet,

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
To fond imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation !

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy ; but the scene soon reconfirmed itself in her affections—and she traversed every outpost of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown)—with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable ; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me ; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans, who by marriage with a Bruton had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the country. But this adopted Bruton in my mind was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred and of cousinship was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together ; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one another. To have seen Bridget and her—it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins ! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our

friend that was with us. I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far distant shores where the kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming; and after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let us forget with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead (to introduce us, as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us at a time when she almost knew nothing. With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment and her own—and to the astoundment of B. F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth,—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End in Hertfordshire.

(From the Same.)



## SYDNEY SMITH

[Sydney Smith was born at Woodford, Essex, in 1771. His father was an Englishman of some means, and very eccentric, his mother had French blood in her. Sydney was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, where he obtained a fellowship in the ordinary course, but adopted no profession till he was about seven-and-twenty, when he took orders and was appointed to the curacy of Netheravon in Wiltshire. The squire of the parish, Mr. Hicks-Beach, took a fancy to him and engaged him as tutor to his son, tutor and pupil, as they could not go to Germany for the war, going to Edinburgh. Here Sydney did clerical duty, helped to start the *Edinburgh Review*, published sermons, and was married. He left Edinburgh in 1803 to establish himself in London, where he did duty at the Foundling Hospital, lectured on Moral Philosophy at the Royal Institution, and became very popular in society. When the Whigs came in, in 1806, he was presented to the Chancellor's living of Foston in Yorkshire, where at first there was no thought of his residing. So he remained in London and published the famous *Letters of Peter Plymley on Catholic Emancipation*. In 1808 Perceval's Clergy Residence Bill forced him to Foston, where he built a parsonage and lived for some fifteen years. In 1828 Lord Lyndhurst gave him a prebend at Bristol, and he was able to exchange Foston for Combe Florey, near Taunton. When Lord Grey came in, Sydney was appointed to a canonry at St. Paul's, his political friends being apparently afraid to make him either dean or bishop. He had, however, a considerable income from his various preferments, and though in early life he was much straitened for means, had latterly a fair private fortune. He died on 22nd February 1845. His chief writings were contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, which he collected in 1839, the above named *Peter Plymley*, a much later but still more brilliant series of *Letters to Archdeacon Singleton on the Ecclesiastical Commission* (exhibiting some reaction from his earlier reforming zeal), and a very few other things, nearly all of the pamphlet and letter kind. They have long been collected as his *Works* in various forms, but should be supplemented by the letters and other matter contained in the two extremely entertaining *Lives* of him by his daughter, Lady Holland, and by Mr. Stuart Reid.]

COLERIDGE'S celebrated saying that "wit was the stuff and substance of Fuller's intellect" would apply, I think, much better to Sydney Smith than to Fuller. Some limitations of it which are indispensable in the earlier writer's case have been

suggested in the section of this book which deals with him. But to the later it is applicable with hardly any limitations at all, and with only one serious addition—that common-sense was the form just as wit was the matter of the thought and style of the author of *Peter Plymley*. This combination which was found in Sydney Smith more perfectly than even in Voltaire—though without some additional ingredients which extended Voltaire's range, and exalted his reach beyond Sydney Smith's—will account when it is properly considered for almost all the peculiarities of this famous canon, the wittiest Englishman perhaps, with the possible exception of Charles the Second, of whom English history, literary or other, gives us intelligence. Very much of his ability in this kind was of course expended orally upon society, wherein he ranked as one of the most famous talkers of his time; and of this part nearly all has inevitably and irrecoverably perished, a few traditional anecdotes (some, as usual, of very doubtful attribution) being all that remains. His letters on the other hand exist, and are printed in the *Lives* referred to above in very considerable numbers; and these letters display, for the merely general reader who wishes to be amused, the combination of wit and common-sense in perfection. But for the literary student even they are not to be compared to the formally literary work, the most perfect examples whereof are the *Peter Plymley* Letters and those to Archdeacon Singleton, but every piece of which, whether pamphlet, letter, or review, is saturated with this quality.

It is particularly important for the appreciation of Sydney's style as well as of his matter to keep in mind that co-ordination of common-sense with wit which has been defined as his note. Fuller's superabounding wit was most certainly not kept in order by any such companionship, and the result is, that though it has much more unction and far more of poetical tone than Sydney's (which indeed is absolutely prosaic in the transferred sense of that word), it is often extravagant, often irrelevant, not unfrequently childish, sometimes very close to downright silliness and impertinence. That is to say it lacks the quality of justness, and it is this latter quality which is so eminently characteristic of Sydney Smith's. In life and in conversation, as well as more rarely in his private letters, he may sometimes have passed from comedy to farce, but he never does this in his regular literary work. There is, as a rule, no verbal horseplay, no literary practical

joking allowed in these remarkable productions. Even in the most daring and the most unscrupulous of them, *Peter Plymley*, there is little of either. That quality of exact proportion and measure which Thackeray—no lenient judge in that case—rightly assigned to Swift's humour, is in a lower degree and share equally characteristic of Sydney Smith's wit. It is possible that this very measure and moderation may be a little distasteful to some lovers of the irregular and fantastic, that they would pardon an occasional false note for the compensation of a more ambitious and varied music; but that is a matter more of personal predilection than of general criticism. In fact it is only a fresh instance of the eternal debate between "classical" and "romantic." Intensely amusing as it is, Sydney Smith's pleasantry belongs on the whole to the severer styles and orders of literary architecture. It is Greek rather than Gothic, and Ionic rather than Corinthian.

The means whereby his effect is attained are of course not at all difficult to foresee, and they are found exactly as they may be foreseen. Although Sydney Smith was by no means averse from neologisms—indeed, when he thought fit to do so, he coined words with a freedom which may be suspected of having secretly shocked Jeffrey—he was on the whole decidedly economical of language, and very sober in his use of it. He never throws up a joke by the use of fantastic or voluble vocabulary; his phrase, though perfectly easy, is the ordinary phrase of well-bred and well-educated society; and above all he never insists or returns upon a jest, however drily or unobtrusively couched. Although his style is by no means so saturated with irony proper as Swift's, he is unmatched in a sort of quiet, cursory, unconcerned, ironic summary or sketch, putting the subject which he is handling (especially if it be the action or the argument of an opponent or a victim) in the most ludicrous light possible. In his reviews he takes the greatest care not to overload an essentially absurd quotation with his own expositions of its absurdity. His sentences are unusually short, though he is not afraid of long ones when they are necessary or useful; but his habitual economy of phrase and the simplicity (at times reaching narrowness) of his thought naturally disincline him from prolixity. In short, though the nature of his subjects and the temper of his mind make him extremely allusive, and though he never wastes space on explaining himself, few writers permit themselves to be

read and enjoyed with such perfect ease as Sydney Smith. He was an exceedingly strong partisan, and sometimes not a very scrupulous one; but his partisanship is never disgusting and hardly ever irritating. This effect may be not unconnected with the fact that even in his lifetime it frightened and puzzled his friends at least as much as it annoyed his enemies. Nor has his cleverness, astonishing as it is, anything that is presumptuous or arrogant about it. In short, both in style and in his application of it to his subject, Sydney Smith is the representative of the average intelligent man with his common-sense and his wit both sublimated to an elsewhere unattained pitch; and as such, despite his dealing with apparently ephemeral topics for the most part, he can hardly fail to be perennially admirable and interesting.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## NOODLE'S ORATION

"WHAT would our ancestors say to this, sir? How does this measure tally with our institutions? How does it agree with their experience? Are we to put the wisdom of yesterday in competition with the wisdom of centuries? (Hear, hear.) Is beardless youth to show no respect for the decisions of mature age? (Loud cries of hear, hear.) If this measure be right, would it have escaped the wisdom of those Saxon progenitors to whom we are indebted for so many of our best political institutions? Would the Dane have passed it over? Would the Norman have rejected it? Would such a notable discovery have been reserved for these modern and degenerate times? Besides, sir, if the measure itself is good, I ask the honourable gentleman if this is the time for carrying it into execution—whether, in fact, a more unfortunate period could have been selected than that which he has chosen? If this were an ordinary measure, I should not oppose it with so much vehemence; but, sir, it calls in question the wisdom of an irrevocable law—of a law passed at the memorable period of the Revolution. What right have we, sir, to break down this firm column on which the great men of that age stamped a character of eternity? Are not all authorities against this measure—Pitt, Fox, Cicero, and the Attorney and Solicitor General? The proposition is new, sir; it is the first time it was ever heard in this house. I am not prepared, sir—this house is not prepared—to receive it. The measure implies a distrust of his Majesty's Government; their disapproval is sufficient to warrant opposition. Precaution only is requisite where danger is apprehended. Here the high character of the individuals in question is a sufficient guarantee against any ground of alarm. Give not, then, your sanction to this measure; for, whatever be its character, if you do give your sanction to it, the same man by whom this is proposed, will propose to you others

to which it will be impossible to give your consent. I care very little, sir, for the ostensible measure ; but what is there behind ? What are the honourable gentleman's future schemes ? If we pass this bill, what fresh concessions may he not require ? What further degradation is he planning for our country ? Talk of evil and inconvenience, sir ! look to other countries—study other aggregations and societies of men, and then see whether the laws of this country demand a remedy or deserve a panegyric. Was the honourable gentleman (let me ask him) always of this way of thinking ? Do I not remember when he was the advocate in this house of very opposite opinions ? I not only quarrel with his present sentiments, sir, but I declare very frankly I do not like the party with which he acts. If his own motives were as pure as possible, they cannot but suffer contamination from those with whom he is politically associated. This measure may be a boon to the constitution, but I will accept no favour to the constitution from such hands. (Loud cries of hear, hear.) I profess myself, sir, an honest and upright member of the British Parliament, and I am not afraid to profess myself an enemy to all change and all innovation. I am satisfied with things as they are ; and it will be my pride and pleasure to hand down this country to my children as I received it from those who preceded me. The honourable gentleman pretends to justify the severity with which he has attacked the noble lord who presides over the Court of Chancery. But I say such attacks are pregnant with mischief to government itself. Oppose ministers, you oppose government ; disgrace ministers, you disgrace government ; bring ministers into contempt, you bring government into contempt ; and anarchy and civil war are the consequences. Besides, sir, the measure is unnecessary. Nobody complains of disorder in that shape in which it is the aim of your measure to propose a remedy to it. The business is one of the greatest importance ; there is need of the greatest caution and circumspection. Do not let us be precipitate, sir ; it is impossible to foresee all consequences. Everything should be gradual ; the example of a neighbouring nation should fill us with alarm ! The honourable gentleman has taxed me with illiberality, sir. I deny the charge. I hate innovation, but I love improvement. I am an enemy to the corruption of government, but I defend its influence. I dread reform, but I dread it only when it is intemperate. I consider the liberty of the press as the great palladium of the constitution ;

but at the same time I hold the licentiousness of the press in the greatest abhorrence. Nobody is more conscious than I am of the splendid abilities of the honourable mover, but I tell him at once, his scheme is too good to be practicable. It savours of Utopia. It looks well in theory, but it won't do in practice. It will not do, I repeat, sir, in practice; and so the advocates of the measure will find, if, unfortunately, it should find its way through parliament. (Cheers.) The source of that corruption to which the honourable member alludes, is in the minds of the people; so rank and extensive is that corruption, that no political reform can have any effect in removing it. Instead of reforming others—instead of reforming the state, the constitution, and everything that is most excellent, let each man reform himself! let him look at home, he will find there enough to do, without looking abroad and aiming at what is out of his power. (Loud cheers.) And now, sir, as it is frequently the custom of this house to end with a quotation, and as the gentleman who preceded me in this debate has anticipated me in my favourite quotation of the “Strong pull and the long pull,” I shall end with the memorable words of the assembled barons—*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*.

(From Review of *Bentham on Fallacies*.)

## SOUTH AMERICAN FLORA AND FAUNA

THE first thing which strikes us in this extraordinary chronicle, is the genuine zeal and inexhaustible delight with which all the barbarous countries he visits are described. He seems to love the forests, the tigers, and the apes; to be rejoiced that he is the only man there; that he has left his species far away; and is at last in the midst of his blessed baboons! He writes with a considerable degree of force and vigour; and contrives to infuse into his reader that admiration of the great works and undisturbed scenes of nature, which animates his style, and has influenced his life and practice. There is something, too, to be highly respected and praised in the conduct of a country gentleman who, instead of exhausting life in the chase, has dedicated a considerable portion of it to the pursuit of knowledge. There are so many temptations

to complete idleness in the life of a country gentleman, so many examples of it, and so much loss to the community from it, that every exception from the practice is deserving of great praise. Some country gentlemen must remain to do the business of their counties ; but, in general, there are many more than are wanted ; and, generally speaking also, they are a class who should be stimulated to greater exertion. Sir Joseph Banks, a squire of large fortune in Lincolnshire, might have given up his existence to double-barrelled guns and persecutions of poachers—and all the benefits derived from his wealth, industry, and personal exertion in the cause of science, would have been lost to the community.

Mr. Waterton complains, that the trees of Guiana are not more than six yards in circumference—a magnitude in trees which it is not easy for a Scottish imagination to reach. Among these, pre-eminent in height rises the mora, upon whose top branches, when naked by age or dried by accident, is perched the toucan, too high for the gun of the fowler ; around this are the green-heart, famous for hardness ; the tough hackea ; the ducalabaly, surpassing mahogany ; the ebony and letter-wood, exceeding the most beautiful woods of the old world ; the locust-tree, yielding copal ; and the hayawa and olou-trees, furnishing sweet-smelling resin. Upon the top of the mora grows the fig-tree. The bush rope joins tree and tree, so as to render the forest impervious, as, descending from on high, it takes root as soon as its extremity touches the ground, and appears like shrouds and stays, supporting the mainmast of a line-of-battle ship.

Demerara yields to no country in the world in her birds. The mud is flaming with the scarlet curlew. At sunset the pelicans return from the sea to the courada trees. Among the flowers are the humming birds. The columbine, gallinaceous, and passerine tribes people the fruit trees. At the close of the day, the vampires, or winged bats, suck the blood of the traveller, and cool him by the flap of their wings. Nor has nature forgotten to amuse herself here in the composition of snakes, the camoudi has been killed from thirty to forty feet long ; he does not act by venom, but by size and convolution. The Spaniards affirm that he grows to the length of eighty feet, and that he will swallow a bull ; but Spaniards love the superlative. There is a whipsnake of a beautiful green. The labarri snake of a dirty brown, who kills you in a few minutes. Every lovely colour under heaven is lavished upon the counachouchi, the most venomous of reptiles,



and known by the name of the bush master. Man and beast, says Mr. Waterton, fly before him, and allow him to pursue an undisputed path.

(From *Waterton in South America*.)

### A VILLAGE PARABLE

THERE is a village (no matter where) in which the inhabitants, on one day of the year, sit down to a dinner prepared at the common expense; by an extraordinary piece of tyranny (which Lord Hawkesbury would call the wisdom of village ancestors), the inhabitants of three of the streets, about a hundred years ago, seized upon the inhabitants of the fourth street, bound them hand and foot, laid them upon their backs, and compelled them to look on while the rest were stuffing themselves with beef and beer; the next year the inhabitants of the persecuted street (though they contributed an equal quota of the expense) were treated precisely in the same manner. The tyranny grew into a custom; and (as the manner of nature is) it was considered as the most sacred of all duties to keep those poor fellows without their annual dinner: the village was so tenacious of this practice, that nothing could induce them to resign it; every enemy to it was looked upon as a disbeliever in Divine Providence, and any nefarious churchwarden who wished to succeed in his election had nothing to do but to represent his antagonist as an abolitionist, in order to frustrate his ambition, endanger his life, and throw the village into a state of the most dreadful commotion. By degrees, however, the obnoxious street grew to be so well peopled, and its inhabitants so firmly united, that their oppressors, more afraid of injustice, were more disposed to be just. At the next dinner they are unbound, the year after allowed to sit upright, then a bit of bread and a glass of water; till at last, after a long series of concessions, they were emboldened to ask, in pretty plain terms, that they may be allowed to sit down at the bottom of the table, and to fill their bellies as well as the rest. Forthwith a general cry of shame and scandal: "Ten years ago, were you not laid upon your backs? Don't you remember what a great thing you thought it to get a piece of bread? How thankful you were for cheese-parings? Have you forgotten that memorable era, when the lord of the

manor interfered to obtain for you a slice of the public pudding? And now, with an audacity only equalled by your ingratitude, you have the impudence to ask for knives and forks, and to request, in terms too plain to be mistaken, that you may sit down to table with the rest, and be indulged even with beef and beer: there are not more than half-a-dozen dishes which we have reserved for ourselves; the rest has been thrown open to you in the utmost profusion; you have potatoes, and carrots, suet dumplings, sops in the pan, and delicious toast and water, in incredible quantities. Beef, mutton, lamb, pork, and veal, are ours; and if you were not the most restless and dissatisfied of human beings, you would never think of aspiring to enjoy them."

(From *Peter Plymley's Letters*.)

## ENGLISH JUSTICE

THE most obvious and important use of this perfect justice is, that it makes nations safe: under common circumstances, the institutions of justice seem to have little or no bearing upon the safety and security of a country, but in periods of real danger, when a nation surrounded by foreign enemies contends, not for the boundaries of empire, but for the very being and existence of empire; then it is that the advantage of just institutions are discovered. Every man feels that he has a country, that he has something worth preserving, and worth contending for. Instances are remembered where the weak prevail over the strong: one man recalls to mind when a just and upright judge protected him from unlawful violence, gave him back his vineyard, rebuked his oppressor, restored to him his rights, published, condemned, and rectified the wrong. This is what is called country. Equal rights to unequal possessions, equal justice to the rich and poor: this is what men come out to fight for, and to defend. Such a country has no legal injuries to remember, no legal murders to revenge, no legal robbery to redress; it is strong in its justice: it is then that the use and object of all this assemblage of gentlemen and arrangement of juries, and the deserved veneration in which we hold the character of English judges, is understood in all its bearings, and its fullest effects: men die for such things—they

cannot be subdued by foreign force where such just practices prevail. The sword of ambition is shivered to pieces against such a bulwark. Nations fall where judges are unjust, because there is nothing which the multitude think worth defending ; but nations do not fall which are treated as we are treated, but they rise as we have risen, and they shine as we have shone, and die as we have died, too much used to justice, and too much used to freedom, to care for that life which is not just and free. I call you all to witness if there be any exaggerated picture in this : the sword is just sheathed, the flag is just furled, the last sound of the trumpet has just died away. You all remember what a spectacle this country exhibited : one heart, one voice—one weapon, one purpose. And why ? Because this country is a country of the law ; because the judge is a judge for the peasant as well as for the palace ; because every man's happiness is guarded by fixed rules from tyranny and caprice. This town this week, the business of the next few days, would explain to any enlightened European why other nations did fall in the storms of the world, and why we did not fall. The Christian patience you may witness, the impartiality of the judgment-seat, the disrespect of persons, the disregard of consequences. These attributes of justice do not end with arranging your conflicting rights, and mine ; they give strength to the English people, duration to the English name ; they turn the animal courage of this people into moral and religious courage, and present to the lowest of mankind plain reasons and strong motives why they should resist aggression from without, and bind themselves a living rampart round the land of their birth.

There is another reason why every wise man is so scrupulously jealous of the character of English justice. It puts an end to civil dissension. What other countries obtain by bloody wars, is here obtained by the decisions of our own tribunals : unchristian passions are laid to rest by these tribunals ; brothers are brothers again ; the Gospel resumes its empire, and because all confide in the presiding magistrate, and because a few plain men are allowed to decide upon their own conscientious impression of facts, civil discord, years of convulsion, endless crimes, are spared ; the storm is laid, and those who came in clamouring for revenge, go back together in peace from the hall of judgment to the loom and the plough, to the senate and the church.

The whole tone and tenor of public morals is affected by the state of supreme justice ; it extinguishes revenge, it communicates

a spirit of purity and uprightness to inferior magistrates : it makes the great good, by taking away impunity ; it banishes fraud, obliquity, and solicitation, and teaches men that the law is their right. Truth is its handmaid, freedom is its child, peace is its companion ; safety walks in its steps, victory follows in its train : it is the brightest emanation of the Gospel, it is the greatest attribute of God ; it is that centre round which human motives and passions turn : and justice, sitting on high, sees genius and power, and wealth and birth, revolving round her throne ; and teaches their paths and marks out their orbits, and warns with a loud voice, and rules with a strong arm, and carries order and discipline into a world, which, but for her, would only be a wild waste of passions. Look what we are, and what just laws have done for us—a land of piety and charity ; a land of churches, and hospitals, and altars ; a nation of good Samaritans ; a people of universal compassion. All lands, all seas, have heard we are brave. We have just sheathed that sword which defended the world ; we have just laid down that buckler which covered the nations of the earth. God blesses the soil with fertility ; English looms labour for every climate. All the waters of the globe are covered with English ships. We are softened by fine art, civilised by human literature, instructed by deep science ; and every people, as they break their feudal chains, look to the founders and fathers of freedom for examples which may animate, and rules which may guide. If ever a nation was happy, if ever a nation was visibly blessed by God, if ever a nation was honoured abroad, and left at home under a government (which we can now conscientiously call a liberal government) to the full career of talent, industry, and vigour, we are at this moment that people—and this is our happy lot. First the Gospel has done it, and then justice has done it ; and he who thinks it his duty to labour that this happy condition of existence may remain, must guard the piety of these times, and he must watch over the spirit of justice which exists in these times. First he must take care that the altars of God are not polluted, that the Christian faith is retained in purity and in perfection ; and then, turning to human affairs, let him strive for spotless, incorruptible justice ;—praising, honouring, and loving the just judge, and abhorring, as the worst enemy of mankind, him who is placed there to “judge after the law, and who smites contrary to the law.”

(From *Sermons*.)

## THE SYNOD OF DORDRECHT

I MET the other day, in an old Dutch chronicle, with a passage so apposite to this subject, that, though it is somewhat too light for the occasion, I cannot abstain from quoting it. There was a great meeting of all the clergy at Dordrecht, and the chronicler thus describes it, which I give in the language of the translation : —“And there was a great store of bishops in the town, in their robes goodly to behold, and all the great men of the state were there, and folks poured in in boats on the Meuse, the Merve, the Rhine, and the Linge, coming from the Isle of Beverlandt and Isselmond, and from all quarters in the Bailiwick of Dort ; Arminians and Gomarists, with the friends of John Barneveldt and of Hugh Grote. And before my lords the bishops, Simon of Gloucester who was a bishop in those parts, disputed with Vorstius and Leoline the monk, and many texts of Scripture were bandied to and fro ; and when this was done, and many propositions made, and it waxed towards twelve of the clock, my lords the bishops prepared to set them down to a fair repast, in which was great store of good things—and among the rest a roasted peacock, having in lieu of a tail the arms and banners of the archbishop, which was a goodly sight to all who favoured the Church—and then the archbishop would say a grace, as was seemly to do, he being a very holy man ; but ere he had finished, a great mob of townspeople and folks from the country, who were gathered under the window, cried out—“Bread ! bread !” for there was a great famine and wheat had risen to three times the ordinary price of the sleich ; and when they had done crying “Bread ! bread !” they called out—“No bishops !”—and began to cast up stones at the windows. Whereat my lords the bishops were in a great fright, and cast their dinner out of the window to appease the mob, and so the men of that town were well pleased, and did devour the meats with a great appetite ; and then you might have seen my lords standing with empty plates, and looking wistfully at each other, till Simon of Gloucester, he who disputed with Leoline the monk, stood up among them and said, “Good my lords, is it your pleasure to stand here fasting, and that those who count lower in the Church than you do should feast and fluster ? Let us order to us the dinner of the deans and canons, which is making ready for them in the chamber below.” And

this speech of Simon of Gloucester pleased the bishops much ; and so they sent for the host, one William of Ypres, and told him it was for the public good, and he much fearing the bishops, brought them the dinner of the deans and canons ; and so the deans and canons went away without dinner, and were pelted by the men of the town, because they had not put any meat out of the window like the bishops ; and when the count came to hear of it, he said it was a pleasant conceit, and that the bishops were right cunning men, and had ding'd the canons well."

(From *Letters to Archdeacon Singleton.*)

## THE BALLOT

SOME members of Parliament, who mean to vote for ballot, in the fear of losing their seats, and who are desirous of reconciling to their conscience such an act of disloyalty to mankind, are fond of saying that ballot is harmless ; that it will neither do the good nor the evil that is expected from it ; and that the people may fairly be indulged in such an innocent piece of legislation. Never was such folly and madness as this : ballot will be the cause of interminable hatred and jealousy among the different orders of mankind ; it will familiarise the English people to a long tenour of deceit ; it will not answer its purpose of protecting the independent voter, and the people, exasperated and disappointed by the failure, will indemnify themselves by insisting upon unlimited suffrage. And then it is talked of as an experiment, as if men were talking of acids and alkalies, and the galvanic pile ; as if Lord John could get on the hustings and say, "Gentlemen, you see this ballot does not answer ; do me the favour to give it up, and to allow yourselves to be replaced in the same situation as the ballot found you." Such, no doubt, is the history of nations and the march of human affairs ; and in this way, the error of a sudden and foolish largess of power to the people might, no doubt, be easily retrieved ! The most unpleasant of all bodily feelings is a cold sweat : nothing brings it on so surely as perilous nonsense in politics. I lose all warmth from the bodily frame when I hear the ballot talked of as an experiment.

I cannot at all understand what is meant by this indolent opinion. Votes are coerced now ; if votes are free, will the

elected be the same? if not, will the difference of the elected be unimportant? Will not the ballot stimulate the upper orders to fresh exertions? and is their increased jealousy and interference of no importance? If ballot, after all, be found to hold out a real protection to the voter, is universal lying of no importance? I can understand what is meant by calling ballot a great good, or a great evil; but, in the mighty contention for power which is raging in this country, to call it indifferent, appears to me extremely foolish in all those in whom it is not extremely dishonest.

If the ballot did succeed in enabling the lower order of voters to conquer their betters, so much the worse. In a town of 700 voters, the 300 most opulent and powerful (and therefore probably the best instructed) would make a much better choice than the remaining 400; and the ballot would, in that case, do more harm than good. In nineteen cases out of twenty, the most numerous party would be in the wrong. If this be the case, why give the franchise at all? why not confine it to the first division? because even with all the abuses that occur, and in spite of them, the great mass of the people are much more satisfied with having a vote occasionally controlled, than with having none. Many agree with their superiors, and therefore feel no control. Many are persuaded by their superiors, and not controlled. Some are indifferent which way they exercise the power, though they would not like to be utterly deprived of it. Some guzzle away their vote, some sell it, some brave their superiors, if they are threatened and controlled. The election, in different ways, is affected by the superior influence of the upper orders; and the great mass (occasionally and justly complaining) are, beyond all doubt, better pleased than if they had no votes at all. The lower orders always have it in their power to rebel against their superiors; and occasionally they will do so, and have done so, and occasionally and justly carried elections against gold, and birth, and education. But it is madness to make laws of society which attempt to shake off the great laws of nature. As long as men love bread, and mutton, and broadcloth, wealth, in a long series of years, must have enormous effects upon human affairs, and the strong box will beat the ballot box. Mr. Grote has both, but he miscalculates their respective powers. Mr. Grote knows the relative value of gold and silver; but by what moral rate of exchange is he able to tell us the relative values of liberty and truth?

It is hardly necessary to say anything about universal suffrage, as there is no act of folly or madness which it may not in the beginning produce. There would be the greatest risk that the monarchy, as at present constituted, the funded debt, the established church, titles, and hereditary peerage would give way before it. Many really honest men may wish for these changes; I know, or at least believe, that wheat and barley would grow if there were no archbishop of Canterbury, and domestic fowls would breed if our viscount Melbourne were again called Mr. Lamb; but they have stronger nerves than I have who would venture to bring these changes about. So few nations have been free, it is so difficult to guard freedom from kings, and mobs, and patriotic gentlemen; and we are in such a very tolerable state of happiness in England, that I think such changes would be very rash; and I have an utter mistrust in the sagacity and penetration of political reasoners who pretend to foresee all the consequences to which they would give birth. When I speak of the tolerable state of happiness in which we live in England, I do not speak merely of nobles, squires, and canons of St. Paul's, but of drivers of coaches, clerks in offices, carpenters, blacksmiths, butchers, and bakers, and most men who do not marry upon nothing, and become burdened with large families before they have arrived at years of maturity. The earth is not sufficiently fertile for this:

*Difficilem victum fundit durissima tellus.*

After all, the great art in politics and war is to choose a good position for making a stand. The Duke of Wellington examined and fortified the lines of Torres Vedras a year before he had any occasion to make use of them, and he had previously marked out Waterloo as the probable scene of some future exploit. The people seem to be hurrying on through all the well-known steps to anarchy; they must be stopped at some pass or another: the first is the best and most easily defended. The people have a right to ballot or to anything else which will make them happy; and they have a right to nothing which will make them unhappy. They are the best judges of their immediate gratifications, and the worst judges of what would best conduce to their interests for a series of years. Most earnestly and conscientiously wishing their good, I say, NO BALLOT!

(From *Ballot*.)



## FRANCIS JEFFREY

[Francis Jeffrey was born at Edinburgh in 1773. After a course at the Edinburgh High School and Glasgow University, he proceeded to Queen's College, Oxford, where, however, he resided for only a year, and whence he consequently went down without a degree. He passed advocate in 1794, and embraced Whig opinions, at that time in no great favour in the Parliament House. In 1803 he became editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, which he had been largely instrumental in establishing in the preceding year, and he continued to conduct that celebrated periodical with equal ability and success till 1829, when he was chosen to fill the highly honourable post of Dean of Faculty. Upon the accession of his party to power in 1831 he was appointed Lord Advocate, and three years afterwards was raised to the bench. He died in 1850, having published in 1844 a selection, in four volumes, from his very numerous contributions to the *Edinburgh*.]

THOUGH his works no longer delight the general public, Lord Jeffrey will always occupy a respectable position in English letters as the founder, to all intents and purposes, of reviewing. His intellect was nimble rather than penetrating, and his knowledge miscellaneous rather than profound ; while his sensibility at times was too strong for his sense. Indeed, his characteristic admission to Macvey Napier that he had read Macaulay's essay on Bacon "not only with delight but with emotion, with throbbings of the heart and tears in the eye," seems to afford a hint at once of the measure of his attainments in philosophy and of his extreme susceptibility to any form of excitation. Yet his brisk and dapper habit of mind was no bad qualification for the literary work of his life ; and perhaps the best proof of his success is the long existence which his convention has enjoyed. Every sentence of Macaulay attests his statement that he had read and re-read Jeffrey's old articles till he knew them by heart ; and for close upon a hundred years critic after critic, consciously or unconsciously, has copied his methods, has imitated his tone and bearing, has aped his omniscience, and has endeavoured to assume

his awful air of authority. The penalty attached to this good fortune has been the obloquy of all who have learned "the cant of an author," and "begun to treat critics with contempt"; who find a singular consolation for the sense of their own incompetence in Jeffrey's declaration that *The Excursion* would "never do"; and who feel their immortality assured by the fact that Jeffrey preferred Rogers and Campbell to Shelley and Byron. Whatever lack of perception such notorious judgments may argue, Lord Jeffrey has at all events made good a substantial claim to applause, if not upon the dubiously relevant ground of having "made the Moral tendencies of the works under consideration a leading subject of discussion," and "neglected no opportunity of elucidating the true constituents of human happiness and virtue," at all events for having succeeded in "permanently raising the standard, and increasing the influence of all such Occasional writings" as his own.

An overflowing vocabulary and an unhesitating fluency are apt to be bad masters; to Jeffrey they were ever the best of servants; for he never suffered them to impair the lucidity which is the outstanding merit of his writing. The thought he desires to express may be little worth expressing, but it is always clothed in language of which the meaning is impossible to mistake. In spite of occasional grammatical errors, he never becomes slipshod, and his style is so clean, so finished, and so scrupulously precise as to partake in some degree of the peculiar charm of good French prose. He had measured his own powers, it may be assumed, with tolerable accuracy, and seldom attempted flights for which he was naturally unfitted. But his imagination was a lively one, and the similes in which from time to time he indulges possess the merits of being neither trite nor far-fetched, of being exactly appropriate, and of never breaking down. Finally, the want of more substantial and impressive excellences is felt to be almost atoned for by the irresistible sprightliness and vivacity which animate all his pieces.

Of Jeffrey in his capacity of critic something has been already hinted, and little more need be said. He is charged with a lack of humour, and he was doubtless unable to see the joke of being attacked as he himself had attacked others. But the *Edinburgh* reviewer who spoke of "the deliberate and indulgent criticism which *we* exercise rather for the encouragement of talent than its warning" can scarcely have been destitute of the saving quality.

His campaign against the Lake school was vigorous and persistent ; yet the worst that he said against Wordsworth is perhaps more excusable than the faint praise with which he welcomed the poetry of Sir Walter Scott. For this, however, he made ample amends when he reviewed the works of the author of *Waverley* ; and, indeed, he could turn a compliment with at least as good a grace as he could direct a sarcasm. His powers of detraction and depreciation have probably been overestimated ; and though he could sneer and banter with unflagging spirit, his genius was of too restless and pert an order ever to attain to that sublime of insolence which Lockhart scaled. Nevertheless, he dispensed his chastisements with all his heart ; and if the blows sometimes fell upon the wrong back, it must be remembered that they were prompted, not by malice nor stupidity, but by attachment to the cardinal principle that literature is an art, that its practice not only requires the utmost care, diligence, and preparation, but also involves a *convention*, and that, therefore, the haphazard use of the common unsifted vocabulary of everyday life can never consist with poetry. Against the indiscriminate censure bestowed by Jeffrey upon Wordsworth may fairly be set off his generous, yet judicious, eulogy of Keats.

J. H. MILLAR.

## THE PROBABLE PERPETUITY OF WARS

TAKE the case for example of War—by far the most prolific and extensive pest of the human race, whether we consider the sufferings it inflicts, or the happiness it prevents—and see whether it is likely to be arrested by the progress of intelligence and civilisation. In the first place, it is manifest that instead of becoming less frequent or destructive in proportion to the rapidity of that progress, our European wars have, in point of fact, been incomparably more constant and more sanguinary since Europe became signally enlightened and humanised, and that they have uniformly been most obstinate and most popular in its most polished countries. The brutish Laplanders, and bigoted and profligate Italians, have had long intervals of repose, but France and England are now pretty regularly at war for about fourscore years out of every century. In the second place the lovers and conductors of war are by no means the most ferocious or stupid of their species, but for the most part the very contrary; and their delight in it, notwithstanding their compassion for human suffering, and their complete knowledge of its tendency to produce suffering, seems to us sufficient almost of itself to discredit the confident prediction of those who assure us, that when men have attained to a certain degree of intelligence, war must necessarily cease among all the nations of the earth. There can be no better illustration indeed, than this, of the utter futility of all those dreams of perfectibility which are founded on a radical ignorance of what it is that constitutes the real enjoyment of human nature, and upon the play of how many principles and opposite stimuli that happiness depends, which, it is absurdly imagined, would be found in the mere negation of suffering, or in a state of Quakerish placidity, dulness, and uniformity. Men delight in war in spite of the pains and miseries which they know it entails upon them and their fellows, because it exercises all the talents, and calls out

all the energies of their nature ; because it holds them out conspicuously as objects of public sentiment and general sympathy ; because it gratifies their pride of art, and gives them a lofty sentiment of their own power, worth, and courage ; but principally, because it sets the game of existence upon a higher stake, and dispels, by its powerful interest, those feelings of ennui which steal upon every condition from which hazard and anxiety are excluded, and drive us into danger and suffering as a relief. While human nature continues to be distinguished by those attributes, we do not see any chance of war being superseded by the increase of wisdom and morality.

(From *Essays*.)

### SWIFT

OF his style, it has been usual to speak with great, and, we think, exaggerated praise. It is less mellow than Dryden's, less elegant than Pope's or Addison's, less noble than Lord Bolingbroke's, and utterly without the glow and loftiness which belonged to our earlier masters. It is radically a low and homely style, without grace and without affectation, and chiefly remarkable for a great choice and profusion of common words and expressions. Other writers who have used a plain and direct style have been for the most part jejune and limited in their diction, and generally give us an impression of the poverty as well as the tameness of their language ; but Swift, without ever trespassing into figured or poetical expressions, or ever employing a word that can be called fine or pedantic, has a prodigious variety of good set phrases always at his command, and displays a sort of homely richness, like the plenty of an old English dinner, or the wardrobe of a wealthy burgess. This taste for the plain and substantial was fatal to his poetry, which subsists not on such elements ; but was in the highest degree favourable to the effect of his humour, very much of which depends on the imposing gravity with which it is delivered, and on the various turns and heightenings it may receive from a rapidly shifting and always appropriate expression. Almost all his works after *The Tale of a Tub* seem to have been written very fast, and with very little minute care of the diction. For his own ease, therefore, it is probable they were all pitched on a low key, and set about on

the ordinary tone of a familiar letter or conversation, as that from which there was little hazard of falling, even in moments of negligence, and from which any rise that could be effected must always be easy and conspicuous. A man fully possessed of his subject, indeed, and confident of his cause may almost always write with vigour and effect, if he can get over the temptation of writing finely, and really confine himself to the strong and clear exposition of the matter he has to bring forward. Half of the affectation and offensive pretension we meet with in authors, arises from a want of matter, and the other half from a paltry ambition of being eloquent and ingenious out of place. Swift had complete confidence in himself; and had too much real business on his hands, to be at leisure to intrigue for the fame of a fine writer; in consequence of which, his writings are more admired by the judicious than if he had bestowed all his attention on their style. He was so much a man of business, indeed, and so much accustomed to consider his writings merely as means for the attainment of a practical end—whether that end was the strengthening of a party, or the wounding a foe—that he not only disdained the reputation of a composer of pretty sentences, but seems to have been thoroughly indifferent to all sorts of literary fame. He enjoyed the notoriety and influence which he had procured by his writings; but it was the glory of having carried his point, and not of having written well, that he valued. As soon as his publications had served their turn, they seem to have been entirely forgotten by their author;—and, desirous as he was of being richer, he appears to have thought as little of making money as immortality by means of them.

(From the Same.)

## BURNS

BUT the leading vice in Burns's character, and the cardinal deformity, indeed, of all his productions, was his contempt, or affectation of contempt, for prudence, decency, and regularity; and his admiration of thoughtlessness, oddity, and vehement sensibility;—his belief, in short, in the dispensing power of genius and social feeling, in all matters of morality and common sense. This is the very slang of the worst German plays, and the lowest of our town-made novels, nor can anything be more lamentable,

than that it should have found a patron in such a man as Burns, and communicated to many of his productions a character of immorality at once contemptible and hateful. It is but too true that men of the highest genius have frequently been hurried by their passions into a violation of prudence and duty, and there is something generous, at least, in the apology which their admirers may make for them on the score of their keener feelings and habitual want of reflection. But this apology, which is quite unsatisfactory in the mouth of another, becomes an insult and absurdity whenever it proceeds from their own. A man may say of his friend that he is a noble-hearted fellow, too generous to be just, and with too much spirit to be always prudent and regular. But he cannot be allowed to say even this of himself, and still less to represent himself as a hair-brained sentimental soul constantly carried away by fine fancies and visions of love and philanthropy, and born to confound and despise the cold-blooded sons of prudence and sobriety. This apology indeed evidently destroys itself: for it shows that conduct to be the result of deliberate system, which it affects at the same time to justify as the fruit of mere thoughtlessness and casual impulse. Such protestations, therefore, will always be treated as they deserve, not only with contempt, but with incredulity; and their magnanimous authors set down as determined profligates, who seek to disguise their selfishness under a name somewhat less revolting. That profligacy is almost always selfishness, and that the excuse of impetuous feeling can hardly ever be justly pleaded for those who neglect the ordinary duties of life, must be apparent, we think, even to the least reflecting of those sons of fancy and song. It requires no habit of deep thinking, nor anything more, indeed, than the information of an honest heart, to perceive that it is cruel and base to spend in vain superfluities, that money which belongs of right to the pale industrious tradesman and his famishing infants; or that it is a vile prostitution of language to talk of that man's generosity or goodness of heart, who sits raving about friendship and philanthropy in a tavern, while his wife's heart is breaking at her cheerless fireside, and his children pining in solitary poverty.

(From the Same.)

## BURNS'S LANGUAGE

ONE other remark is of a more limited application, and is addressed chiefly to the followers and patrons of that new school of poetry against which we have thought it our duty to neglect no opportunity of testifying. Those gentlemen are outrageous for simplicity, and we beg leave to recommend to them the simplicity of Burns. He has copied the spoken language of passion and affection with infinitely more fidelity than they have ever done, on all occasions which properly admitted of such adaptation. But he has not rejected the helps of elevated language and habitual associations, nor debased his composition by an affectation of babyish interjections and all the puling expletives of an old nursery-maid's vocabulary. They may look long enough among his nervous and manly lines, before they find any "Good lacks!" "Dear hearts!"—or, "As a body may says," in them; or any stuff about dancing daffodils and sister Emmelines. Let them think with what infinite contempt the powerful mind of Burns would have perused the story of Alice Fell and her duffle cloak, of Andrew Jones and the half-crown, or of Little Dan without breeches, and his thievish grandfather. Let them contrast their own fantastical personages of hysterical schoolmasters and sententious leechgatherers, with the authentic rustics of Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night," and his inimitable songs, and reflect on the different reception which those personifications have met with from the public. Though they will not be reclaimed from their puny affectations by the example of their learned predecessors, they may, perhaps, submit to be admonished by a self-taught and illiterate poet, who drew from Nature far more correctly than they can do, and produced something so much liker the admired copies of the masters whom they have abjured.

(From the Same.)

## THEORY OF ENGLISH UNSOCIABLENESS

IN most other countries of Europe if a man was not born in high and polished society, he had scarcely any other means of gaining admission to it; and honour and dignity, it was supposed, be-



longed by inheritance to a very limited class of people. Within that circle, therefore, there could be no derogation, and, from without it, there could be no intrusion. But, in this country, persons of every condition have been long entitled to aspire to every situation ; and, from the nature of our political constitution, any one who had individual influence, by talent, wealth, or activity, became at once of consequence in the community, and was classed as the open rival or necessary auxiliary of those who had the strongest hereditary claims to importance. But though the circle of society was in this way at all times larger than in the continental nations, and embraced more persons of dissimilar training and habits, it does not appear to have given a tone of repulsion to the manners of those who affected the superiority, till a period comparatively remote. In the days of the Tudors and Stuarts there was a wide pale of separation between the landed aristocracy and the rest of the population ; and, accordingly, down at least to the end of Charles the Second's reign, there seems to have been none of this dull and frozen arrogance in the habits of good company. The true reason of this, however, was, that though the competition was constitutionally open, good education was, in fact, till after this period, confined to the children of the gentry ; and a certain parade in equipage and dress, which could not be easily assumed but by the opulent, nor naturally carried but by those who had been long accustomed to it, threw additional difficulties in the way of those who wished to push themselves forward in society, and rendered any other bulwarks unnecessary for the protection of the sanctuary of fashion.

From the time of Sir Robert Walpole, however, the communication between the higher and lower orders became far more open and easy. Commercial wealth and enterprise were prodigiously extended, literature and intelligence spread with unprecedented rapidity among the body of the people, and the increased intercourse between the different parts of the country, naturally produced a greater mixture of the different classes of the people. This was followed by a general relaxation in those costly external observances by which persons of condition had till then been distinguished. Ladies laid aside their hoops, trains, and elaborate head-dresses ; and gentlemen their swords, periwigs, and embroidery ; and at the same time that it thus became quite practicable for an attorney's clerk or a mercer's apprentice to assume the exterior of a nobleman, it happened also, both that

many persons of that condition had the education that fitted them for a higher rank, and that several had actually won their way to it by talents and activity, which had not formerly been looked for in that quarter. Their success was well merited undoubtedly, and honourable both to themselves and their country; but its occasional occurrence, even more than the discontinuance of aristocratical forms or the popular spirit of the Government, tended strongly to encourage the pretensions of others, who had little qualification for success, beyond an eager desire to obtain it. So many persons now raised themselves by their own exertions, that everyone thought himself entitled to rise; and very few proportionally were contented to remain in the rank to which they were born; and as vanity is a still more active principle than ambition, the effects of this aspiring spirit were more conspicuously seen in the invasion which it prompted on the prerogatives of polite society, than in its more serious occupations; and a herd of uncomfortable and unsuitable companions beset all the approaches to good company, and seemed determined to force all its barriers.

We think we have now stated the true causes of this phenomenon; but, at all events, the fact we believe to be incontrovertible, that within the last fifty years there has been an incredible increase of forwardness and solid impudence among the half bred and half educated classes of this country, and that there was consequently some apology for the assumption of more distant and forbidding manners towards strangers on the part of those who were already satisfied with the extent of their society. It was evidently easier and more prudent to reject the overtures of unknown acquaintances, than to shake them off after they had been once allowed to fasten themselves; to repress, in short, the first attempts at familiarity, and repel, by a chilling and somewhat disdainful air, the advances of all of whom it might anyway be suspected that they might turn out discreditable or unfit associates.

(From the Same.)

## WARBURTON

THE truth is that this extraordinary person was a giant in literature, with many of the vices of the gigantic character. Strong as he was, his excessive pride and overweening vanity were perpetu-

ally engaging him in enterprises which he could not accomplish ; while such was his intolerable arrogance towards his opponents, and his insolence towards those whom he reckoned as his inferiors, that he made himself very generally and deservedly odious, and ended by doing considerable injury to all the causes which he undertook to support. The novelty and the boldness of his manner, the resentment of his antagonists, and the consternation of his friends, insured him a considerable share of public attention at the beginning. But such was the repulsion of his moral qualities as a writer, and the fundamental unsoundness of most of his speculations, that he no sooner ceased to write, than he ceased to be read or inquired after, and lived to see those erudite volumes fairly laid on the shelf, which he fondly expected to carry down a growing fame to posterity.

The history of Warburton, indeed, is uncommonly curious, and his fate instructive. He was bred an attorney at Newark ; and probably derived from his early practice in that capacity that love of controversy and that habit of scurrility for which he was afterwards distinguished. His first literary associates were some of the heroes of *The Dunciad*, and his first literary adventure the publication of some poems which well entitled him to a place among those worthies. He helped "pilfering Tibbalds" to some notes upon Shakespeare, and spoke contemptuously of Mr. Pope's talents and severely of his morals in his *Letters to Concannen*. He then hired his pen to prepare a volume on the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery ; and, having now entered the Church, made a more successful endeavour to magnify his profession and to attract notice to himself by the publication of his once famous book on *The Alliance between Church and State*, in which all the presumption and ambition of his nature was first made manifest.

By this time, however, he seems to have passed over from the party of the Dunces to that of Pope ; and proclaimed his conversion pretty abruptly, by writing an elaborate defence of the *Essay on Man*, from some imputations which had been thrown on its theology and morality. Pope received the services of this voluntary champion with great gratitude ; and Warburton, having now discovered that he was not only a great poet, but a very honest man, continued to cultivate his friendship with great assiduity, and with very notable success. For Pope introduced him to Mr. Murray, who made him preacher at Lincoln's Inn,

and to Mr. Allen of Prior Park, who gave him his niece in marriage, obtained a bishopric for him, and left him his whole estate. In the meantime, he published his *Divine Legation of Moses*,—the most learned, most arrogant, and most absurd work which had been produced in England for a century,—and his editions of Pope and of Shakespeare, in which he was scarcely less outrageous and fantastical. He replied to some of his answerers in a style full of insolence and brutal scurrility; and not only poured out the most tremendous abuse on the infidelities of Bolingbroke and Hume, but found occasion also to quarrel with Drs. Middleton, Lowth, Jortin, Leland, and indeed almost every name distinguished for piety and learning in England. At the same time he indited the most highflown adulation to Lord Chesterfield, and contrived to keep himself in the good graces of Lord Mansfield and Lord Hardwicke; while in the midst of affluence and honours he was continually exclaiming against the barbarity of the age in rewarding genius so frugally, and in not calling in the civil magistrate to put down fanaticism and infidelity. The public, however, at last grew weary of these blustering novelties. The bishop, as old age stole upon him, began to doze in his mitre; and though Dr. Richard Hurd, with the true spirit of an underling, persisted in keeping up the petty traffic of reciprocal encomiums, yet Warburton was lost to the public long before he sunk into dotage, and lay dead as an author for many years of his natural existence.

(From the Same.)

## SIR HUMPHRY DAVY

[Sir Humphry Davy was born at Penzance, on 17th December 1778. There was a strong literary and scientific spirit abroad in this neighbourhood at the time, as at Norwich, Lichfield, and other centres of country life, and Davy, apprenticed to a surgeon, read a good deal and studied chemistry a little. When he was twenty he was taken by Dr. Beddoes (father of the poet and brother-in-law of Miss Edgeworth) as an inmate of his house and an assistant in scientific labours at Clifton. There Davy made the acquaintance of Southey and Coleridge, and distinguished himself by his researches into laughing-gas. The repute of these established him, at the beginning of the present century, as chemical lecturer at the new Royal Institution, where his lectures became a fashion with London society. In 1812 he was made a knight, and married Mrs. Apreece, a lady of means and other attractions. Six years later, after his memorable work on the safety lamp, he was made a baronet; and shortly afterwards became President of the Royal Society. His later years were much troubled with ill health, and he died at Geneva on 29th May 1829. The bulk of his works, which appeared in nine vols. ten years after his death, is composed of lectures and papers, the *Elements of Chemistry* and *Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry* being the chief single items. His *Salmonia* (1828), and *Consolations in Travel* (1830), of a more literary character, were written partly to beguile his illness.]

IN the remarkable succession of chemical lecturers at the Royal Institution—the second, the pupil and assistant of the first, the third, the pupil and assistant of the second—who have covered in unbroken chain nearly the whole of the nineteenth century, Sir Humphry Davy stands as a man of letters (in which capacity alone we are here concerned with him) above Faraday and below Tyndall. Early as he was introduced to the society of pure men of letters, and various as his own early attempts are said to have been, the spoken rather than the written word appears to have been his forte. His destiny and vocation, however, led him to the former, and it is not easy to judge what might have been the case if things had been different. Most of his scientific work does not lend itself to excerpt here, but the first two passages given below

(the one from the *Elements of Chemistry*, the other the separately preserved fragment of a lecture) will show that he had a more than respectable command of the more formal and mannered style with which, during his day, scientific writers were still wont to diversify and adorn the record of their observations and discoveries. In the mere importance and value of these last (they chiefly concerned electricity), great authorities have pronounced him to be inferior to no one.

Of his non-scientific work *Salmonia* was, at the date of its appearance and for some time afterwards, warmly praised ; though Wilson, in *Blackwood*, attacked its sportsmanship as cockney and its general tone as valetudinarian and milksop. The limitation of the claret at the fishermen's dinner to half-a-pint a man seems to have had an undue effect on Christopher's criticism ; but the praise was certainly in some cases overstrained. *Salmonia* is a pleasant book and interesting in literary history, less as an imitation of Walton than because in many passages it shows an important advance in the literature descriptive of Nature, and reminds us that Mr. Ruskin was already born. Sir Walter Scott, who was a sort of connection of Lady Davy's, reviewed it very favourably in the *Quarterly*, and indeed Davy was as much at home with the Scottish literary circle as with that of the Lakes (where his early Bristol friends had settled, and where he was a companion of Wordsworth and of Scott himself in a famous walk on Helvellyn) and with that of London. The *Consolations*, more ambitious and philosophical in tone, are rather less successful. On the whole, however, Davy is most interesting as a member of the school of scientific writers who came between those of the eighteenth century proper, and those wholly of the nineteenth—the former, men of letters whose subject was "natural philosophy," the latter, men of science who only in rare instances pay deliberate attention to literary cultivation and form. His own attention to and achievement in these were more than respectable, and he added to these good taste, and a pleasant, if rather thin, humour.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## ALCHEMY

AMONGST a people of conquerors, disposed to sensuality and luxury even from the spirit of their religion, and romantic and magnificent in their views of power, it was not to be expected that any new knowledge should be followed in a rational and philosophic manner; and the early chemical discoveries led to the pursuit of alchemy, the objects of which were to produce a substance capable of converting all other metals into gold; and an universal remedy calculated indefinitely to prolong the period of human life.

Reasonings upon the nature of metals, and the composition of the philosopher's stone, form a principal part of the treatises ascribed to Gebar; and the disciples of the school of Bagdat seem to have been the first professed alchemists.

It required strong motives to induce men to pursue the tedious and disgusting processes of the furnace; but labourers could hardly be wanting, when prospects so brilliant and magnificent were offered to them; the means of procuring unbounded wealth; of forming a paradise on earth; and of enjoying an immortality depending on their own powers.

The processes supposed to relate to the transmutation of metals, and the elixir of life, were probably first made known to the Europeans during the time of the crusades; and many of the warriors who, animated with visionary plans of conquest, fought the battles of their religion on the plains of Palestine, seemed to have returned to their native countries under the influence of a new delusion.

The public spirit of the west was calculated to assist the progress of all pursuits that carried with them an air of mysticism. Warm with the ardour of an extending and exalted religion, men were much more disposed to believe than to reason: the love of knowledge and power is instinctive in the human mind; in dark-

ness it desires light, and follows it with enthusiasm even when appearing merely in delusive glimmerings.

The records of the middle ages contain a great variety of anecdotes relating to the transmutation of metals, and the views or pretensions of persons considered as adepts in alchemy ; these early periods constitute what may be regarded as the heroic or fabulous ages of chemistry. Some of the alchemists were low imposters, whose object was to delude the credulous and the ignorant ; others seemed to have deceived themselves with vain hopes ; but all followed the pursuit as a secret and mysterious study. The processes were communicated only to chosen disciples, and being veiled in the most enigmatic and obscure language, their importance was enhanced by the concealment. In all times men are governed more by what they desire or fear, than by what they know ; and in this age it was peculiarly easy to deceive, but difficult to enlighten the public mind ; truths were discovered, but they were blended with the false and marvellous, and another era was required to separate them from absurdities, and to demonstrate their importance and uses.

(From *Works*.)

## PARALLELS BETWEEN ART AND SCIENCE

THE characters of the poet and painter have been often compared ; and the analogy between their objects and their methods is so striking, as to have been generally felt and acknowledged. Visible images constitute the great charm of poetry, and they are the elements of painting ; and the end of both arts is to represent the admirable in nature, and to awaken pleasurable, useful, or noble feelings. Painting, however, appeals to the eye by immediate characters ; it possesses a stronger chain of association with passion ; it is a more distinct and energetic language, and acts first by awakening sensation and then ideas. Poetry is less forcible, for it operates only by imagination and memory, and not by immediate impression ; unless indeed in the performances of the drama, or in impassioned recitation. A representation by words is inferior in strength to representation by images ; but it has the advantage in being more varied, and capable of a more extensive application. It speaks of sentiments and thoughts and



affections, which can never be delineated by the pencil ; and it has within its power, not only the world of sensation, but likewise the world of intellect.

In music the powers of art are infinitely more limited than in poetry or painting. The pleasure results from mere combinations of sounds ; and is as transient as the motions of the air, by which they are produced. To communicate feeling is the highest attribute of the art. Its means are wholly inadequate to convey ideas, and the attempts at imitation have generally produced only a ludicrous effect. It has this advantage, however, over poetry and painting, that its influence is more immediate and instantaneous, and perceived without study or reflection ; that it acts as if by enchantment, and appealing merely to sensation, yet subdues both imagination and memory ; makes the soul obedient to its impulses, and creates for the time a world of its own.

The mechanical arts and the fine arts can hardly be compared ; the objects of the first being utility, of the last, pleasure. The mechanical arts delight us only indirectly, and by indistinct associations ; the fine arts either directly or by immediate associations. The steam-engine may be an object of wonder, as connected with the power by which it was produced, and the power which it exerts ; but to understand its beneficial effects requires extensive knowledge, or a long detail of facts. Mechanism in general is too complicated to produce any general effect of pleasure. Inventions are admired by the multitude, more on account of their novelty or strangeness, than on account of their use or ingenuity. The watch which is the guide of our time, is employed and considered with indifference ; but we pay half-a-crown to see a self-moving spider of steel

In the truths of the natural sciences there is, perhaps, a nearer analogy to the productions of the refined arts. The contemplation of the laws of the universe is connected with an immediate tranquil exaltation of mind, and pure mental enjoyment. The perception of truth is almost as simple a feeling as the perception of beauty ; and the genius of Newton, of Shakespeare, of Michael Angelo, and of Handel, are not very remote in character from each other. Imagination, as well as reason, is necessary to perfection in the philosophical mind. A rapidity of combination, a power of perceiving analogies, and of comparing them by facts, is the creative source of discovery. Discrimination and delicacy of sensation, so important in physical research, are other words

for taste ; and the love of nature is the same passion, as the love of the magnificent, the sublime, and the beautiful.

The pleasure derived from great philosophical discoveries is less popular and more limited in its immediate effect, than that derived from the refined arts ; but it is more durable and less connected with fashion or caprice. Canvas and wood, and even stone, will decay. The work of a great artist loses all its spirit in the copy. Words are mutable and fleeting ; and the genius of poetry is often dissipated in translation. The compositions of music may remain, but the hand of execution may be wanting. Nature cannot decay ; the language of her interpreters will be the same in all times. It will be an universal tongue speaking to all countries, and all ages, the excellence of the work, and the wisdom of the Creator.

(From the Same.)

## SEA SERPENTS AND CAITHNESS MERMAIDS

I DISBELIEVE the authenticity of these stories. I do not mean to deny the existence of large marine animals having analogies to the serpent ; the conger we know is such an animal : I have seen one nearly ten feet long, and there may be longer ones ; but such animals do not come to the surface. The only sea-snake that has been examined by naturalists, turned out to be a putrid species of shark—the *Squalus maximus*. Yet all the newspapers gave accounts of this as a real animal, and endowed it with feet which do not belong to serpents. And the sea-snakes, seen by American and Norwegian captains, have, I think, generally been a company of porpoises, the rising and sinking of which, in lines, would give somewhat the appearance of the coils of a snake. The kraken, or island fish, is still more imaginary. I have myself seen immense numbers of enormous *Urtica marina* or blubbers, in the north seas, and in some of the Norwegian fiords, or inland bays, and often these beautiful creatures give colour to the water ; but it is exceedingly improbable that an animal of this genus should ever be of the size, even of the whale : its soft materials are little fitted for locomotion, and would be easily destroyed by every kind of fish. Hands and a finny tail are entirely contrary to the analogy of nature ; and I disbelieve the mermaid, upon philosophical principles. The dugong and

manatee are the only animals combining the functions of the Mammalia with some of the characters of fishes, that can be imagined, even as a link, in this part of the order of nature. Many of these stories have been founded upon the long-haired seal seen at a distance ; others on the appearance of the common seal under particular circumstances of light and shade ; and some on still more singular circumstances. A worthy baronet, remarkable for his benevolent views and active spirit, has propagated a story of this kind ; and he seems to claim for his native country the honour of possessing this extraordinary animal ; but the mermaid of Caithness was certainly a gentleman who happened to be travelling on that wild shore, and who was seen bathing by some young ladies at so great a distance, that not only genus, but gender was mistaken. I am acquainted with him, and have had the story from his own mouth. He is a young man, fond of geological pursuits ; and one day, in the middle of August, having fatigued and heated himself by climbing a rock to examine a particular appearance of granite, he gave his clothes to his Highland guide, who was taking care of his pony, and descended to the sea. The sun was just setting, and he amused himself for some time by swimming from rock to rock, and having unclipped hair and no cap, he sometimes threw aside his locks and wrung the water from them on the rocks. He happened the year after to be at Harrowgate, and was sitting at table with two young ladies from Caithness, who were relating to a wondering audience the story of the mermaid they had seen, which had already been published in the newspapers : they described her, as she usually is described by poets, as a beautiful animal, with remarkably fair skin and long green hair. The young gentleman took the liberty, as most of the rest of the company did, to put a few questions to the elder of the two ladies—such as, on what day, and precisely where, this singular phenomenon had appeared. She had noted down not merely the day, but the hour and minute, and produced a map of the place. Our bather referred to his journal, and showed that a human animal was swimming in the very spot at that very time, who had some of the characters ascribed to the mermaid, but who laid no claim to others, particularly the green hair and fish's tail ; but being rather sallow in the face, was glad to have such testimony to the colour of his body beneath his garments.

(From the Same.)

## COLOURS IN SNOW AND WATER

*Poietes.* You, Halieus, must certainly have considered the *causes* which produce the colours of waters. The streams of our own island are of a very different colour from these mountain rivers, and why should the same element or substance assume such a variety of tints?

*Halieus.* I certainly have often thought upon the subject, and I have made some observations and *one* experiment in relation to it. I will give you my opinion with pleasure; and as far as I know, they have not been brought forward in any of the works on the properties of water, or on its consideration as a chemical element. The purest water with which we are acquainted, is undoubtedly that which falls from the atmosphere. Having touched air alone, it can contain nothing but what it gains from the atmosphere; and it is distilled without the chance of those impurities, which may exist in the vessels used in an artificial operation. We cannot well examine the water precipitated from the atmosphere, as rain, without collecting it in vessels, and all artificial contact, gives more or less of contamination; but in snow, melted by the sunbeams, that has fallen on glaciers, themselves formed from frozen snow, water may be regarded as in its state of greatest purity. Congelation expels both salts and air from water, whether existing below, or formed in, the atmosphere; and in the high and uninhabited regions of glaciers, there can scarcely be any substances to contaminate. Removed from animal and vegetable life, they are even above the mineral kingdom; and though there are instances in which the rudest kind of vegetation (of the fungus or mucor kind) is even found upon snows, yet this is a rare occurrence; and red snow, which is occasioned by it, is an extraordinary and not a common phenomenon towards the pole, and on the highest mountains of the globe. Having examined the water formed from melted snow on glaciers, in different parts of the Alps, and having always found it of the same quality, I shall consider it as pure water, and describe its character. Its colour, when it has any depth, or when a mass of it is seen through, is bright blue; and, according to its greater or less depth of substance, it has more or less of this colour; as its

insipidity, and its other physical qualities, are not at this moment objects of your inquiry, I shall not dwell upon them. In general in examining lakes and masses of water in high mountains, their colour is of the same bright azure. And Captain Barry states, that the water on the Polar ice has the like beautiful tint. When vegetables grow in lakes, the colour becomes nearer sea-green, and as the quantity of impregnation from their decay increases, greener, yellowish green, and at length when the vegetable extract is large in quantity, as in countries where peat is found, yellow and even brown. To mention instances, the Lake of Geneva, fed from sources (particularly the higher Rhone) formed from melting snow, is blue; and the Rhone pours from it dyed of the deepest azure, and retains partially this colour till it is joined by the Saone, which gives it a greener hue. The Lake of Morat, on the contrary, which is fed from a lower country, and from less pure sources, is grass green. And there is an illustrative instance in some small lakes fed from the same source, in the road from Inspruck to Stutgard, which I observed in 1815, (as well as I recollect) between Nazareth and Reiti. The highest lake fed by melted snows in March, when I saw it, was bright blue. It discharged itself by a small stream into another into which a number of large pines had been blown by a winter storm, or fallen from some other cause; in this lake its colour was blue-green. In a third lake, in which there were not only pines and their branches, but likewise other decaying vegetable matter, it had a tint of faded grass-green; and these changes had occurred in a space not much more than a mile in length. These observations I made in 1815; on returning to the same spot twelve years after, in August and September, I found the character of the lakes entirely changed. The pine wood washed into the second lake had disappeared; a large quantity of stones and gravel, washed down by torrents, or detached by an avalanche, supplied their place; there was no perceptible difference of tint in the two upper lakes; but the lower one, where there was still some vegetable matter, seemed to possess a greener hue. The same principle will apply to the Scotch and Irish rivers, which, when they rise or issue from pure rocky sources, are blue or bluish green; and when fed from peat bogs, or alluvial countries, yellow, or amber-coloured or brown, even after they have deposited a part of their impurities in great lakes. Sometimes, though rarely, mineral impregnations give colour to water; small streams are sometimes green or yellow

from ferruginous depositions. Calcareous matters seldom affect their colour, but often their transparency when deposited, as is the case with the Velino at Terni, and the Anio at Tivoli; but I doubt if pure saline matters, which are in themselves white, ever change the tint of water.

(From the Same.)

## WILLIAM HAZLITT

[William Hazlitt was born at Maidstone on the 10th April 1778. His father was a Unitarian minister of Irish extraction. The family went to America when the essayist was five years old, but soon returned and established itself at Wem, in Shropshire. Here Hazlitt, after an experience of two years at the theological college of his father's sect at Hackney, during which he convinced himself that he had no liking for the ministry, met Coleridge, and was much stimulated by the meeting (1798). He was at this time divided in taste between art and metaphysics; he went to Paris in 1802 (when the peace of Amiens opened the Continent) on a picture-copying errand, tried portrait-painting with little success, and next year published his essay on the *Principles of Human Action*, and began to live by the press. In 1808 he married Miss Stoddart, a friend of the Lambs, a lady of some little fortune and sister of the once well-known Sir John Stoddart. For some four years he lived at her property of Winterslow, on the edge of Salisbury Plain, a place which has left enduring traces on his writings. The household removed to London in 1812, Hazlitt taking to regular press-work of various kinds, and living in Milton's supposed house in York Street, Westminster. About ten years later he and his wife obtained a Scotch divorce, and he engaged in the singular love affair with a lodging-house keeper's daughter, Sarah Walker, which he has recorded in *Liber Amoris*. In 1824 he was married a second time to a widow of some property; but she left him very shortly afterwards, and he died on 18th September 1830, having during his latest years been engaged on his only large work, an extensive but not very valuable *Life of Napoleon*. The essays and lectures, by which after some delay his fame is being more and more solidly established, were published and delivered in various places and forms during the last twenty years of his life, the details of which are on the whole very scantily and imperfectly recorded. Most of Hazlitt's periodical writings were reprinted after his death by his son and grandson (the latter of whom has written a *Life* of him) and are now attainable in Bohn's Library; while an excellent selection from his works has been produced by Mr. Alexander Ireland; but a complete edition with due editorial apparatus is still wanting.]

THE character of Hazlitt's literary achievements is very peculiar; and the history of his literary reputation is still more so. During his lifetime (which, as will have been noted, was comparatively short) he was the object of violent attack, which was no doubt

partly due to political prejudice, but which was strengthened, as his political and personal friends' defence of him was weakened, by many strange and unlovely peculiarities in his character. After his death, though his influence on a few literary persons was great, he could hardly be said to have much on the general reader; and it was something of a habit to regard him (most unjustly) as a Bohemian of some talent, who had chiefly shown the evils of Bohemianism. Of late years strenuous efforts have been made by persons who by no means agree in their general views either of literature or of politics to rehabilitate him; and these efforts have not been wholly without effect.

It is indeed not likely that Hazlitt will ever be a popular writer. Though he had a great talent for description, so that many of his fugitive pieces contain extraordinarily vivid and brilliant work, he was much more carried by his taste and temperament to criticism—criticism of art, of literature, of politics, of philosophy. And though critical writings may hold such a modest and obscure corner of the Temple of Fame as they do hold pretty securely, inasmuch as the principles which they apply are eternal and are sure to be recognised by later practitioners and enquirers in the same paths, the vogue thus secured is never likely to amount to popularity. Moreover Hazlitt, either by ill-luck or misjudgment, never gave himself a chance of attaching his apparently minor but really major works of comment and criticism to the popularity of some larger production. His *Life of Napoleon*, his single attempt of this kind, has been little, and never deserved to be much, read. He has also weighted himself with a positive, in addition to this negative and accidental drawback. He is, among English writers of great accomplishment, paramount for prejudice, unfairness, inequality of judgment. He was regarded in his own day by not unfriendly judges as a kind of Ishmael—an Ishmael too whose hand had been against every man long before he could complain of every man's hand being against him. As Lamb, his most familiar and most faithful friend said, he "quarrelled with the world at a rate" which, as Lamb could hardly say, was practically insane. He was left by both his wives. He was more or less often at daggers drawn with every friend he had. He was suspected of being the instigator of at least one fatal duel of which he himself kept clear. He attacked, sometimes without the smallest and often with very small provocation, every prominent man of letters of the day, Whig and



Tory alike. In his historical appreciations remarkable insight, expressed in a style all the more original and individual for its lack of obvious mannerism, contrasts with a quantity of crass and bitter misjudgment, obviously due to political and social prejudice, or to the mere bilious whim of the moment, which is to be matched in amount and in acrimony in no other critic of the first class.

Yet Hazlitt's merits so far surpass his defects that save for critical purpose and duty, these might be passed clean over without any notice at all. He has been ranked by some (with whom I desire to range myself) as, after all allowances are made, the greatest of English critics of literature—that is to say, the critic who, when he knows what he is talking about and is not diverted from his proper business by some casual burst of rage or prejudice, can see the whole of his author most clearly, can place him in his due relation to other authors most exactly, can formulate his idiosyncrasy in the most effective manner with the fewest words. He is a very considerable critic of art, perhaps the most considerable between Sir Joshua Reynolds on the one hand, and Mr. Ruskin on the other. Although his political utterances are hopelessly distorted by prejudice, his views of society by a total ignorance of what society really was and a jaundiced dislike of supposed superiorities, and his philosophical views by an extremely limited reading of philosophy, his natural mother-wit is so strong that even in these subjects he is not to be neglected. On life in the general and proper sense, though here again large allowances have to be made, he often goes to the very foundation of things. And on the not infrequent occasions on which he allows himself to be simply observant and descriptive—the passages on the Fight on Salisbury Plain, on Rackets, and on many other things—he displays a power of light and easy writing which outmatches Hunt or Dickens on their own ground, while it always betrays in the background a depth of thought and feeling to which neither of these can lay claim.

The style of Hazlitt is peculiar from its apparent want of peculiarity. He himself denied himself a style; and false modesty was not one of Hazlitt's tolerably numerous weaknesses. In minor details he is more than careless; and the stop-watch critic might in an easy hour or so of reading compile against him a terrible list of slips. But he has everywhere force, bright-

ness, individuality ; and every now and then he rises to passages of a singularly solemn and stately music. Still oftener, in detached phrases and sentences which seem thrown off without any particular premeditation, and still less with any idea of following them up, one discerns germs and notes of other styles subsequent to his and the property of men whom it is chronologically impossible for Hazlitt ever to have read, while it is probable if not certain that all of them had read Hazlitt. In short this great critic and writer is one of those who are even greater in suggestion than they are in execution, though they are great in execution too. With the faults he has the merits of manliness ; with the weakness of sometimes setting himself capriciously against the fashion, he has the saving grace of never basely or idly condescending to it. Perhaps he exemplified both in life and in letters rather too much of the popular idea of a critic as of a cross-grained person who *stets verneint*—who is both a grudger and a denier. But he had the merits of the critic too, and that eminently ; and what is more he would have been a great writer if he had not been a critic at all.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## COBBETT'S INCONSISTENCY

HE pays off both scores of old friendship and new-acquired enmity in a breath, in one perpetual volley, one raking fire of "arrowy sleet" shot from his pen. However his own reputation or the cause may suffer in consequence, he cares not one pin about that, so that he disables all who oppose, or who pretend to help him. In fact, he cannot bear success of any kind, not even of his own views or party; and if any principle were likely to become popular, would turn round against it to show his power in shouldering it on one side. In short, wherever power is, there he is against it: he naturally butts at all obstacles, as unicorns are attracted to oak-trees, and feels his own strength only by resistance to the opinions and wishes of the rest of the world. To sail with the stream, to agree with the company, is not his humour. If he could bring about a Reform in Parliament, the odds are that he would instantly fall foul of and try to mar his own handywork; and he quarrels with his own creatures as soon as he has written them into a little vogue—and a prison. I do not think this is vanity or fickleness so much as a pugnacious disposition, that must have an antagonist power to contend with, and only finds itself at ease in systematic opposition. If it were not for this, the high towers and rotten places of the world would fall before the battering-ram of his hard-headed reasoning; but if he once found them tottering, he would apply his strength to prop them up, and disappoint the expectations of his followers. He cannot agree to anything established, nor to set up anything else in its stead. When it is established, he presses hard against it, because it presses upon him, at least in imagination. Let it crumble under his grasp, and the motive to resistance is gone. He then requires some other grievance to set his face against. His principle is repulsion, his nature contradiction: he is made up of mere antipathies, an Ishmaelite indeed without a fellow.

He is always playing at *hunt the slipper* in politics. He turns round on whoever is next him. The way to wean him from any opinion, and make him conceive an intolerable hatred against it, would be to place somebody near him who was perpetually dinning it in his ears. When he is in England, he does nothing but abuse the Boroughmongers, and laugh at the whole system : when he is in America, he grows impatient of freedom and a republic. If he had stayed there a little longer, he would have become a loyal and a loving subject of his Majesty King George IV. He lampooned the French Revolution when it was hailed as the dawn of liberty by millions : by the time it was brought into almost universal ill-odour by some means or other (partly no doubt by himself) he had turned, with one or two or three others, staunch Buonapartist. He is always of the militant, not of the triumphant party : so far he bears a gallant show of magnanimity ; but his gallantry is hardly of the right stamp. It wants principle : for though he is not servile or mercenary, he is the victim of self-will. He must pull down and pull in pieces ; it is not his disposition to do otherwise. It is a pity ; for with his great talents he might do great things, if he would go right forward to any useful object, make thorough stitchwork of any question, or join hand and heart with any principle. He changes his opinions as he does his friends, and much on the same account. He has no comfort in fixed principles ; as soon as anything is settled in his own mind, he quarrels with it. He has no satisfaction but in the chase after truth, runs a question down, worries and kills it, then quits it like vermin, and starts some new game, to lead him a new dance, and give him a fresh breathing through bog and brake, with the rabble yelping at his heels, and the leaders perpetually at fault.

(From *Spirit of the Age*.)

### THE EXORDIUM OF A FAREWELL TO ESSAY- WRITING

FOOD, warmth, sleep, and a book ; these are all I at present ask—the *ultima Thule* of my wandering desires. Do you not then wish for

A friend in your retreat,  
Whom you may whisper, "Solitude is sweet?"

Expected, well enough : gone, still better. Such attractions are

strengthened by distance. Nor a mistress? "Beautiful mask! I know thee!" When I can judge of the heart from the face, of the thoughts from the lips, I may again trust myself. Instead of these give me the robin redbreast, pecking the crumbs at the door, or warbling on the leafless spray, the same glancing form that has followed me wherever I have been, and "done its spiriting gently"; or the rich notes of the thrush that startle the ear of winter, and seem to have drunk up the full draught of joy from the very sense of contrast. To these I adhere, and am faithful for they are true to me; and, dear in themselves, are dearer for the sake of what is departed, leading me back (by the hand) to that dreaming world, in the innocence of which they sat and made sweet music, waking the promise of future years, and answered by the eager throbbings of my own breast. But now "the credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er," and I turn back from the world that has deceived me, to nature that lent it a false beauty, and that keeps up the illusion of the past. As I quaff my libations of tea in a morning, I love to watch the clouds sailing from the west, and fancy that "the spring comes slowly up this way." In this hope, while "fields are dark and ways are mire," I follow the same direction to a neighbouring wood, where, having gained the dry, level greensward, I can see way for a mile before me, closed in on each side by copsewood, and ending in a point of light more or less brilliant, as the day is bright or cloudy. What a walk is this to me! I have no need of book or companion—the days, the hours, the thoughts of my youth are at my side, and blend with the air that fans my cheek. Here I can saunter for hours, bending my eye forward, stopping and turning to look back, thinking to strike off into some less trodden path, yet hesitating to quit the one I am in, afraid to snap the brittle threads of memory. I remark the shining trunks and slender branches of the birch trees, waving in the idle breeze; or a pheasant springs up on whirring wing; or I recall the spot where I once found a wood-pigeon at the foot of a tree weltering in its gore, and think how many seasons have flown since "it left its little life in air." Dates, names, faces come back—to what purpose? Or why think of them now? Or rather why not think of them oftener? We walk through life, as through a narrow path, with a thin curtain drawn around it; behind are ranged rich portraits, airy harps are strung—yet we will not stretch forth our hands and lift aside the veil, to catch the glimpses

of the one, or sweep the chords of the other. As in a theatre when the old-fashioned green curtain drew up, groups of figures, fantastic dresses, laughing faces, rich banquets, stately columns, gleaming vistas appeared beyond ; so we have only at any time to "peep through the blanket of the past," to possess ourselves at once of all that has regaled our senses, that is stored up in our memory, that has struck our fancy, that has pierced our hearts :—yet to all this we are indifferent, insensible, and seem intent only on the present vexation, the future disappointment.

(From *Sketches and Essays*; and *Winterslow*.)

## ENGLISH HUMOUR

NOW it appears to me that the English are (or were) just at that mean point between intelligence and obtuseness which must produce the most abundant and happiest crop of humour. Absurdity and singularity glide over the French mind without jarring or jostling with it ; or they evaporate in levity ; with the Italians they are lost in indolence or pleasure. The ludicrous takes hold of the English imagination, and clings to it with all its ramifications. We resent any difference or peculiarity of appearance at first, and yet, having not much malice at our hearts, we are glad to turn it into a jest—we are liable to be offended, and as willing to be pleased—struck with oddity from not knowing what to make of it, we wonder and burst out laughing at the eccentricity of others, while we follow our own bent from wilfulness or simplicity, and thus afford them, in our turn, matter for the indulgence of the comic vein. It is possible that a greater refinement of manners may give birth to finer distinctions of satire and a nicer tact for the ridiculous ; but our insular situation and character are, I should say, most likely to foster, as they have in fact fostered, the great quantity of natural and striking humour, in spite of our plodding tenaciousness, and want both of gaiety and quickness of perception. A set of raw recruits with their awkward movements and unbending joints are laughable enough ; but they cease to be so when they have once been drilled into discipline and uniformity. So it is with nations that lose their angular points and grotesque qualities with education and intercourse ; but it is in a mixed state of manners that comic humour chiefly flourishes, for, in

order that the drollery may not be lost, we must have spectators of the passing scene who are able to appreciate and embody its most remarkable features—wits as well as *butts* for ridicule. I shall mention two names in this department which may serve to redeem the national character from absolute dulness and solemn pretence—Fielding and Hogarth. These were thorough specimens of true English humour; yet both were grave men. In reality, too high a pitch of animal spirits runs away with the imagination, instead of helping it to reach the goal; is inclined to take the jest for granted when it ought to work it out with patient and marked touches, and it ends in vapid flippancy and impertinence. Among our neighbours on the Continent, Molière and Rabelais carried the freedom of wit and humour to an almost incredible height; but they rather belonged to the old French school, and even approach and exceed the English licence and extravagance of conception. I do not consider Congreve's wit (though he belongs to us) as coming under the article here spoken of; for his genius is anything but *merry*. Lord Byron was in the habit of railing at the spirit of our good old comedy, and of abusing Shakespeare's Clowns and Fools, which he said the refinement of the French and Italian stage would not endure, and which only our grossness and puerile taste could tolerate. In this I agree with him; and it is *pat* to my purpose. I flatter myself that we are almost the only people who understand and relish *nonsense*. We are not "merry and wise," but indulge our mirth to excess and folly. When we trifle, we trifle in good earnest; and having once relaxed our hold of the helm, drift idly down the stream, and, delighted with the change, are tossed about "by every little breath" of whim or caprice,

That under heaven is blown.

All we then want is to proclaim a truce with reason, and to be pleased with as little expense of thought or pretension to wisdom as possible. This licensed fooling is carried to its very utmost length in Shakespeare, and in some other of our elder dramatists, without perhaps sufficient warrant or the same excuse. Nothing can justify this extreme relaxation but extreme tension. Shakespeare's trifling does indeed tread upon the very borders of vacancy; his meaning often hangs by the very slenderest threads. For this he might be blamed if it did not take away our breath to follow his eagle flights, or if he did not at other times make the cordage

of our hearts crack. After our heads ache with thinking, it is fair to play the fool. The clowns were as proper an appendage to the gravity of our antique literature as fools and dwarfs were to the stately dignity of courts and noble houses in former days. Of all people, they have the best right to claim a total exemption from rules and rigid formality, who, when they have anything of importance to do, set about it with the greatest earnestness and perseverance, and are generally grave and sober to a proverb. Swift, who wrote more idle or *nonsense* verses than any man, was the severest of moralists; and his feelings and observations morbidly acute.

(From the Same.)

### COLERIDGE

It remains that I should say a few words of Mr. Coleridge, and there is no one who has a better right to say what he thinks of him than I have. "Is there here any dear friend of Cæsar? To him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his." But no matter. His *Ancient Mariner* is his most remarkable performance, and the only one that I could point out to any one as giving an adequate idea of his great natural powers. It is high German, however, and in it he seems to "conceive of poetry but as a drunken dream, reckless, careless, and heedless of past, present, and to come." His tragedies (for he has written two) are not answerable to it; they are, except a few poetical passages, drawling sentiment and metaphysical jargon. He has no genuine dramatic talent. There is one fine passage in his *Christabel*, that which contains the description of the quarrel between Sir Leoline and Sir Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine, who had been friends in youth—

Alas! they had been friends in youth,  
But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain:  
And thus it chanc'd, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline.

Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother,  
And parted ne'er to meet again!



But neither ever found another  
 To free the hollow heart from paining—  
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
 A dreary sea now floats between,  
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
 Shall wholly do away I ween  
 The marks of that which once hath been.  
 Sir Leoline a moment's space  
 Stood gazing on the damsel's face ;  
 And the youthful lord of Tryermaine  
 Came back upon his heart again.

It might seem insidious if I were to praise his ode entitled "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," as an effusion of high poetical enthusiasm and strong political feeling. His "Sonnet to Schiller" conveys a fine compliment to the author of the *Robbers*, and an equally fine idea of the state of youthful enthusiasm in which he composed it—

Schiller ! that hour I would have wish'd to die,  
 If through the shudd'ring midnight I had sent  
 From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent,  
 That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry—

That in no after moment aught less vast  
 Might stamp me mortal ! A triumphant shout  
 Black horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout  
 From the more with'ring scene diminish'd pass'd.

Ah ! Bard tremendous in sublimity !  
 Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,  
 Wand'ring at eve, with finely frenzied eye,  
 Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood !  
 Awhile, with mute awe gazing, I would brood,  
 Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy !

His "*Conciones ad Populum*," "Watchman," etc. are dreary trash. Of his "Friend" I have spoken the truth elsewhere. But I may say of him here, that he is the only person I ever knew who answered to the idea of a man of genius. He is the only person from whom I ever learnt anything. There is only one thing he could learn from me in return, but *that* he has not. He was the first poet I ever knew. His genius at that time [1798] had angelic wings, and fed on manna. He talked on for ever. His thoughts did not seem to come with labour and effort, but as if borne on the gusts of genius, and as if the wings of his imagination lifted him from off his feet. His voice rolled on the

ear like the pealing organ, and its sound alone was the music of thought. His mind was clothed with wings ; and, raised on them, he lifted philosophy to heaven. In his descriptions, you then saw the progress of human happiness and liberty in bright and never-ending succession, like the steps of Jacob's Ladder, with airy shapes ascending and descending, and with the voice of God at the top of the ladder. And shall I, who heard him then, listen to him now? Not I! . . . That spell is broken ; that time is gone for ever ; that voice is heard no more ; but still the recollection comes rushing by with thoughts of long-past years, and rings in my ears with never-dying sound.

(From *English Poets.*)

## JOHN GALT

[John Galt was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, in 1779. He abandoned a post in the Custom House to embark upon a literary career in London, but was soon obliged by ill health to travel in the south of Europe and the Levant, where he came into contact with Byron and his friends. In 1826 he received an appointment in Canada, where in a short time he lost all his money, and whence he was obliged to return home. In the course of this unsettled and extremely chequered life, he produced a great mass of literary work of various degrees of merit; nor did his industry slacken until he died—a broken-down and disappointed man—in 1839.]

GALT was possessed from youth of that turn for literature which is not hastily to be accounted spurious or unworthy because, unhappily, its earliest and most obvious manifestation is an invincible repugnance to professional or mercantile pursuits. How genuine and how strong this predisposition to letters was in his case needs no laboured demonstration. His youthful performances, indeed, are the merest trifling, while those of his last years are best veiled in a kindly oblivion. But three or four masterpieces of his middle life proclaim their author's genius as distinctly as they indicate the narrow compass within which it was confined. No writer was ever less versatile than Galt. Nothing could be more tedious than his pictures of polite society; while the very hair's breadth by which the *Omen* falls short of success, supplies the best possible proof of the limitations of his art. He touched many themes; he adorned only one. In that particular department, however,—the life and manners of the Scottish lower and lower-middle classes,—Galt must be allowed to have achieved an artistic triumph. He had a fund of observation; he was intimately conversant with the daily existence and the modes of thought and speech of the people he portrayed; and he was endowed with an insight into and a comprehension of the national character in certain ranks of life which Sir Walter Scott has not surpassed. To these high qualifications he added a literary gift which enabled

him to select, to arrange, and to elicit the type from the individual with unerring instinct. The *Ayrshire Legatees*, the *Steamboat*, and the *Entail* contain a hundred happy touches ; they are inferior to the *Annals of the Parish*, a work distinguished no less by admirable judgment and self-restraint than by an absolute fidelity to nature ; and the *Annals* in turn must yield to the *Provost*, in which the progress of a "merchant" in a Scottish provincial town to the highest municipal office, and his conduct therein, are described with a grasp of character and a dry, though essentially sympathetic, humour, which can scarce be over-estimated. Let it be reckoned also to Galt's credit that he entirely eschewed that cheap and gushing pathos which is peculiarly apt to intrude in tales drawn from humble Scottish life.

Much of his dialogue is necessarily couched in the broad Scottish vernacular, which he employs with great vigour, purity, and freedom ; while the scheme of many of his stories renders it no less imperative that the narrative portion should be strongly tintured with the Scottish idiom. The result is a style so appropriate to the matter, and so racy as to be, upon the whole, eminently pleasing, if at times somewhat quaint and homely. When he attempted to write striking and elaborate English he generally failed ; but so much trouble has evidently been spent upon making the vocabulary of the *Omen* choice and its style impressive, and so nearly, as has been indicated, is the author rewarded by the attainment of his end, that an extract from that work is here appended.

J. H. MILLAR.

## · SUPERNATURAL WARNING

WHY are we so averse to confess to one another how much we in secret acknowledge to ourselves, that we believe the mind to be endowed with other faculties of perception than those of the corporeal senses? We deride with worldly laughter the fine enthusiasm of the conscious spirit that gives heed and credence to the metaphorical intimations of prophetic reverie, and we condemn as superstition, the faith which consults the omens and oracles of dreams; and yet, who is it that has not in the inscrutable abysses of his own bosom an awful worshipper, bowing the head and covering the countenance, as the dark harbingers of destiny, like the mute and slow precursors of the hearse, marshal the advent of a coming woe?

It may be that the soul never sleeps, and what we call dreams are but the endeavours which it makes, during the trance of the senses, to reason by the ideas of things associated with the forms and qualities of those whereof it then thinks. Are not indeed the visions of our impressive dreams often but the metaphors with which the eloquence of the poet would invest the cares and anxieties of our waking circumstances and rational fears? But still the spirit sometimes receives marvellous warnings; and have we not experienced an unaccountable persuasion, that something of good or of evil follows the visits of certain persons, who, when the thing comes to pass, are found to have had neither affinity with the circumstances, nor influence on the event? The hand of the horologe indexes the movements of the planetary universe; but where is the reciprocal enginery between them?

These reflections, into which I am perhaps too prone to fall, partake somewhat of distemperature and disease; but they are not therefore the less deserving of solemn consideration. The hectic flush, the palsied hand, and the frenzy of delirium, are as valid and efficacious in nature, to the fulfilment of providential

intents, as the glow of health, the masculine arm, and the sober inductions of philosophy. Nor is it wise, in considering the state and frame of man, to overlook how much the universal element of disease affects the evolutions of fortune. Madness often babbles truths which make wisdom wonder.

I have fallen into these thoughts by the remembrance of the emotions with which I was affected during the journey with Mrs. Ormond. During that journey, I first experienced the foretaste of misfortune, and heard, as it were afar off, the groaning wheels of an unknown retribution coming heavily towards me.

(From *The Omen*.)

## A KITHING

I COULD plainly discern that the prudent conduct which I had adopted towards the public was gradually growing into effect. Disputative neighbours made me their referee, and I became, as it were, an oracle that was better than the law, in so much that I settled their controversies without the expense that attends the same. But what convinced me more than any other thing that the line I pursued was verging towards a satisfactory result, was, that the elderly folk that came into the shop to talk over the news of the day, and to rehearse the diverse uncocs, both of a national and a domestic nature, used to call me "bailie," and "my lord"; the which jocular derision was as a symptom and foretaste within their spirits of what I was ordained to be. Thus was I encouraged, by little and little, together with a sharp remarking of the inclination and bent of men's minds, to entertain the hope and assurance of rising to the top of all the town, as this book maketh manifest, and the incidents thereof will certificate.

Nothing particular, however, came to pass, till my wife lay in of her second bairn, our daughter Sarah; at the christening of whom, among divers friends and relations, forbye the minister, we had my father's cousin, Mr. Alexander Clues, that was then deacon convener, and a man of great potency in his way, and possessed of an influence in the town council of which he was well worthy, being a person of good discernment, and well versed in matters appertaining to the guildry. Mr. Clues, as we were mellowing over the toddy bowl, said, that by and by the council would be

looking to me to fill up the first gap that might happen therein ; and Dr. Swapkirk, the then minister, who had officiated on the occasion, observed, that it was a thing that, in the course of nature, could not miss to be, for I had all the douce demeanour and sagacity which it behoved a magistrate to possess. But I cannily replied, though I was right contented to hear this, that I had no time for governing, and it would be more for the advantage of the commonwealth to look for the counselling of an older head than mine, happen when a vacancy might in the town council.

In this conjuncture of our discoursing, Mrs. Pawkie, my wife, who was sitting by the fireside in her easy chair, with a cod at her head, for she had what was called "a sore time o't," said :—

"Na, na, gudeman, ye need na be sae mim ; everybody kens, and I ken too, that ye're ettling at the magistracy. It's as plain as a pikestaff, gudeman, and I'll no let you rest if ye dinna mak me a bailie's wife or a' be done."

I was not ill pleased to hear Mrs. Pawkie so spiritfule ; but I replied, "Dinna try to stretch your arm, gudewife, further than your sleeve will let you ; we maun ca' canny mony a day yet before we think of dignities."

The which speech, in a way of implication, made Deacon Clues to understand that I would not absolutely refuse an honour thrust upon me, while it maintained an outward show of humility and moderation.

There was, however, a gleg old carlin among the gossips then present, one Mrs. Sprowl, the widow of a deceased magistrate, and she cried out aloud—

"Deacon Clues, Deacon Clues, I redd you no to believe a word that Mr. Pawkie's saying, for that was the very way my friend that's no more laid himself out to be fleeced to tak what he was greenan for ; so get him intill the council when ye can : we a' ken he'll be a credit to the place," and "so here's to the health of Bailie Pawkie, that is to be," cried Mrs. Sprowl. All present pledged her in the toast, by which we had a wonderful share of diversion. Nothing, however, immediately rose out of this, but it set men's minds a-barming and working ; so that, before there was any vacancy in the council, I was considered in a manner as the natural successor to the first of the councillors that might happen to depart this life.

(From *The Provost*.)

## THE VISIT OF CONDOLENCE

THE Reverend Mr. Kilfuddy was a little, short, erect, sharp-looking, brisk-tempered personage, with a red nose, a white powdered wig, and a large cocked hat. His lady was an ample, demure, and solemn matron, who, in all her gestures, showed the most perfect consciousness of enjoying the supreme dignity of a minister's wife in a country parish.

According to the Scottish etiquette of that period, she was dressed for the occasion in mourning; but the day being bleak and cold, she had assumed her winter mantle of green satin, lined with gray rabbit skin, and her hands, ceremoniously protruded through the loopholes formed for that purpose, reposed in full consequentiality within the embraces of each other, in a large black satin muff of her own making, adorned with a bunch of flowers in needlework, which she had embroidered some thirty years before as the last and most perfect specimen of all her accomplishments. But although they were not so like the blooming progeny of Flora as a Linwood might, perhaps, have worked, they possessed a very competent degree of resemblance to the flowers they were intended to represent, insomuch that there was really no great risk of mistaking the roses for lilies. And here we cannot refrain from ingeniously suspecting that the limner who designed those celebrated emblematic pictures of the months which adorned the drawing-room of the Craighlands, and on which the far-famed Miss Mizy Cunningham set so great a value, must have had the image of Mrs. Kilfuddy in his mind's eye when he delineated the matronly representative of November.

The minister, after inquiring with a proper degree of sympathetic pathos into the state of the mourner's health, piously observed that "nothing is so uncertain as the things of time." "This dispensation," said he, "which has been vouchsafed, Mrs. Walkinshaw, to you and yours is an earnest of what we have all to look for in this world. But we should not be overly cast down by the like o't, but lippen to eternity; for the sorrows of perishable human nature are erles given to us of joys hereafter. I trust, therefore, and hope, that you will soon recover this sore shock, and in the cares of your young family find a pleasant pastime for the loss of your worthy father, who I am blithe to hear, has died



in better circumstances than could be expected, considering the trouble he has had wi' his lawing, leaving, as they say, the estate clear of debt and a heavy soom of lying siller."

"My father, Mr. Kilfuddy," replied the lady, "was, as you well know, a most worthy character; and I'll no say hasna left a nest-egg, the Lord be thankit; and we maun compose oursel's to thole wi' what He has been pleased, in His gracious ordinances, to send upon us for the advantage of our poor sinful souls. But the burial has cost the gudeman a power o' money; for my father being the head o' a family, we hae been obligated to put a' the servants, baith here, at the Grippy, and at the Plealands in full deep mourning, and to hing the front o' the laft in the kirk, as ye'll see next Sabbath, with very handsome black cloth, the whilk cost twenty pence the ell, first cost, out o' the gudeman's ain shop. But, considering wha my father was, we could do no less in a' decency."

"And I see," interfered the minister's wife, "that ye hae gotten a bombazeen o' the first quality. Nae doubt ye had it likewise frae Mr. Walkinshaw's own shop, which is a great thing, Mrs. Walkinshaw, for you to get."

"Na mem," replied the mourner, "ye dinna know what a misfortune I hae met wi'. I was, as ye ken, at the Plealands when my father took his departal to a better world, and sent for my mournings frae Glasgow, and frae the gudeman, as ye would naturally expeck, and I had Mally Trimmings in the house ready to mak them when the box would come; but it happened to be a day o' deluge, so that my whole commodity, on Baldy Slowgaun's cart, was drookit through and through, and baith the crape and bombazeen were rendered as soople as pudding-skins. It was, indeed, a sight past expression, and obligated me to send an express to Kilmarnock for the things I hae on, the outlay of whilk was a clean total loss, besides being at the dear rate. But Mr. Kilfuddy, everything in this howling wilderness is ordered for the best; and if the gudeman has been needcessitated to pay for twa sets o' mournings, yet, when he gets what he'll get frae my father's gear, he ought to be very well content that it's nae waur."

"What ye say, Mrs. Walkinshaw," replied the minister, "is very judicious; for it was spoken at the funeral that your father, Plealands, couldna hae left muckle less than three thousand pounds of lying money."

"No, Mr. Kilfuddy, it's no just so muckle; but I'll no say it's o' no waur than twa thousand."

"A braw soom, a braw soom!" said the spiritual comforter;—but what further of the customary spirituality of this occasion might have ensued is matter of speculative opinion; for at this juncture Watty, the heir to the deceased, came rumbling into the room, crying—

"Mither, mither! Meg Draiks winna gie me a bit of auld daddy's burial bread, though ye brought over three farls wi' the sweeties on't, and twa whangs as big as peats o' the fine sugar seedcake."

The composity of the minister and his wife were greatly tried, as Mrs. Kilfuddy herself often afterwards said, by this "outrapolous intrusion"; but quiet was soon restored by Mrs. Walkinshaw ordering in the bread and wine, of which Walter was allowed to partake. The visitors then looked significantly at each other; and Mrs. Kilfuddy, replacing her hands in her satin muff, which during the refectionary treat from the funeral relics, had been laid on her knees, rose and said—

"Noo, I hope, Mrs. Walkinshaw, when ye come to see the leddy, your mither, at the Plealands, that ye'll no neglect to gie us a ca' at the manse, and ye'll be sure to bring the young laird wi' you, for he's a fine spirity bairn—everybody maun alloo that."

"He's as he came frae the hand o' his Maker," replied Mrs. Walkinshaw, looking piously towards the minister; and it's a great consolation to me to think he's so weel provided for by my father."

"Then it's true," said Mr. Kilfuddy, "that he gets a' the Plealands property?"

"Deed is't, sir, and a braw patrimony I trow it will be by the time he arrives at the years o' discretion."

"That's a lang look," rejoined the minister a little slyly, for Walter's defect of capacity was more obvious than his mother imagined. But she did not perceive the point of Mr. Kilfuddy's sarcasm, her attention at the moment being drawn to the entrance of her husband, evidently troubled in thought, and still holding the papers in his hand as he took them away from Mr. Omit's desk.

(From *The Entail*.)

## HENRY HALLAM

[Henry Hallam, born in 1777, was the son of John Hallam, Dean of Bristol and Canon of Windsor. He was an eager student at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, of which society he was afterwards a Bencher. Soon after the completion of his legal education, however, Hallam entered upon a career of letters by contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, and made many friends among the prominent Whigs of the time. Some independent means and a Government post—Commissionership of Stamps—enabled him to devote a long life to study and comparatively unremunerative authorship. *The View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages* was published in 1818, and nine years later appeared *The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.*, a book which still holds its place as the best political history of the period. *The Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries* was completed in 1839. (The later reprints contain a short memoir by Dean Milman.) Hallam's life was sadly overclouded at the close. In 1834 he lost his son, Arthur Henry Hallam, Tennyson's College friend; in 1840 his wife (a Miss Elton of Clevedon, Somersetshire); then a daughter, and another son in 1850. He himself died in January 1859.]

THE truth about Hallam seems to have been that books were more to him than men, and literature than life. The pulse of human feeling beats faintly in his writings, through which the reader moves as in a shadowy intellectual world inhabited by the departed actors of a real, indeed, but unresuscitated past. We feel that this is the land of shades, and the ghost of history, which needs to be clothed upon with flesh and blood. Hallam's works are a capital demonstration of the thesis that imagination is indispensable to the writing of history, whether social or political. It was the intellectual framework of things that interested him: action, passion, the busy world of moving humanity, for these he had no eye, or no reconstructive talent. The warmth, colour, and animation of the brisk humorous drama

of life are not suggested on his canvas, and it would be difficult, perhaps, to recall a single scene or single character of which he speaks in words that betray a keen personal pleasure, sympathy, or aversion. With one he deals as with another, much as the geometrician deals with his cubes and squares. Impartial, let it be freely granted, the historian must be, but there are occasions upon which, as the representative of universal human feeling, it is possible, nay, fitting, that he speak his mind, and with the unmistakable emphasis of emotion. Hallam never loses his measured accent, never frees his soul in a passionate outburst, and the note of inspired conviction that rings in poetry, that rings at times also in great history, is missing. The unwearying self-suppression of the writer becomes a source of weariness to the reader. Yet, it must be said, the rigidity of his method, the colourlessness of his style, are in great measure justified by his choice of subjects, and may even be counted to him for virtues. Calm, strictly judicial in temper, accurately and widely learned, dignified, almost stately, and that despite occasional harshness in his diction, Hallam pronounces judgments in perhaps the most convincing tones of any English author.

Though a Whig, his range of political speculation was narrow, nor beyond his words do we discern the open heavens and their free horizons of thought; but as an exponent of political principles he never forfeits our respect, and if he cannot inspire, may be trusted not to mislead us.

Probably the *Constitutional History* is Hallam's greatest work; yet in the *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, we may occasionally enjoy a singular and refreshing spectacle—gleams of real enthusiasm struck by the steel of poetic genius from the flint of the critic's coldly impartial mind.

Writing, as he did, before it was thought necessary to combine entertainment with instruction, Hallam addressed himself exclusively to the student, and the student comes in time to entertain an affection for an author who is always sanely master of himself and of his subject. Among the critics of to-day are some light-armed skirmishers who may win and keep the public favour for an hour; but when one has learned how infinitely, inexpressibly easier it is to be clever than to be wise, one is more than compensated for the absence of superficial brilliance of conceit or phrase by sureness of step, reasonableness of estimate, and grave

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simplicity of style. Far indeed from being a born master of language, far below the great in almost all the distinctive qualities of greatness, he has fairly earned a place among enduring names ; he is, and will remain, our judicious Hallam.

W. MACNEILE DIXON.

## FEUDAL NOBILITY

THERE has been some dispute about the origin of the nobility in France, which might perhaps be settled, or at least better understood, by fixing our conception of the term. In our modern acceptation it is usually taken to imply certain distinctive privileges in the political order, inherent in the blood of the possessor, and consequently not transferable like those which property confers. Limited to this sense, nobility I conceive, was unknown to the conquerors of Gaul till long after the downfall of the Roman empire. They felt, no doubt, the common prejudice of mankind in favour of those whose ancestry is conspicuous, when compared with persons of obscure birth. This is the primary meaning of nobility, and perfectly distinguishable from the possession of exclusive civil rights. Those who are acquainted with the constitution of the Roman republic will recollect an instance of the difference between these two species of hereditary distinction, in the *patricii* and the *nobiles*. Though I do not think that the tribes of German origin paid so much regard to genealogy as some Scandinavian and Celtic nations—else the beginnings of the greatest houses would not have been so enveloped in doubt as we find them—there are abundant traces of the respect in which families of known antiquity were held among them.

But the essential distinction of ranks in France, perhaps also in Spain and Lombardy, was founded upon the possession of land, or upon civil employment. The aristocracy of wealth preceded that of birth, which indeed is still chiefly dependent upon the other for its importance. A Frank of large estate was styled a noble; if he wasted or was despoiled of his wealth, his descendants fell into the mass of the people, and the new possessor became noble in his stead. Families were noble by descent, because they were rich by the same means. Wealth gave them power, and power gave them pre-eminence. But no distinction was made by the

Salic or Lombard codes in the composition for homicide, the great test of political station, except in favour of the King's vassals. It seems, however, by some of the barbaric codes, those namely of the Burgundians, Visigoths, Saxons, and the English colony of the latter nation, that the free men were ranged by them into two or three classes, and a difference made in the price at which their lives were valued: so that there certainly existed the elements of aristocratic privileges, if we cannot in strictness admit their completion at so early a period. The Antrustions of the kings of the Franks were also noble, and a composition was paid for their murder treble of that for an ordinary citizen; but this was a personal, not an hereditary distinction. A link was wanting to connect their eminent privileges with their posterity; and this link was to be supplied by hereditary benefices.

It has been laid down already as most probable that no proper aristocracy, except that of wealth, was known under the early kings of France; and it was hinted that hereditary benefices, or, in other words, fiefs, might supply the link that was wanting between personal privileges and those of descent. The possessors of beneficiary estates were usually the richest and most conspicuous individuals in the estate. They were immediately connected with the crown, and partakers in the exercise of justice and royal counsels. Their sons now came to inherit this eminence; and as fiefs were either inalienable, or at least not very frequently alienated, rich families were kept long in sight; and whether engaged in public affairs, or living with magnificence and hospitality at home, naturally drew to themselves popular estimation. The dukes and counts who had changed their quality of governors into that of lords over the provinces intrusted to them, were at the head of this noble class. And in imitation of them, their own vassals, as well as those of the crown, and even rich alodialists, assumed titles from their towns or castles, and thus arose a number of petty counts, barons, and viscounts. This distinct class of nobility became co-extensive with the feudal tenures. For the military tenant, however poor, was subject to no tribute: no prestation, but service in the field; he was the companion of his lord in the sports and feasting of his castle, the peer of his court; he fought on horseback, he was clad in the coat of mail, while the commonalty, if summoned at all to war, came on foot, and with no armour of defence. As everything in

the habits of society conspired with that prejudice which, in spite of moral philosophers, will constantly raise the profession of arms above all others, it was a natural consequence that a new species of aristocracy, founded upon the mixed considerations of birth, tenure, and occupation, sprung out of the feudal system. Every possessor of a fief was a gentleman, though he owned but a few acres of land, and furnished his slender contribution towards the equipment of a knight. In the *Libri Feudorum*, indeed, those who were three degrees removed from the emperor in order of tenancy are considered as ignoble ; but this is restrained to modern investitures ; and in France, where sub-infeudation was carried the farthest, no such distinction has met my observation.

There still, however, wanted something to ascertain gentility of blood where it was not marked by the actual tenure of land. This was supplied by two innovations devised in the eleventh and twelfth centuries—the adoption of surnames and of armorial bearings. The first are commonly referred to the former age, when the nobility began to add the names of their estates to their own, or, having any way acquired a distinctive appellation transmitted it to their posterity. As to armorial bearings, there is no doubt that emblems somewhat similar have been immemorably used both in war and peace. The shields of ancient warriors, and devices upon coins or seals, bear no distant resemblance to modern blazonry. But the general introduction of such bearings, as hereditary distinctions, has been sometimes attributed to tournaments, wherein the champions were distinguished by fanciful devices ; sometimes to the crusades, where a multitude of all nations and languages stood in need of some visible token to denote the banners of their respective chiefs. In fact, the peculiar symbols of heraldry point to both these sources, and have been borrowed in part from each. Hereditary arms were perhaps scarcely used by private families before the beginning of the thirteenth century. From that time, however, they became very general, and have contributed to elucidate that branch of history which regards the descent of illustrious families.

(From *Middle Ages*.)



## MOHAMMEDANISM

OF all the revolutions which have had a permanent influence upon the civil history of mankind, none could so little be anticipated by human prudence as that effected by the religion of Arabia. As the seeds of invisible disease grow up sometimes in silence to maturity, till they manifest themselves hopeless and irresistible, the gradual propagation of a new faith in a barbarous country beyond the limits of the empire was hardly known, perhaps, and certainly disregarded, in the Court of Constantinople. Arabia, in the age of Mohammed, was divided into many small states, most of which, however, seem to have looked up to Mecca as the capital of their nation and the chief seat of their religious worship. The capture of that city, accordingly, and subjugation of its powerful and numerous aristocracy, readily drew after it the submission of the minor tribes, who transferred to the conqueror the reverence they were used to show to those he had subdued. If we consider Mohammed only as a military usurper, there is nothing more explicable or more analogous, especially to the course of oriental history, than his success. But as the author of a religious imposture, upon which, though avowedly unattested by miraculous powers, and though originally discountenanced by the civil magistrate, he had the boldness to found a scheme of universal dominion, which his followers were half enabled to realise, it is a curious speculation by what means he could inspire so sincere, so ardent, so energetic, and so permanent a belief.

A full explanation of the causes which contributed to the progress of Mohammedism is not, perhaps, at present, attainable by those most conversant with this department of literature. But we may point out several of leading importance: in the first place, those just and elevated notions of the divine nature and of moral duties, the gold ore that pervades the dross of the Koran, which were calculated to strike a serious and reflecting people, already, perhaps, disinclined by intermixture with their Jewish and Christian fellow-citizens, to the superstitions of their ancient idolatry; next, the artful incorporation of tenets, usages, and traditions from the various religions that existed in Arabia; and thirdly, the extensive application of the precepts in the Koran, a book confessedly written with much elegance and purity, to all

legal transactions and all the business of life. It may be expected that I should add to these what is commonly considered as a distinguishing mark of Mohammedism, its indulgence to voluptuousness. But this appears to be greatly exaggerated. Although the character of its founder may have been tainted by sensuality as well as ferociousness, I do not think that he relied upon inducements of the former kind for the diffusion of his system. We are not to judge of this by rules of Christian purity, or of European practice. If polygamy was a prevailing usage in Arabia, as it is not questioned, its permission gave no additional licence to the proselytes of Mohammed, who will be found rather to have narrowed the unbounded liberty of oriental manners in this respect; while his decided condemnation of adultery and of incestuous connections, so frequent among barbarous nations, does not argue a very lax and accommodating morality. A devout Mussulman exhibits much more of the Stoical than the Epicurean character. Nor can anyone read the Koran without being sensible that it breathes an austere and scrupulous spirit. And, in fact, the founder of a new religion or sect is little likely to obtain permanent success by indulging the vices and luxuries of mankind. I should rather be disposed to reckon the severity of Mohammed's discipline among the causes of its influence. Precepts of ritual observance, being always definite, and unequivocal, are less likely to be neglected, after their obligation has been acknowledged, than those of moral virtue. Thus the long fasting, the pilgrimages, the regular prayers and ablutions, the constant alms-giving, the abstinence from stimulating liquors, enjoined by the Koran, created a visible standard of practice among its followers, and preserved a continual recollection of their law.

But the prevalence of Islâm in the lifetime of its prophet, and during the first ages of its existence, was chiefly owing to the spirit of martial energy that he infused into it. The religion of Mohammed is as essentially a military system as the institution of chivalry in the west of Europe. The people of Arabia, a race of strong passions and sanguinary temper, inured to habits of pillage and murder, found in the law of their native prophet, not a licence, but a command to desolate the world, and the promise of all that their glowing imagination could anticipate of Paradise annexed to all in which they most delighted upon earth. It is difficult for us in the calmness of our closets to conceive that

feverish intensity of excitement to which man may be wrought, when the animal and intellectual energies of his nature converge to a point, and the buoyancy of strength and courage reciprocates the influence of moral sentiment or religious hope. The effect of this union I have formerly remarked in the Crusades; a phenomenon perfectly analogous to the early history of the Saracens. In each, one hardly knows whether most to admire the prodigious exertions of heroism, or to revolt from the ferocious bigotry that attended them. But the Crusades were a temporary effort, not thoroughly congenial to the spirit of Christendom, which, even in the darkest and most superstitious ages, was not susceptible of the solitary and overruling fanaticism of the Moslem. They needed no excitement from pontiffs and preachers to achieve the work to which they were called; the precept was in their law, the principle was in their hearts, the assurance of success was in their swords.

(From the Same.)

## SPENSER AND ARIOSTO

SPENSER is naturally compared with Ariosto. "Fierce wars and faithful loves did moralise the song" of both poets. But in the constitution of their minds, in the character of their poetry, they were almost the reverse of each other. The Italian is gay, rapid, ardent; his pictures shift like the hues of heaven; even while diffuse, he seems to leave in an instant what he touches, and is prolix by the number, not the duration of his images. Spenser is habitually serious; his slow stanza seems to suit the temper of his genius; he loves to dwell on the sweetness and beauty which his fancy portrays. The ideal of chivalry, rather derived from its didactic theory, than from the precedents of romance, is always before him; his morality is pure and even stern, with nothing of the libertine tone of Ariosto. He worked with far worse tools than the bard of Ferrara, with a language not quite formed, and into which he rather injudiciously poured an unnecessary archaism, while the style of his contemporaries was undergoing a rapid change in the opposite direction. His stanza of nine lines is particularly inconvenient and languid in narration, where the Italian octave is sprightly and vigorous; though even this becomes ultimately monotonous by its regularity, a fault

from which only the ancient hexameter and our blank verse are exempt.

Spenser may be justly said to excel Ariosto in originality of invention, in force and variety of character, in strength and vividness of conception, in depth of reflection, in fertility of imagination, and above all, in that exclusively poetical 'cast of feeling which discerns in everything what common minds do not perceive. In the construction and arrangement of their fable neither deserves much praise; but the siege of Paris gives the *Orlando Furioso*, spite of its perpetual shiftings of the scene, rather more unity in the reader's apprehension than belongs to the *Faerie Queene*. Spenser is, no doubt, decidedly inferior in ease and liveliness of narration, as well as clearness and felicity of language. But upon thus comparing the two poets, we have little reason to blush for our countryman. Yet the fame of Ariosto is spread through Europe, while Spenser is almost unknown out of England; and even in this age, when much of our literature is so widely diffused, I have not observed proofs of much acquaintance with him on the Continent.

The language of Spenser, like that of Shakespeare, is an instrument manufactured for the sake of the work it was to perform. No other poet had written like either, though both have had their imitators. It is rather apparently obsolete by his partiality to certain disused forms, such as the y before the participle, than from any close resemblance to the diction of Chaucer or Lydgate. The enfeebling expletives do and did, though certainly very common in our early writers, had never been employed with such an unfortunate predilection as by Spenser. Their everlasting recurrence is among the great blemishes of his style. His versification is in many passages beautifully harmonious; but he has frequently permitted himself, whether for the sake of variety or from some other cause, to baulk the ear in the conclusion of a stanza.

(From *Literature of Europe*.)

## THE GREATEST OF SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES

If originality of invention did not so much stamp almost every play of Shakespeare that to name one as the most original seems

a disparagement to others, we might say, that this great prerogative of genius was exercised above all in Lear. It diverges more from the model of regular tragedy than Macbeth or Othello, and even more than Hamlet; but the fable is better constructed than in the last of these, and it displays full as much of the almost superhuman inspiration of the poet as the other two. Lear himself is, perhaps, the most wonderful of dramatic conceptions, ideal to satisfy the most romantic imagination, yet idealised from the reality of nature. Shakespeare, in preparing us for the most intense sympathy with this old man, first abases him to the ground; it is not Œdipus, against whose respected age the gods themselves have conspired; it is not Orestes, noble-minded and affectionate, whose crime has been virtue; it is a headstrong, feeble, and selfish being, whom, in the first act of the tragedy, nothing seems capable of redeeming in our eyes; nothing but what follows, intense woe, unnatural wrong. Then comes on that splendid madness, not absurdly sudden, as in some tragedies, but in which the strings that keep his reasoning power together give way one after the other in the frenzy of rage and grief. Then it is that we find what in life may sometimes be seen, the intellectual energies grow stronger in calamity, and especially under wrong. An awful eloquence belongs to unmerited suffering. Thoughts burst out, more profound than Lear in his prosperous hour could ever have conceived; inconsequent, for such is the condition of madness, but in themselves fragments of coherent truth, the reason of an unreasonable mind.

(From the Same.)



## LANDOR

[Walter Savage Landor, the son of a Warwick physician, was born in 1775. At Rugby, where he was partly educated, the ungovernable temper that brought so much misery into his life displayed itself from the first, and at the headmaster's request he was removed. A private tutor prepared him for the University, and at eighteen he entered Trinity College, Oxford, but was rusticated in 1794. The rustication led to a quarrel with his father, and he left home for London, where during a short residence he published his first volume of *Poems* (1795). After a reconciliation with his father Landor retired on an allowance to South Wales, where he wrote *Gebir*, published in 1798. On his father's death in 1805 he settled in Bath, and in 1808 went on an expedition to Spain to assist in driving out the French armies of occupation. After his return he purchased the estate of Llanthony in Wales, and in 1811 married a Miss Thuiller. In the same year he published *Count Julian*. In 1814 came the first of a series of quarrels with his wife, and Landor crossed to France alone. A reconciliation was brought about in the following year, and until 1835 the Landors lived in Italy, where their eldest son was born in 1817. During these years spent at Como, Pisa, Florence, and Fiesole were written the *Imaginary Conversations* (vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5), and in 1834 the *Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare*. A second serious quarrel with his wife took place in 1835, and Landor returned to England. *Pericles and Aspasia* was published in 1836, and the *Pentameron* in 1837. From 1838 until 1857 he resided at Bath, and published a new series of the *Imaginary Conversations* in 1846; *the Hellenics* and a collection of Latin poems (*Pemata et Inscriptiones*) in 1847. In 1853 appeared *Imaginary Conversations of Greeks and Romans* and the *Last Fruit off an Old Tree*. Landor's conduct at Bath involved him in grave difficulties arising out of quarrels and scandals, which culminated in a law-suit on the publication of *Dry Sticks fagoted by W. S. Landor*. While the suit was pending he left England for the last time, and judgment, with a thousand pounds' costs, was given against him in his absence. Finding life with his family at his Villa Gherardesca in Fiesole impossible, on the advice of Robert Browning and other friends, he took rooms for himself in Florence, where in 1863 he published *Heroic Idyls*, his last work. Landor died at Florence in 1864.]

LANDOR is the great solitary of English literature. So strangely were the elements mixed in him, that, with many of the qualities that endear men to their fellows, to keep on terms with society

was too severe a tax upon his temper. Nor are the friends of the author much more numerous than were those of the man. He was content to keep his way apart in life, and content too that the path he trod as a writer should be little travelled. "I shall dine late," he said, "but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." They are few and select, and Landor, who was not a man of his time, will never be the people's man. At an epoch, when the cold fires of the classic ritual of eighteenth-century literature began to pale before the passion and colour and mystery of the mediæval revival, with singular indifference to contemporary fashion he began to speak English with a purer classic accent than had yet been heard in the modern world. And the modern world, with its complex interests, its haste and excitement and widening horizons, could not stay to appreciate the unemphasised attraction of themes of mere abstract intellectual moment, however finely articulated the thought, or linger to admire austere beauty of style or the quiet justice of a perfect phrase. And Landor had no stirring message for his time, no revelation, like Wordsworth's, of neglected or undiscovered truth; nor did he write, as did Byron, to make public confession of the sins and disappointments of his life. Not so much because of the classic severity of his form, as because his attitude, his way of thought belong to the pre-Christian world, because he lacks the spirituality, the ethical fervour and elevation that the modern world demands, is he likely to remain a solitary. His own favourites among the greater writers of the past were not those in whom our later age still finds succour for its spiritual needs. Cicero and Ovid and Plutarch were his close intellectual companions and allies; but for Plato and Dante he had no real affection, and Milton he worshipped not as a Puritan, nor for the Hebraic spirit of his theology, but because he was a hater of tyranny and an artist in the great style. His aloofness from the problems that trouble us, the serene distinction with which he sits apart, this and the fact that his ethical code is the code of the fine gentleman who is also a scholar and philosopher, rather than the Christian, give Landor unique place and audience among the writers of the century. And though where he shines, he shines with a brilliance splendid and unborrowed; though at times the heroic, at times the tender strain of his eloquence wins its way to the heart; one cannot accept him as a guide to life or feel that in his company the human mind takes any step in advance.



For an author who makes such continual demand upon our appreciation, who is so full of ~~fine~~ thoughts, Landor is singularly disconnected, frequently unreasonable; and, since his creed of rebellion against kings and priests is merely passionate and elementary, to take him seriously, as we take Milton, in his disquisitions upon politics or religion is impossible. A search for any underlying unity in his thought would be in vain, the lack of sequence in his ideas is a weariness to the reader, and, if it can be said with truth that his writings present any philosophy, it is an unschematised philosophy that bears no fruit.

But when all this has been said, the rest is admiration. Let it not be claimed for Landor that he is a creative artist of the first order, a sure critic of art or life, that he reaches the sympathies that lie at the roots of our higher spiritual nature. He is a critic of genius, a writer of indisputable originality, who in his best moments mingles a marvellous grace and sweetness with his strength, displays a largeness and sanity in his choice of subject as in the management of his form, and preserves throughout his work a certain royalty of mien, writing as one familiar with great circumstances and great men.

Unlike most poets he preferred his prose to his poetry—"Poetry was always my amusement, prose my study and business"—and he was unlike them in this also that, while the law under which he worked was the law of the severest parsimony, he permitted himself indulgence in a richer vein of fancy and employed a more copious imagery in his prose than in his verse. The *Imaginary Conversations* compel an interest somewhat akin to the interest of Plutarch. We have in English no such storehouse of *epigrammata* weighty with a simple gravity of thought, nor, save in the plays of Shakespeare, an equal body of writing which presents such noble groups of men and women with more natural directness or with purer human feeling. For these reasons the dialogues must remain a part of ever current literature, and for one other reason. The author who is a child of his age and speaks a word to his own time secures success, and with success comes at least a transient glory; to style alone the forgetful fates are kind. Without achieving success Landor by reason of his style takes undisputed place among the masters of English prose. The majestic march, the solemn cadences and sustained harmonies of his Roman period are among the golden joys of the student of literature. Landor's was the art of the statuary. His instinct

was for that form of excellence which consists in firmly outlined intellectual drawing, and "words that fit the thing." To achieve distinction in this manner is to be subject to no changes of fashion, and to be numbered among those in whose quiet gardens, as in the courts of some ancient college, the artist loves to linger, to recall and meditate the past, secure from the bustle of the crowd and the faces of anxious men.

W. MACNEILE DIXON.

## A FATHER'S LOVE

*Rhodopè*. Never shall I forget the morning when my father, sitting in the coolest part of the house, exchanged his last measure of grain for a chlamys of scarlet cloth fringed with silver. He watched the merchant out of the door, and then looked wistfully into the corn chest. I, who thought there was something worth seeing, looked in also, and finding it empty, expressed my disappointment, not thinking however about the corn. A faint and transient smile came over his countenance at the sight of mine. He unfolded the chlamys, stretched it out with both hands before me, and then cast it over my shoulders. I looked down on the glittering fringe and screamed with joy. He then went out ; and I know not what flowers he gathered, but he gathered many ; and some he placed in my bosom, and some in my hair. But I told him with captious pride, first that I could arrange them better, and again that I would have only the white. However, when he had selected all the white, and I had placed a few of them according to my fancy, I told him (rising in my slipper) he might crown me with the remainder. The splendour of my apparel gave me a sensation of authority. Soon as the flowers had taken their station on my head, I expressed a dignified satisfaction at the taste displayed by my father, just as if I could have seen how they appeared ! But he knew that there was at least as much pleasure as pride in it, and perhaps we divided the latter (alas ! not both) pretty equally. He now took me into the market place, where a concourse of people was waiting for the purchase of slaves. Merchants came and looked at me ; some commending, others disparaging ; but all agreeing that I was slender and delicate, that I could not live long, and that I should give much trouble. Many would have bought the chlamys, but there was something less saleable in the child and flowers.

*Æsop.* Had thy features been coarse and thy voice rustic, they would all have patted thy cheeks and foun ' no fault in thee.

*Rhod.* As it was, every one had ~~seen~~<sup>known</sup> exactly such another in time past, and been a loser by it. At these speeches I perceived the flowers tremble slightly on my bosom, from my father's agitation. Although he scoffed at them, knowing my healthiness, he was troubled internally, and said many short prayers, not very unlike imprecations, turning his head aside. Proud was I, prouder than ever, when at last several talents were offered for me, and by the very man who in the beginning had undervalued me the most, and prophesied the worst of me. My father scowled at him, and refused the money. I thought he was playing a game, and began to wonder what it could be, since I had never seen it played before. Then I fancied it might be some celebration because plenty had returned to the city, insomuch that my father had bartered the last of the corn he hoarded. I grew more and more delighted at the sport. But soon there advanced an elderly man, who said gravely, "Thou hast stolen this child: her vesture alone is worth above a hundred drachmas. Carry her home again to her parents, and do it directly, or Nemesis and the Eumenides will overtake thee." Knowing the estimation in which my father had always been holden by his fellow citizens, I laughed again, and pinched his ear. He, although naturally choleric, burst forth into no resentment at these reproaches, but said calmly, "I think I know thee by name, O guest! Surely thou art Xanthus the Samian. Deliver this child from famine."

Again I laughed aloud and heartily; and thinking it was now my part of the game, I held out both my arms and protruded my whole body towards the stranger. He would not receive me from my father's neck, but he asked me with benignity and solicitude if I was hungry; at which I laughed again, and more than ever; for it was early in the morning, soon after the first meal, and my father had nourished me most carefully and plentifully in all the days of the famine. But Xanthus, waiting for no answer, took out of a sack, which one of his slaves carried at his side, a cake of wheaten bread and a piece of honeycomb, and gave them to me. I held the honeycomb to my father's mouth, thinking it the most of a dainty. He dashed it to the ground; but seizing the bread, he began to devour it ferociously. This also I thought was in play; and I clapped my hands at his distortions. But Xanthus looked on him like one afraid, and

smote the cake from him, crying aloud, "Name the price." My father now placed me in his arms, naming a price much below what the other had offered, saying, "The gods are ever with thee, O Xanthus! therefore to thee do I consign my child." But while Xanthus was counting out the silver, my father seized the cake again, which the slave had taken up and was about to replace in the wallet. His hunger was exasperated by the taste and the delay. Suddenly there arose much tumult. Turning round in the old woman's bosom who had received me from Xanthus, I saw my beloved father struggling on the ground, livid and speechless. The more violent my cries, the more rapidly they hurried me away; and many were soon between us. Little was I suspicious that he had suffered the pangs of famine long before: alas! and he had suffered them for me. Do I weep while I am telling you they ended? I could not have closed his eyes, I was too young; but I might have received his last breath, the only comfort of an orphan's bosom. Do you now think him blamable, O Æsop?

*Æs.* It was sublime humanity: it was forbearance and self-denial which even the immortal gods have never shown us. He could endure to perish by those torments which alone are both acute and slow; he could number the steps of death and miss not one; but he could never see thy tears, nor let thee see his. O weakness above all fortitude! Glory to the man who rather bears a grief corroding his breast, than permits it to prowl beyond, and to prey on the tender and compassionate! Women commiserate the brave, and men the beautiful. The dominion of pity has usually this extent, no wider. Thy father was exposed to the obloquy not only of the malicious, but also of the ignorant and thoughtless, who condemn in the unfortunate what they applaud in the prosperous. There is no shame in poverty or in slavery, if we neither make ourselves poor by our improvidence nor slaves by our venality. The lowest and the highest of the human race are sold: most of the intermediate are also slaves, but slaves who bring no money into the market.

*Rhod.* Surely the great and powerful are never to be purchased, are they?

*Æs.* It may be a defect in my vision, but I cannot see greatness on the earth. What they tell me is great and aspiring, to me seems little and crawling. Let me meet thy question with another. What monarch gives his daughter for nothing? Either

he receives stone walls and unwilling cities in return, or he barter her for a parcel of spears and horses and horsemen, waving away from his declining and helpless age young joyous life, and trampling down the freshest and sweetest memories. Midas in the height of prosperity would have given his daughter to Sycaon, rather than to the gentlest, the most virtuous, the most intelligent of his subjects. Thy father threw wealth aside, and, placing thee under the protection of virtue, rose up from the house of famine to partake in the festivals of the gods.

Release my neck, O Rhodopè! for I have other questions to ask of thee about him.

*Rhod.* To hear thee converse on him in such a manner I can do even that.

*Æs.* Before the day of separation was he never sorrowful? Did he never by tears or silence reveal the secret of his soul?

*Rhod.* I was too infantine to perceive or imagine his intention. The night before I became the slave of Xanthus, he sat on the edge of my bed. I pretended to be asleep: he moved away silently and softly. I saw him collect in the hollow of his hand the crumbs I had wasted on the floor, and then eat them, and then look if any were remaining. I thought he did so out of fondness for me, remembering that, even before the famine, he had often swept up off the table the bread I had broken, and had made me put it between his lips. I would not dissemble very long but said,—

“Come, now you have wakened me, you must sing me asleep again, as you did when I was little.”

He smiled faintly at this, and after some delay, when he had walked up and down the chamber, thus began:—

“I will sing to thee one song more, my wakeful Rhodopè! my chirping bird! over whom is no mother’s wing! That it may lull thee asleep, I will celebrate no longer, as in the days of wine and plenteousness, the glory of Mars, guiding in their invisibly rapid onset the dappled steeds of Rhæsus. What hast thou to do, my little one, with arrows tired of clustering in the quiver? How much quieter is thy pallet than the tents which whitened the plain of Simois! What knowest thou about the river Eurotas? What knowest thou about its ancient palace, once trodden by the assembled gods, and then polluted by the Phrygians? What knowest thou of perfidious men or of sanguinary deeds?

"Pardon me, O goddess who presidest in Cythere! I am not irreverent to thee, but ever grateful. May she whose brow I ~~aid my hand~~ praise and bless thee for evermore.

"Ah yes! continue to hold up above the coverlet those fresh and rosy palms clasped together; her benefits have descended on thy beauteous head, my child. The fates also have sung beyond thy hearing, of pleasanter scenes than snow-fed Hebrus; of more than dim grottoes and sky-bright waters. Even now a low murmur swells upward to my ear; and not from the spindle comes the sound, but from those who sing slowly over it, bending all three their tremulous heads together. I wish thou could'st hear it; for seldom are their voices so sweet. Thy pillow intercepts the song perhaps, lie down again, lie down, my Rhodopè—I will repeat what they are saying—

"'Happier shalt thou be, nor less glorious than even she, the truly beloved, for whose return to the distaff and the lyre, the portals of Tænarus flew open. In the woody dells of Ismarus, and when she bathed among the swans of Strymon, the nymphs called her Eurydice. Thou shalt behold that fairest and that fondest one hereafter. But first thou must go unto the land of the lotos, where famine never cometh, and where alone the works of man are immortal.'

"O my child! the undeceiving fates have uttered this. Other powers have visited me, and have strengthened my heart with dreams and visions. We shall meet again, my Rhodopè! in shady groves and verdant meadows, and we shall sit by the side of those who loved us."

He was rising: I threw my arms about his neck, and before I would let him go, I made him promise to place me, not by the side, but between them; for I thought of her who had left us. At that time there were but two, O Æsop!

You ponder; you are about to reprove my assurance in having thus repeated my own praises. I would have omitted some of the words, only that it might have disturbed the measure and cadences, and have put me out. They are the very words my dearest father sang; and they are the last. Yet, shame upon me! the nurse (the same who stood listening near, who attended me into this country) could remember them more perfectly; it is from her I have learned them since; she often sings them, even by herself.

*Æs.* So shall others. There is much both in them and in thee to render them memorable.

*Rhod.* Who flatters now?

*Æs.* Flattery often runs beyond truth, in a hurry to embrace her, but not here. The dullest of mortals, seeing and hearing thee, would never misinterpret the prophecy of the fates.

If, turning back, I could overpass the vale of years, and could stand on the mountain top, and could look again far before me at the bright ascending morn, we would enjoy the prospect together; we would walk along the summit hand in hand, O Rhodopè! and we would only sigh at last when we found ourselves below with others.

(From *Imaginary Conversations*.)

## THE ROMAN WARRIOR

*Hannibal.* Could a Numidian horseman ride no faster? Marcellus! ho! Marcellus! He moves not—he is dead. Did he not stir his fingers? Stand wide, soldiers—wide, forty paces—give him air—bring water—halt! Gather those broad leaves, and all the rest, growing under the brushwood—unbrace his armour. Loose the helmet first—his breast rises. I fancied his eyes were fixed on me—they have rolled back again. Who presumed to touch my shoulder? This horse? It was surely the horse of Marcellus! Let no man mount him. Ha! Ha! the Romans too sink into luxury: here is gold about the charger.

*Gaulish Chieftain.* Execrable thief! The golden chain of our king under a beast's grinders! The vengeance of the gods has overtaken the impure.

*Han.* We will talk about vengeance when we have entered Rome, and about purity among the priests, if they will hear us. Sound for the surgeon. That arrow may be extracted from the side, deep as it is.—The conqueror of Syracuse lies before me.—Send a vessel off to Carthage. Say Hannibal is at the gates of Rome.—Marcellus, who stood alone between us, fallen. Brave man! I would rejoice and cannot.—How awfully serene a countenance! Such as we hear are in the islands of the blessed. And how glorious a form and stature! Such



too was theirs! They also once lay upon the earth wet with their blood—few other enter there. And what plain armour!

*Gaul. Chief.* My party slew him—indeed I think I slew him myself. I claim the chain; it belongs to my king; the glory of Gaul requires it. Never will she endure to see another take it; rather would she lose her last man. We swear! we swear!

*Han.* My friend, the glory of Marcellus did not require him to wear it. When he suspended the arms of your brave king in the temple, he thought such a trinket unworthy of himself and of Jupiter. The shield he battered down, the breastplate he pierced with his sword—these he showed to the people and the gods; hardly his wife and children saw this, ere his horse wore it.

*Gaul. Chief.* Hear me, O Hannibal!

*Han.* What! when Marcellus lies before me? when his life may perhaps be recalled? when I may lead him in triumph to Carthage? when Italy, Sicily, Greece, Asia, wait to obey me! Content thee! I will give thee mine own bridle, worth ten such.

*Gaul. Chief.* For myself?

*Han.* For thyself.

*Gaul. Chief.* And these rubies and emeralds, and that scarlet—

*Han.* Yes, yes.

*Gaul. Chief.* O glorious Hannibal! unconquerable hero! O my happy country! to have such an ally and defender. I swear eternal gratitude—yes, gratitude, love, devotion, beyond eternity.

*Han.* In all treaties we fix the time; I could hardly ask a longer. Go back to thy station.—I would see what the surgeon is about, and hear what he thinks. The life of Marcellus! the triumph of Hannibal! What else has the world in it. Only Rome and Carthage: These follow.

*Surgeon.* Hardly an hour of life is left.

*Marcellus.* I must die then? The gods be praised! The commander of a Roman army is no captive.

*Han. (to the Surgeon).* Could not he bear a sea voyage? Extract the arrow.

*Sur.* He expires that moment.

*Mar.* It pains me; extract it.

*Han.* Marcellus, I see no expression of pain on your coun-

tenance, and never will I consent to hasten thy death of an enemy in my power. Since your recovery is hopeless, you say truly you are no captive.

(*To the Surgeon.*) Is there nothing, man, that can assuage the mortal pain? for suppress it as he may, he must feel it. Is there nothing to alleviate and allay it?

*Marcellus.* Hannibal, give me thy hand—thou hast found it and brought it me,—compassion.

(*To the Surgeon.*) Go, friend; others want thy aid; several fell around me.

*Han.* Recommend to your country, O Marcellus, while time permits it, reconciliation and peace with me, informing the Senate of my superiority in force, and the impossibility of resistance. The tablet is ready; let me take off this ring—try to write, to sign it at least. Oh what satisfaction I feel at seeing you able to rest upon the elbow, and even to smile!

*Mar.* Within in an hour or less, with how severe a brow would Minos say to me, “Marcellus is this thy writing?”

Rome loses one man; she hath lost many such, and she still hath many left.

*Han.* Afraid as you are of falsehood, say you this? I confess in shame the ferocity of my countrymen. Unfortunately, too, the nearer posts are occupied by Gauls, infinitely more cruel. The Numidians are so in revenge; the Gauls both in revenge and in sport. My presence is required at a distance, and I apprehend the barbarity of one or other, learning, as they must do, your refusal to execute my wishes for the common good, and feeling that by this refusal you deprive them of their country, after so long an absence.

*Mar.* Hannibal, thou art not dying.

*Han.* What then? what mean you?

*Mar.* That thou mayest, and very justly, have many things yet to apprehend: I can have none. The barbarity of thy soldiers is nothing to me; mine would not dare be cruel. Hannibal is forced to be absent; and his authority goes away with his horse. On this turf lies defaced the semblance of a general; but Marcellus is yet the regulator of his army. Dost thou abdicate a power conferred on thee by thy nation? Or wouldst thou acknowledge it to have become, by thy own sole fault, less plenary than thy adversary's?

I have spoken too much: let me rest; this mantle oppresses me.

*Han.* I placed my-mantle on your head when the helmet was first removed, and while you were lying in the sun. Let me fold it under, and then replace the ring.

*Mar.* Take it, Hannibal. It was given me by a poor woman who flew to me at Syracuse, and who covered it with her hair, torn off in desperation that she had no other gift to offer. Little thought I that her gift and her words should be mine. How suddenly may the most powerful be in the situation of the most helpless! Let that ring and the mantle under my head be the exchange of guests at parting. The time may come, Hannibal, when thou (and the gods alone know whether as conqueror or conquered) mayest sit under the roof of my children, and in either case it shall serve thee. In thy adverse fortune, they will remember on whose pillow their father breathed his last; in thy prosperous (Heaven grant it may shine upon thee in some other country!) it will rejoice thee to protect them. We feel ourselves the most exempt from affliction when we relieve it, although we are then the most conscious that it may befall us.

There is one thing here which is not at the disposal of either.

*Han.* What?

*Mar.* This body.

*Han.* Whither would you be lifted? Men are ready.

*Mar.* I meant not so. My strength is failing. I seem to hear rather what is within than what is without. My sight and my other senses are in confusion. I would have said—This body, when a few bubbles of air shall have left it, is no more worthy of thy notice than of mine; but thy glory will not let thee refuse it to the piety of my family.

*Han.* You would ask something else. I perceive an inquietude not visible till now.

*Mar.* Duty and death make us think of home sometimes.

*Han.* Thitherward the thoughts of the conqueror and of the conquered fly together.

*Mar.* Hast thou any prisoners from my escort?

*Han.* A few dying lie about—and let them lie—they are Tuscans. The remainder I saw at a distance, flying, and but one brave man among them—he appeared a Roman—a youth who turned back, though wounded. They surrounded and dragged him away, spurring his horse with their swords. These

Etrurians measure their courage carefully, and tack it well together before they put it on, -but throw it off again with lordly ease.

Marcellus, why think about them? or does aught else disquiet your thoughts?

*Mar.* I have suppressed it long enough. My son—my beloved son!

*Han.* Where is he? Can it be? Was he with you?

*Mar.* He would have shared my fate—and has not. Gods of my country! beneficent throughout life to me, in death surpassingly beneficent: I render you, for the last time, thanks.

(From the Same.)

## LOVE, SLEEP, AND DEATH

*Petrarca.* Allegory, which you named with sonnets and canzonets, had few attractions for me, believing it to be the delight in general of idle, frivolous, inexcursive minds, in whose mansions there is neither hall nor portal to receive the loftier of the passions. A stranger to the affections, she holds a low station among the handmaidens of poetry, being fit for little but an apparition in a mask. I had reflected for some time on this subject, when, wearied with the length of my walk over the mountains, and finding a soft old molehill, covered with gray grass, by the wayside, I laid my head upon it, and slept. I cannot tell how long it was before a species of dream or vision came over me.

Two beautiful youths appeared beside me; each was winged; but the wings were hanging down, and seemed ill adapted to flight. One of them, whose voice was the softest I ever heard, looking at me frequently, said to the other,

“He is under my guardianship for the present, do not awaken him with that feather.”

Methought, hearing the whisper, I saw something like the feather on an arrow; and then the arrow itself; the whole of it, even to the point; although he carried it in such a manner that it was difficult at first to discover more than a palm's length of it; the rest of the shaft and the whole of the barb, was behind his ankles.

"This feather never awakens anyone," replied he, rather petulantly; "but it brings more of confident security and more of cherished dreams, than you without me are capable of imparting."

"Be it so!" answered the gentler . . . "none is less inclined to quarrel or dispute than I am. Many whom you have wounded grievously, call upon me for succour. But so little am I disposed to thwart you, it is seldom I venture to do more for them than to whisper a few words of comfort in passing. How many reproaches on these occasions have been cast upon me for indifference and infidelity! Nearly as many, and nearly in the same terms, as upon you!"

"Odd enough that we, O Sleep! should be thought so alike!" said Love, contemptuously. "Yonder is he who bears a nearer resemblance to you: the dullest have observed it." I fancied I turned my eyes to where he was pointing, and saw at a distance the figure he designated. Meanwhile the contention went on uninterruptedly. Sleep was slow in asserting his power or his benefits. Love recapitulated them; but only that he might assert his own above them. Suddenly he called on me to decide, and choose my patron. Under the influence, first of the one, then of the other, I sprang from repose to rapture, I alighted from rapture on repose . . . and knew not which was sweetest. Love was very angry with me, and declared he would cross me throughout the whole of my existence. Whatever I might on other occasions have thought of his veracity, I now felt too surely the conviction that he would keep his word. At last before the close of the altercation, the third genius had advanced, and stood near us. I cannot tell how I knew him, but I knew him to be the genius of Death. Breathless as I was at beholding him, I soon became familiar with his features. First they seemed only calm; presently they grew contemplative; and lastly beautiful: those of the graces themselves are less regular, less harmonious, less composed. Love glanced at him unsteadily, with a countenance in which there was somewhat of anxiety, somewhat of disdain; and cried, "Go away! go away! nothing that thou touchest, lives."

"Say rather, child!" replied the advancing form, and advancing grew loftier and statelier. "Say rather that nothing of beautiful or of glorious lives its own true life until my wing hath passed over it."

Love pouted and rumbled and bent down with his forefinger the stiff short feathers on his arrow head; but replied not.

Although he frowned worse than ever, and at me, I dreaded him less and less, and scarcely looked toward him. The milder and calmer genius, the third, in proportion as I took courage to contemplate him, regarded me with more and more complacency. He held neither flower nor arrow, as the others did ; but, throwing back the clusters of dark curls that overshadowed his countenance, he presented to me his hand, openly and benignly. I shrank on looking at him so near, and yet I sighed to love him. He smiled, not without an expression of pity at perceiving my diffidence, my timidity : for I remembered how soft was the hand of Sleep, how warm and entrancing was Love's. By degrees, I became ashamed of my ingratitude ; and turning my face away, I held out my arms, and felt my neck within his. Composure strewed and allayed all the throbbings of my bosom ; the coolness of freshest morning breathed around ; the heavens seemed to open above me ; while the beautiful cheek of my deliverer rested on my head. I would now have looked for those others ; but knowing my intention by my gesture, he said, consolatorily :

"Sleep is on his way to the earth, where many are calling him ; but it is not to these he hastens ; for every call only makes him fly farther off. Sedately and gravely as he looks, he is nearly as capricious and volatile as the more arrogant and ferocious one."

"And Love !" said I, "whither is he departed ? If not too late, I would propitiate and appease him."

"He who cannot follow me, he who cannot overtake and pass me," said the genius, "is unworthy of the name, the most glorious in earth or heaven. Look up ! Love is yonder, and ready to receive thee."

I looked : the earth was under me ; I saw only the clear blue sky, and something brighter above it.

(From *The Pentameron*.)

## LORD BROUGHAM

[Henry Peter Brougham was born in 1778, and was educated at the High School and the University of Edinburgh. He passed advocate in 1800, and helped to found the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he is alleged to have once written a whole number. Eighty articles, at all events, in the first twenty issues came from his pen, and for many years he was a frequent and valuable (though latterly a somewhat troublesome and unwelcome) contributor to its pages. Desirous of a wider field for his restless ambition, he settled in London in 1805, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn three years later. Though he never enjoyed the full confidence of his party-leaders, his career in the House of Commons, which lasted, with a short interval, from 1810 to 1831, proved him to be by far the most eloquent and energetic member of the Opposition, while exceptional success at the bar and popularity in the country were assured by his brilliant advocacy of Queen Caroline's cause in 1820. Upon the accession of the Whigs to power in 1831, Brougham was made Lord Chancellor; but not even his prodigious zeal, activity, and eloquence could atone for the extravagance of his behaviour in public (which seemed almost to argue a disordered intellect), or for his intolerable selfishness and disloyalty as a colleague; and Lord Melbourne, on returning to office in 1835, gladly dispensed with his services, to Brougham's unbounded and undisguised vexation. Henceforth, while he occasionally coquetted with the Conservatives and frequently attacked his own allies, he ceased to be a considerable force in politics. He continued, however, to assist the upper House in the discharge of its judicial functions, and to dabble in "science," for which he had always had a predilection. The latter years of his life, which terminated in 1868, were much occupied with "The National Association for the Promotion of Social Science" (of which he was the parent), just as a portion of his busy middle age had been devoted to "The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." His collected works include several volumes of *Speeches*, a selection from his contributions to the *Edinburgh*, and a series of *Sketches of British Statesmen*. He left behind him an *Autobiography*, which is by no means trustworthy.]

FEW eminent men have paid so heavily in posthumous reputation for any failing as Brougham for a jealous and insatiable vanity. His name—apart from the useful vehicle which bears it—conjures up almost no associations that are not ludicrous and grotesque; and as the fame of his achievements as a legislator

—of his services to “liberty,” education, and a variety of other “causes”—is tainted by the ever-present recollection of his feverish and overwhelming egotism, so his renown as a man of letters has suffered irretrievable damage from the versatility of his gifts. It were vain to look to this champion of progress for any substantial contribution to political philosophy, to physical science, or to literary criticism. Hasty and ill-considered judgments, rash and superficial generalisations, these, together with the commonplace and high-sounding maxims dear to shallow and confident minds, are the chief legacy of one who, to borrow Rogers’s enumeration, combined in his own person the characters of Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more.

That Brougham’s speeches contain much eloquence of a high order it is impossible to deny. True, they lack delicacy and charm; there are few subtle strokes, few memorable cadences, few surprising effects such as Chalmers, for example, could compass by the artful introduction of a single sonorous epithet. But they are all good “fighting” speeches, admirably adapted to the purpose in hand; eminently copious, animated, and vigorous; their happiest moments being probably those when vigour, still at its highest, has not yet been merged in passion. The peroration of the speech on Law Reform, for example, though it doubtless falls short of the best models, has surely a fine ring: “How much nobler will be the sovereign’s boast when he shall have it to say that he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence.” On the other hand, there is often manifest a strong tendency to extravagance, as, for instance, in the passage on the “immortal Pitt” in his speech at the Liverpool election: “Immortal in the miseries of his devoted country! Immortal in the wounds of her bleeding liberties! Immortal in the cruel wars which spring from his cold, miscalculating ambition! Immortal in the triumphs of our enemies and the ruin of our allies, the costly purchase of so much blood and treasure! Immortal in the afflictions of England and the humiliation of her friends,” etc. This is the frenzied raving of a maniac, not the inspired utterance of an orator; not hyperbole merely, but hysteria.

The composition of Brougham’s written works is less careful



and less laboured than that of his speeches. He is fond of employing antithesis ; but he never attains to the dignity or impressiveness of his arch-enemy Macaulay, while he falls equally short of the neatness and vivacity of Jeffrey. He was, indeed, capable of writing thus of the charges brought by Junius against Lord Mansfield : "They show upon what kind of grounds the fabric of a great man's professional fame, as well as the purity of his moral character, were assailed by the unprincipled violence of party at the instigation of their ignorance, skulking behind a signature made famous by epigrammatic language and the boldness of being venturesome in the person of a printer who gained by allowing dastardly slander to act through him with a vicarious courage." But such a monstrous sentence is an extreme instance of his slovenliness and prolixity, though in another aspect it is highly characteristic, for Brougham was clearly thinking of another "great man," the fabric of whose "professional fame," if not the purity of whose moral character, he conceived to have been unjustly assailed by "the unprincipled violence of party." Both the writings and the speeches, it should be added, are, from time to time, pleasantly relieved by a sardonic cast of humour, akin to, but much less brutal and more delicate than, Macaulay's. A peculiarly favourable specimen of this quality will be found below, and another may be sought in that passage of the speech for the defendant in the Durham Clergy Libel case which treats of the visit of George IV. to Scotland in 1822.

Upon the whole, if Brougham's style is not marked by any conspicuous excellence, neither is it defaced by any very gross or shocking faults ; if it has little to gratify or delight, it has as little to disgust or annoy a correct taste. His best work is probably contained in the *Sketches* of such men as Mansfield, Ellenborough, Pitt, Fox, and Windham, which are a repository of interesting information agreeably and unaffectedly imparted.

J. H. MILLAR.

## THE QUEEN'S INNOCENCE

BUT, my lords, I am not reduced to this painful necessity. I feel that if I were to touch this branch of the case now, until any event shall afterwards show that unhappily I am deceiving myself—I feel that if I were now to approach the great subject of recrimination, I should seem to give up the higher ground of innocence on which I rest my cause; I should seem to be justifying when I plead Not Guilty; I should seem to argue in extenuation and in palliation of offences, or levities, or improprieties, the least and the lightest of which I stand here utterly to deny. For it is false, as has been said—it is foul and false as those have dared to say, who, pretending to discharge the higher duties to God, have shown that they know not the first of those duties to their fellow-creatures—it is foul, and false, and scandalous in those who have said (and they know that is so who have dared to say) that there are improprieties admitted in the conduct of the Queen. I deny that the admission has been made. I contend that the evidence does not prove them. I will show you that the evidence disproves them. One admission, doubtless, I do make; and let my learned friends who are of counsel for the Bill take all the benefit of it, for it is all that they have proved by their evidence. I grant that her Majesty left this country and went to reside in Italy. I grant that her society was chiefly foreign. I grant that it was an inferior society to that which she once enlightened and graced with her presence in this country. I admit, my lords, that while here, and while happy in the protection—not perhaps of her own family, after the fatal event which deprived it of its head; but while enjoying the society of your lordships and the families of your lordships,—I grant that the Queen moved in a more choice, in perhaps a more dignified society, than she afterwards adorned in Italy. And the charge against her is, that she has associated with Italians, instead of

her own countrymen and countrywomen; and that, instead of the peeresses of England, she has sometimes lived with Italian nobility, and sometimes with persons of the commonalty of that country. But who are they that bring this charge, and above all, before whom do they urge it? Others may accuse her—others may blame her for going abroad—others may tell tales of the consequences of living among Italians, and of not associating with the women of her country, or of her adopted country; but it is not your lordships that have any right to say so. It is not you, my lords, that can fling this stone at her Majesty. You are the last persons in the world—you, who now presume to judge her, are the last persons in the world so to charge her; for you are the witnesses whom she must call to vindicate her from that charge. You are the last persons who can so charge her; for you, being her witnesses, have been also the instigators of that only admitted crime. While she was here, she courteously opened the doors of her palace to the families of your lordships. She graciously condescended to mix herself in the habits of most familiar life, with those virtuous and distinguished persons. She condescended to court your society, and, as long as it suited purposes not of hers—as long as it was subservient to views not of her own—as long as it served interests in which she had no concern—she did not court that society in vain. But when changes took place—when other views arose—when that power was to be retained which she had been made the instrument of grasping—when that lust of power and place was to be continued its gratification, to the first gratification of which she had been made the victim—then her doors were opened in vain; then that society of the Peeresses of England was withheld from her; then she was reduced to the alternative, humiliating indeed, for I say that her condescension to you and yours was no humiliation—she was only lowering herself by overlooking the distinctions of rank to enjoy the first society in the world,—but then it pleased you to reduce her to what was really humiliating—either to acknowledge that you had deserted her—to seek the company of those who now made it a favour which she saw they unwillingly granted, or to leave the country and have recourse to other society inferior to yours. I say, then, my lords, that this is not the place where I must be told—it is not in the presence of your lordships I must expect to hear any one lift his voice to complain—that the Princess of Wales went to reside in Italy, and asso-

ciated with those whose society she neither ought to have chosen—certainly would not have chosen, perhaps ought not to have chosen—had she been in other and happier circumstances.

In the midst of this, and of so much suffering as to an ingenuous mind such conduct could not fail to cause, she still had one resource, and which, for a space, was allowed to remain to her—I need hardly say I mean the comfort of knowing that she still possessed the undiminished attachment and grateful respect of her justly respected and deeply lamented daughter. An event now took place which, of all others, most excites the feelings of a parent; that daughter was about to form a union upon which the happiness—upon which, alas! the Queen knew too well how much the happiness or the misery of her future life must depend. No announcement was made to her Majesty of the projected alliance. All England occupied with the subject—Europe looking on with an interest which it certainly had in so great an event—England had it announced to her; Europe had it announced to her—each petty German prince had it announced to him; but the one person to whom no notice of it was given, was the mother of the bride who was to be espoused; and all that she had done then to deserve this treatment was, with respect to one of the illustrious parties, that she had been proved, by his evidence against her, to be not guilty of the charge he launched at her behind her back; and with respect to his servants, that they had formerly used her as the tool by which their ambition was to be gratified. The marriage itself was consummated. Still no notice was communicated to the Queen. She heard it accidentally by a courier who was going to announce the intelligence to the Pope, that ancient, intimate, much-valued ally of the Protestant Crown of these realms, and with whose close friendship the title of the Brunswicks to our Crown is so interwoven. A prospect grateful to the whole nation, interesting to all Europe, was now afforded, that the marriage would be a fruitful source of stability to the royal family of these realms. The whole of that period, painfully interesting to a parent as well as to a husband, was passed without the slightest communication; and if the Princess Charlotte's own feelings had prompted her to open one, she was in a state of anxiety of mind and of delicacy of frame, in consequence of that her first pregnancy, which made it dangerous to have maintained a struggle between power and authority on the one hand, and affection and duty on the other. An event

most fatal followed, which plunged the whole of England into grief; one in which all our foreign neighbours sympathised, and while, with a due regard to the feelings of those foreign allies, and even of strange powers and princes with whom we had no alliance, that event was speedily communicated by particular messengers to each, the person in all the world who had the deepest interest in the event—the person whose feelings, above those of all the rest of mankind, were most overwhelmed and stunned by it—was left to be stunned and overwhelmed by it accidentally; as she had by accident heard of the marriage. But if she had not heard of the dreadful event by accident, she would ere long have felt it, for the decease of the Princess Charlotte was communicated to her mother, by the issuing of the Milan Commission and the commencement of the proceedings for the third time against her character and her life.

(From *Speeches*.)

#### MR DUNDAS

IF in his official departments, and in the contests of Parliament, Mr. Dundas rendered able service, and possessed great weight, it was in Scotland, his native country, whose language he spoke, and whose whole affairs he directed, that his power and his authority chiefly prevailed. Before the reform in our representation and our municipal institutions, the undisturbed possession of patronage by a leading member of the Government was very sure to carry along with it a paramount influence both over the representatives of this ancient kingdom and over their constituents. Why the submission to men in high place, and endowed with the power of conferring many favours, should have been so much more absolute amongst us than amongst our southern neighbours, it would be needless to inquire. Whether it arose from the old feudal habits of the nation, or from its poverty, joined with a laudable ambition to rise in the world above the pristine station, or from the wary and provident character of the people—certain it is that they displayed a devotion to their political superiors, and a belief in their infallibility, which would have done no discredit to the clansmen of those chieftains who, whilom, both granted out the lands of the sept, retained the stipulated services of the vassal, and enjoyed the rights of jurisdiction and of punishment, whereby

obedience was secured, and zealous attachment stimulated in its alliance with wholesome terror. That Mr. Dundas enjoyed this kind of ministerial sovereignty and homage in a more ample measure than any of his predecessors, was, no doubt, owing partly to the unhesitating and unqualified determination which regulated his conduct, of devoting his whole patronage to the support of his party, and to the extent of that patronage, from his being so long Minister for India, as well as having the whole Scottish preferment at his absolute disposal ; but it was also in part owing to the engaging qualities of the man. A steady and determined friend, who only stood the faster by those that wanted him the more—nay, who even in their errors or their faults would not give up his adherents—an agreeable companion, from the joyous hilarity of his manners—void of all affectation, all pride, all pretension—a kind and affectionate man in the relations of private life—and although not always sufficiently regardful of strict decorum in certain particulars, yet never putting on the Pharisee's garb, or affecting a more "gracious state" than he had attained—friendly, self-denying to those inferiors in his department whose comforts so much depended on him—in his demeanour hearty and good-humoured to all—it is difficult to figure any one more calculated to win over those whom his mere power and station had failed to attach ; or better fitted to retain the friends whom accident or influence might originally have attached to his person. That he should for so many years have disposed of the votes in Parliament of nearly the whole Scottish Commons, and the whole Peers, was therefore little to be wondered at ; that his popularity and influence in the country at large should have been boundless during all this period is as easily to be understood. There was then no doubt ever raised of the Ministry's stability, or of Mr. Dundas's ample share in the dispensation of its favours. The political sky was clear and settled to the very verge of the horizon. There was nothing to disturb the hearts of anxious mortals. The wary and pensive Scot felt sure of his election, if he but kept by the true faith ; and his path lay straight before him—the path of righteous devotion leading into a blessed preferment. But our countrymen were fated to be visited by some troubles. The heavens were overcast—their luminary was for a while concealed from devout eyes—in vain they sought him, but he was not. Uncouth names began to be named. More than two parties were talked of. Instead of the old, convenient, and

intelligible alternative of "Pitt or Fox," "place or poverty," which left no doubt in any rational mind which of the two to choose, there was seen—strange sight!—hateful and perplexing omen!—a ministry without Pitt, nay without Dundas, and an Opposition leaning towards its support. Those who are old enough to remember that dark interval, may recollect how the public mind among us was subdued with awe, and how we awaited in trembling silence the uncertain event, as all living things quail during the solemn pause that precedes an earthquake.

It was in truth a crisis to try men's souls. For a while all was uncertainty and consternation; all were seen fluttering about like birds in an eclipse or a thunderstorm; no man could tell whom he might trust; nay, worse still, no man could tell of whom he might ask anything. It was hard to say, not who were in office, but who were likely to remain in office. Our countrymen were in dismay and distraction. It might truly be said they knew not which way to look, or whither to turn. Perhaps it might be yet more truly said, that they knew not *when* to turn. But such a crisis was too sharp to last; it passed away; and then was to be seen a proof of Mr. Dundas's power amongst us, which transcended all expectation, and almost surpassed belief, if indeed it is not rather to be viewed as an evidence of the acute foresight—the political second sight—of the Scottish nation. The trusty band in both Houses actually were found adhering to him against the existing Government; nay, he held the proxies of many Scottish Peers in open Opposition! Well might his colleague exclaim to the hapless Addington in such unheard-of troubles, "Doctor, the Thanes fly from us." When the very Scotch Peers wavered—and when the Grampian hills might next be expected to move about—it is time to think that the end of all things was at hand; and the return of Pitt and security, and patronage and Dundas, speedily ensued to bless old Scotland, and reward her providence, or her fidelity—her attachment at once to her patron—and to herself.

(From Contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*.)





## THOMAS CHALMERS

[Thomas Chalmers was born at Anstruther in 1780, and was educated at the University of St. Andrews. He entered the ministry of the Church of Scotland, and was ordained minister of Kilmany, in East Fife, in 1803. During the winters of 1804 and 1805 he delivered private courses of lectures on mathematics and chemistry at St. Andrews with great applause and success, visiting his parish from Saturday to Monday. In a few years, however, his views assumed a strict Evangelical complexion; pluralism became a sin; and no man exposed its iniquities more searchingly in the Church Courts than he. In 1815 he was chosen by the Town Council of Glasgow to be minister of the Tron Church in that city, where he delivered his celebrated *Astronomical Discourses* (1817), and attained unequalled popularity and influence. Translated in 1819 to the newly-erected parish of St. John's, he was enabled to put in practice his long-cherished design for the superintendence and relief of the poor, which but for the subsequent unhappy dissensions in the Church might have been carried to a triumphant issue all over Scotland, and upon the mere inception of which depends his strongest claim to the gratitude and veneration of posterity. In 1823 he was transferred to the chair of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews, which he exchanged five years later for that of Theology in Edinburgh. In 1832 he was appointed Moderator of the General Assembly, and during the next ten years flung himself with characteristic ardour into the work of church extension as well as into the Non-intrusion controversy, which first became serious with the passing of the Veto Act in 1834, and finally culminated in the great secession of 1843. Of the Free Church movement Chalmers was, indeed, the supreme and unquestioned leader; he, more than any other, kindled and sustained the enthusiasm of those who "went out"; and upon his shoulders lay the chief burden of organising and endowing the new religious community. He died in 1847. His works extend to some thirty-four volumes, and, in addition to innumerable sermons, many of them delivered on occasions of considerable public moment, include an *Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources* (1808), a pamphlet *On the Use and Abuse of Literary and Ecclesiastical Endowments* (1827), a treatise, composed for the Duke of Bridgewater's trustees, *On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man* (1833), lectures *On the Establishment and Extension of National Churches* (1838), and *Institutes of Theology* (posthumous).]

THE extraordinary power of Dr. Chalmers as a preacher, duly attested as it is by no less cool and competent an authority than

Lockhart, has long been merely a tradition, and the spell exercised by his very name is in process of dissolution by the hand of time. The detection of his literary shortcomings has, therefore, become no difficult matter. Most of his compositions were cast in a rhetorical mould, and betray at times all the faults peculiar to that form of writing. Pomposity, verbiage, bombast, and rodomontade are there to be discovered in abundance. Often, again, he employs a phraseology and a mode of expression which are unintelligible, when they are not repellent, to our generation. The "scowling infidel" and the "pigmy philosopher" play by much too prominent a part in his apologetic writings, while the favourite and well-worn image of the storm-tossed sailor-boy and his weeping mother seems no longer capable of exciting the desired emotion. Nor does this seem a very happy flourish: "A gleam of malignant joy shot athwart the archangel, as he conceived his project for hemming our unfortunate species within the bound of an irrecoverable dilemma." A straining for effect—a lack of the sense of proportion—are but too manifest in his most admired pieces; as, for example, when he denounces with the most lavish profusion of invective that most familiar of conventions—the result, it seems, of "a barbarous combination against the principles and prospects of the lower orders"—which consists in denying one's self to a visitor by means of the words "not at home," when one is, in reality, instead of being away from home, "secretly lurking in one of the most secure and intimate of its receptacles." He is by no means more satisfactory in handling the principles of ethics than in casuistry; and his contributions to moral philosophy deservedly exercised very little influence on the thought of his own generation, and exercised none on the thought of this.

But, when ample allowance has been made for such palpable and serious defects, there remains no inconsiderable mass of truly admirable writing. It is not merely that we find vigour, impetuosity, and earnestness, though these qualities are present in a very high degree. But we find, when he is at his best, a copious, dignified, and aptly employed, if not exactly elegant, vocabulary, a rare felicity of illustration and metaphor, a swelling rotundity of diction, and a complete mastery of a certain species of rhythm and balance. In his appreciation of the value of a long and imposing word we probably detect the workings of an extremely valuable, though often abused, convention; but the gift of com-

pendious illustration was all his own; nor did he acquire from any one the arrangement of his words, the structure of his periods, or the characteristic harmony of his cadences. Scarcely a sentence or a paragraph came from his pen which was not brought to some carefully prepared and usually effective conclusion. Of his literary, as of his speculative, influence at the present day it is impossible to discover any important traces; but those who are ambitious enough to aspire to a lofty type of the ecclesiastical, or, indeed, of any, sort of eloquence, will find in Chalmers an eminently noble and inspiring, though, at the same time, a highly dangerous, model.

J. H. MILLAR.

## SCIENCE AND REVOLUTION

THE elements of Euclid, gentlemen, have raised for their author a deathless monument of fame. For two thousand years they have maintained their superiority in the schools, and been received as the most appropriate introduction to geometry. It is one of the few books which elevate our respect for the genius of antiquity. It has survived the wreck of ages. It had its days of adversity and disgrace in the dark period of ignorance and superstition, when everything valuable in the literature of antiquity was buried in the dust and solitude of cloisters, and the still voice of truth was drowned in the jargon of a loud and disputatious theology. But it has been destined to reappear in all its ancient splendour. We ascribe not indeed so high a character to it because of its antiquity ; but why be carried away by the rashness of innovation ? why pour an indiscriminate contempt on systems and opinions because they are old ? Truth is confined to no age and to no country. Its voice has been heard in the Temple of Egypt, as well as in the European University. It has darted its light athwart the gloom of antiquity, as well as given a new splendour to the illumination of modern times. We have witnessed the feuds of political innovation—the cruelty and murder which have marked the progress of its destructive career. Let us also tremble at the heedless spirit of reform which the confidence of a misguided enthusiasm may attempt in the principles and investigations of philosophy. What would have been the present degradation of science had the spirit of each generation been that of contempt for the labours and investigations of its ancestry ? Science would exist in a state of perpetual infancy. Its abortive tendencies to improvement would expire with the short-lived labours of individuals, and the extinction of every new race would again involve the world in the gloom of ignorance. Let us tremble to think that it would require the production of a new miracle to restore the forgotten discoveries of Newton.

(From *Mathematical Lectures*.)

## PRAYER AND THE UNIFORMITY OF NATURE

WHEN the sigh of the midnight storm sends fearful agitation into a mother's heart, as she thinks of her sailor boy now exposed to its fury on the waters of a distant ocean, these stern disciples of a hard and stern infidelity would, on this notion of a rigid and impracticable constancy in nature, forbid her prayers, holding them to be as impotent and vain, though addressed to the God who has all the elements in His hand, as if lifted up with senseless importunity to the raving elements themselves. Yet nature would strongly prompt the aspiration; and if there be truth in our argument, there is nothing in the constitution of the universe to forbid its accomplishment. God might answer her prayer, not by unsettling the order of secondary causes, not by reversing any of the wonted successions that are known to have taken place in the ever-restless, ever-heaving atmosphere, not by sensible miracle among those nearer footsteps which the philosopher has traced,—but by the touch of an immediate hand among the deep recesses of materialism, which are beyond the ken of all His instruments. It is thence that the Sovereign of nature might bid the wild uproar of the elements into silence. It is there that the virtue comes out of Him, which passes like a winged messenger from the invisible to the visible; and, at the threshold of separation between these two regions, impresses the direction of the Almighty's will on the remotest cause which science can mount her way to. From this point in the series, the path of descent along the line of nearer and proximate causes may be rigidly invariable; and in respect of the order, the precise undeviating order, wherewith they follow each other, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation. The heat, and the vapour, and the atmospherical precipitates, and the consequent moving forces by which either to raise a new tempest, or to lay an old one, all these may proceed, and without one hair-breadth of deviation, according to the successions of our established philosophy, yet each be but the obedient messenger of that voice, which gave forth its command at the fountain head of the whole operation; which commissioned the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth, and made lightnings for the rain, and brought the wind out of his treasures. These are the palpable steps of the process; but an unseen influence,

behind the farthest limit of man's boasted discoveries, may have set them agoing. And that influence may have been accorded to prayer—the power that moves Him who moves the universe ; and who, without violence to the known regularities of nature, can either send forth the hurricane over the face of the deep, or recall it at His pleasure. Such is the joyful persuasion of faith, and proud philosophy cannot disprove it. A woman's feeble cry may have over-ruled the elemental war, and hushed into silence this wild frenzy of the winds and the waves, and evoked the gentler breezes from the cave of their slumbers, and wafted the vessel of her dearest hopes, and which held the first and fondest of her earthly treasures, to its desired haven.

(From *Sermons.*)

### TASTE IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS

THE mere majesty of God's power and greatness, when offered to your notice, lays hold of one of the faculties within you. The holiness of God, with His righteous claim of legislation, lays hold of another of these faculties. The difference between them is so great, that the one may be engrossed and interested to the full, while the other remains untouched, and in a state of entire dormancy. Now, it is no matter what it be that ministers delight to the former of these two faculties. If the latter be not arrested and put on its proper exercise, you are making no approximate whatever to the right habit and character of religion. There are a thousand ways in which you may contrive to regale your taste for that which is beauteous and majestic. It may find its gratification in the loveliness of a vale, or in the freer and bolder outlines of an upland situation, or in the terrors of a storm, or in the sublime contemplations of astronomy, or in the magnificent idea of a God, who sends forth the wakefulness of His omniscient eye and the vigour of His upholding hand, throughout all the realms of nature and of providence. The mere taste of the human mind, may get its ample enjoyment in each and in all of these objects or in a vivid representation of them ; nor does it make any material difference, whether this representation be addressed to you from the stanzas of a poem, or from the recitations of a theatre, or finally from the discourses and the

demonstrations of a pulpit. And thus it is, that still on the impulse of the one principle only, people may come in gathering multitudes to the house of God; and share with eagerness in all the glow and bustle of a crowded attendance; and have their every eye directed to the speaker; and feel a responding movement in their bosom to his many appeals and his many arguments; and carry a solemn and overpowering impression of all the services away with them; and yet, throughout the whole of this seemly exhibition, not one effectual knock may have been given at the door of conscience. The other principle may be as profoundly asleep, as if hushed into the insensibility of death. There is a spirit of deep slumber, it would appear, which the music of no description, even though attuned to a theme so lofty as the greatness and majesty of the Godhead, can ever charm away. Oh! it may have been a piece of parading insignificance altogether—the minister playing on his favourite instrument, and the people dissipating away their time on the charm and idle luxury of a theatrical emotion.

(From *Astronomical Discourses*.)

## THE POWER OF A NEW AFFECTION

CONCEIVE a man to be standing on the margin of this green world, and that, when he looked towards it, he saw abundance smiling upon every field, and all the blessings which earth can afford scattered in profusion throughout every family, and the light of the sun sweetly resting upon all the pleasant habitations, and the joys of human companionship brightening many a happy circle of society—conceive this to be the general character of the scene upon one side of his contemplation; and that on the other, beyond the verge of the goodly planet on which he was situated, he could descry nothing but a dark and fathomless unknown. Think you he would bid a voluntary adieu to all the brightness and all the beauty that were before him upon earth, and commit himself to the frightful solitude away from it? Would he leave its peopled dwelling places, and become a solitary wanderer through the fields of nonentity? If space offered him nothing but a wilderness, would he for it abandon the home-bred

scenes of life and of cheerfulness that lay so near, and exerted such a power of urgency to detain him? Would not he cling to the regions of sense and of life and of society? and shrinking away from the desolation that was beyond it, would not he be glad to keep his firm footing on the territory of this world, and to take shelter under the silver canopy that was stretched over it?

But if, during the time of his contemplation, some happy island of the blest had floated by, and there had burst upon his senses the light of its surpassing glories and its sounds of sweeter melody, and he clearly saw that there a purer beauty rested upon every field, and a more heartfelt joy spread itself among all the families; and he could discern there a peace and a piety and a benevolence which put a moral gladness into every bosom, and united the whole society in one rejoicing sympathy with each other and with the beneficent Father of them all: could he further see, that pain and mortality were there unknown, and above all, that signals of welcome were hung out, and an avenue of communication was made for him—perceive you not, that what was before the wilderness, would become the land of invitation; and that now the world would be the wilderness? What unpeopled space could not do, can be done by space teeming with beatific scenes and beatific society. And let the existing tendencies of the heart be what they may to the scene that is near and visibly around us, still if another stood revealed to the prospect of man, either through the channel of faith or through the channel of his senses, then, without violence done to the constitution of his moral nature, may he die unto the present world and live to the lovelier world that stands in the distance away from it.

(From *Commercial Discourses*.)

## CHURCH AND DISSENT

BUT though we hold a revival in the Establishment to be the likeliest means by far for the revival of Christianity in our land, such a conviction of the might and efficacy which belong to a national church does not preclude the conviction that it is of the very highest importance to have an active, unrestrained, and fully tolerated dissenterism. This latter will never, we think, supersede an establishment, but it may stimulate that establishment to a



tenfold degree of effectiveness. It may act by a moral compulsion, not merely on its existing clergymen, but on those holders of patronage and power to whom we have to look for our future clergymen. For this purpose it is well that sectarianism should flourish and prevail, even to the degree of alarming the dignitaries of our land for the safety of its ecclesiastical institutions, of reducing them to the necessity of providing these institutions with those functionaries who are best fitted by their talent and their piety to uphold the Church in public estimation. We should therefore like, on the one hand, to behold dissenters in the full glow of activity all over the land ; for out of the disturbance thus given to our high church exclusionists we should anticipate the happiest consequences. We question not that there is a great direct service rendered to Christianity by the instrumentality of sectarians ; but we have ever reckoned it their chief service, that they set in motion, and in more efficient play, a far more powerful instrumentality than any which is wielded by themselves. They are not the best fitted for working a general religious effect upon the population ; but they give impulse to that apparatus which is best fitted for it. They do not themselves form an effectual mechanism, for operating throughout a whole aggregate of human beings ; but they, nevertheless, occupy a high place of command, for they touch the springs of that mechanism which is effectual. It is to the intervention of the Church, in fact, that they owe their greatest usefulness ; for, by moving that which most powerfully moves and affects general society, they might do more for the religion of the people, than by the application of their own immediate hand to the hearts and consciences of individuals. With these views, sectarians on the one hand might bless and honour the Church, while on the other hand the warmest friends of the Church might look with benignant welcome on the zeal and prosperity of sectarians. They have done much for Christianity by the congregations which they have formed in towns and crowded parishes, and by the conversions which they have achieved in families. But the benefit which they have wrought by their wholesome reflex influence on the Establishment is above all computation.

In every great question upon which two parties have been formed, the difficulty is to construct the right system by adopting the excellencies and avoiding the errors of both. The parties themselves move in masses. They act gregariously. And hence,

in spite of all that is said about the ascendancy of rational opinion in this our enlightened day, there is really much of the blind and the headlong in the operation of these moral forces which decide the practical measures and influence the general state of society. Men take their direction and their impulse from the broad aspect of things—and when once they take their stand with either side of a controversy, and read nothing but hate and hostility in all that is opposed to them, they find it a far easier work than that of discrimination, simply to urge forward whatever shall make for one side, and shall make against the other. It is thus that the bigots of an establishment are for putting down all sectarianism, and that the zealots of sectarianism are for rooting up all establishments. They regard not how beautiful it is, that these two rival interests act and react for the good of a population—so that the perfection of an ecclesiastical system lies in the ample endowment of the one, and the ample toleration of the other. Without an establishment the light of religious instruction would shine forth but rarely, or be spread but superficially over a land. Without a free and active dissent, that light might wane to its extinction and become darkness—the establishment, reposing in its undisturbed security would become inert and inefficient; or, along with the intolerance might be further deformed by all the corruptions of Popery.

(From tract *On Endowments*.)

## WASHINGTON IRVING

[Washington Irving was born in New York in 1783. At an early age he began to make an amusement of what was afterwards to become his business, and his first considerable work—*K'nickerbocker's History of New York*—appeared when he was twenty-six. He travelled much in Europe, and particularly in England, where he was welcomed with the utmost cordiality by all the leading men of letters, and where his writings won the applause not only of critics like Lockhart and Jeffrey, but also of the general public, to whose national partiality the pictures of English life and manners to be found in *The Sketchbook* and *Bracebridge Hall* made a powerful appeal. His industry was prodigious, and scarce any topic came amiss to his facile pen. *Tales of a Traveller*, a history of the Conquest of Granada, a Life of Goldsmith and another of Washington, an account of Columbus and his voyages, and the story of Mahomet and his successors—these may be reckoned as the chief productions of an honourable and happy life, which terminated in 1859.]

"THERE are few writers," wrote Washington Irving, "for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings." The remark is equally applicable to Goldsmith's biographer. His every page overflows with benevolence and geniality. A refined and highly trained intellect, a delicate and discriminating taste, an unaffected love of letters, and a truly amiable disposition are everywhere manifest. His notes of a visit paid to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, are a model of tact, reticence, and good feeling. Moreover, a strong and refreshing vein of common-sense runs through all the opinions he expresses. No American, before or since, has given utterance to views more manly, more clear-headed, or more just, on the relations of the old country to the new. In short, all his writings conspire to present the portrait of a man whose mental and moral qualities would command the highest esteem in private life.

Unluckily, something more than extreme amiability, even when combined with the soundest sense, is necessary to the

attainment of greatness in literature ; and it is a fact that Washington Irving went far to blast the rich promise of his natural parts, and to render his admirable equipment of no avail by his blind and obstinate devotion to an obsolete and exploded convention. He did well to study Addison, Goldsmith, and Sterne with profound attention. He did very ill to imitate them with a fidelity as servile as it is ridiculous. No excellence was too great, no mannerism too trivial for him to mimic. Types of character and tricks of style, modes of thought and turns of phrase, all are appropriated and reproduced with the most painful exactitude. And they suffer sadly in the process. Pleasing and pertinent reflections become chilly and colourless platitudes ; while exquisite humour is transformed into a laboured archness. A favourite and highly effective artifice of the novelists and essayists of the eighteenth century was the apparently grave and ingenuous collocation of two absolutely incongruous ideas. This whimsical device Washington Irving employs with a persistency of reiteration almost maddening to a mind already fatigued by his cumbersome and unnecessary apparatus of story within story. The "rich spirit of pensive eloquence" which a former generation detected in his works, is as poor an atonement for such wilful artistic blunders as are the "singular sweetness of the composition and the mildness of the sentiments." The accuracy of the last phrase is beyond question. Washington Irving assuredly does not "over-stimulate." He is too often content to appeal to the ear by "mechanic echoes" of what has been said before ; he is too apt to tempt the literary appetite with a dish of "cauld kail het again" ; though the kail is never uneatable, and performances like the *Life of Goldsmith* may be read without effort, if without the keen pleasure afforded by Lockhart's biography of Burns, or Southey's of Nelson.

In view of what has been said it is not surprising that Washington Irving's style should be signally deficient in two respects : it lacks life, and it lacks distinction. One crowded hour of Sir Walter Scott's careless and often slovenly prose is worth an age of Washington Irving's insipidities ; and a single "tow-row" of Mr. Stevenson's thunder is infinitely more alarming than all the storms in which the clouds "roll in volumes over the mountain tops," the rain "begins to patter down in broad and scattered drops," the wind "freshens," the lightning "leaps from cloud to cloud," the peals "are echoed from mountain to mountain," and,

in short, all the elements go through their appropriate and stereotyped evolutions with the punctuality, precision, and tameness of clock-work. The bones of the skeleton, to employ a familiar metaphor, are adjusted with the utmost nicety and correctness, but they have lost the potentiality of life. On the other hand, it is to be said, that the close study of such writers as Washington Irving selected for his models could scarce be barren of all good result; that if he never rises to animation he never sinks below a tolerably high standard of elegance; and that he everywhere preserves a spotless purity of idiom. Nor must it be forgotten that from the foregoing strictures a portion—though not a large one—of his compositions falls to be excluded. When he writes in the character of Diedrich Knickerbocker, and deals with the early Dutch settlers in America, their manners and superstitions, their traditions and customs, he contrives for the moment to shake off many of his accustomed fetters. The *History of New York*, indeed, is extremely tedious because it is extremely long. But the tale of *Rip van Winkle*, for example, is a little masterpiece of its kind, and several other stories display an almost equally firm command of material, and an almost equally happy adaptation of means to end. A comparison of *The Student of Salamanca* with *Dolph Heyliger* will demonstrate more clearly, perhaps, than aught else, the difference between Washington Irving trudging along the beaten track, and Washington Irving following the true bent of his genius. It can hardly fail to inspire sincere regret that he turned his natural gifts to so little purpose, and refused to strive for that position among English prose writers to which he might, without presumption, have aspired.

J. H. MILLAR.

## DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

HAVING passed some time very agreeably at Albany, our author proceeded to Scaghtikoke, where, it is but justice to say, he was received with open arms, and treated with wonderful loving-kindness. He was much looked up to by the family, being the first historian of the name ; and was considered almost as great a man as his cousin the congressman—with whom, by the bye, he became perfectly reconciled, and contracted a strong friendship.

In spite, however, of the kindness of his relations and their great attention to his comforts, the old gentleman soon became restless and discontented. His history being published, he had no longer any business to occupy his thoughts, or any scheme to excite his hopes and anticipations. This, to a busy mind like his, was a truly deplorable situation ; and had he not been a man of inflexible morals and regular habits, there would have been a great danger of his taking to politics, or drinking,—both which pernicious vices we daily see men driven to by mere spleen and idleness. It is true he sometimes employed himself in preparing a second edition of his history, wherein he endeavoured to correct and improve many passages with which he was dissatisfied, and to rectify some mistakes that had crept into it ; for he was particularly anxious that his work should be noted for its authenticity ; which indeed is the very life and soul of history. But the glow of composition had departed,—he had to leave many places untouched, which he would fain have altered ; and even where he did make alterations, he seemed always in doubt whether they were for the better or the worse.

After a residence of some time at Scaghtikoke, he began to feel a strong desire to return to New York, which he ever regarded with the warmest affection ; not merely because it was his native city, but because he really considered it the very best city in the whole world. On his return, he entered into the full enjoyment

of the advantages of a literary reputation. He was continually importuned to write advertisements, petitions, handbills, and productions of similar import; and although he never meddled with the public papers, yet had he the credit of writing innumerable essays, and smart things, that appeared on all subjects, and all sides of the question; in all which he was clearly detected by his style.

He contracted, moreover, a considerable debt at the post office, in consequence of the numerous letters he received from authors and printers soliciting his subscription, and he was applied to by every charitable society for yearly donations, which he gave very cheerfully, considering these applications as so many compliments. He was once invited to a great corporation dinner; and was even twice summoned to attend as a jurymen at the court of quarter sessions. Indeed, so renowned did he become, that he could no longer pry about, as formerly, in all holes and corners of the city, according to the bent of his humour, unnoticed and uninterrupted; but several times when he has been sauntering the streets, on his usual rambles of observation, equipped with his cane and cocked hat, the little boys at play have been known to cry, "There goes Diedrich!"—at which the old gentleman seemed not a little pleased, looking upon these salutations in the light of the praise of posterity.

In a word, if we take into consideration all these various honours and distinctions, together with an exuberant eulogium passed on him in the *Port Folio* (with which, we are told, the old gentleman was so much overpowered, that he was sick for two or three days), it must be confessed, that few authors have ever lived to receive such illustrious rewards, or have so completely enjoyed in advance their own immortality.

After his return from Scaghtikoke, Mr. Knickerbocker took up his residence at a little rural retreat, which the Stuyvesants had granted him on the family domain, in gratitude for his honourable mention of their ancestor. It was pleasantly situated on the borders of one of the salt marshes beyond Corlear's Hook; subject indeed to be occasionally overflowed, and much infested in summer time, with mosquitoes; but otherwise very agreeable, producing abundant crops of salt grass and bulrushes.

Here, we are sorry to say, the good old gentleman fell dangerously ill of a fever, occasioned by the neighbouring marshes. When he found his end approaching, he disposed of his worldly

affairs, leaving the bulk of his fortune to the New York Historical Society; his Heidelberg Catechism, and Vander Donck's work to the city library; and his saddle bags to Mr. Handaside. He forgave all his enemies—that is to say, all who bore any enmity towards him; for as to himself, he declared he died in good will with all the world. And, after dictating several kind messages to his relations at Scaghtikoke, as well as to certain of our most substantial Dutch citizens, he expired in the arms of his friend the librarian.

His remains were interred, according to his own request, in St. Mark's churchyard, close by the bones of his favourite hero, Peter Stuyvesant; and it is rumoured, that the Historical Society have it in mind to erect a wooden monument to his memory in the Bowling Green.

(From *History of New York*.)

## THE VOYAGE

I SAID that at sea all is vacancy; I should correct the impression. To one given to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the maintop of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; to watch the gentle, undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down from my giddy height on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols: shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting like a spectre through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth;



and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, which has in a manner triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the world into communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north, all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over—they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest—their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento may ever return for love to cherish. All that may ever be known is that she sailed from her port “and was never heard of more.”

The sight of this wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of

one of those sudden storms which will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

"As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs which prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead, even in the day-time; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing smacks, which are accustomed to anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of "A sail ahead!" It was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half naked wretches rushing from her cabin: they just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears, swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent, we never saw or heard anything of them more."

I confess these stories, for a time put an end to all my fine fancies. The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. Deep called unto deep. At times the black volume of clouds overhead seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning which quivered along the foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness

doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water; her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes an impending surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a dexterous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like funereal wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of the bulkheads, as the ship laboured in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the sides of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging around this floating prison seeking for his prey; the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

(From *The Sketchbook*.)

## THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER

It was late in the dusk of evening when Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused there awhile to rest himself. Anyone but he would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely melancholy place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it, from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars; when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here, and made sacrifices to the evil spirit.

Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of this kind. He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listening to the boding cry of the tree toad and delving with his walking staff into a mound of black mould at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his staff struck against something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mould, and lo! a cloven skull, with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him. The rust on the weapon showed the time that had elapsed since this deathblow had been given.

It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that had taken place in this last foothold of the Indian warriors.

"Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he gave it a kick to shake the dirt from it.

"Let that skull alone!" said a gruff voice. Tom lifted up his eyes, and beheld a great black man seated directly opposite him, on the stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither heard nor seen any one approach; and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither Negro nor Indian. It is true he was dressed in a rude half Indian garb, and had a red belt or sash swathed round his body; but his face was neither black nor copper colour, but swarthy and dingy, and begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair, that stood out from his head in all directions, and bore an axe on his shoulder.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

"What are you doing on my grounds?" said the black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

"Your grounds;" said Tom, with a sneer, "no more on your grounds than mine; they belong to Deacon Peabody."

"Deacon Peabody be d—d," said the stranger, "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins and less to those of his neighbours. Look yonder, and see how Deacon Peabody is faring."

Tom looked in the direction that the stranger pointed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that it had been nearly hewn through so that the first high wind was likely to blow it down. On the bark of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody, an eminent man, who had waxed wealthy by driving shrewd bargains with the Indians. He now looked around, and found most of the tall trees marked with the name of some great man of the colony, and all more or less scored by the axe. The one on which he had been seated, and which had evidently just been hewed down, bore the name of Crowinshield; and he recollected a mighty rich man of that name, who made a vulgar display of wealth, which it was whispered he had acquired by buccaneering.

"He's just ready for burning!" said the black man, with a

growl of triumph. "You see I am likely to have a good stock of firewood for winter."

"But what right have you," said Tom, "to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber?"

"The right of a prior claim," said the other. "This woodland belonged to me long before one of your white-faced race put foot upon the soil."

"And pray who are you, if I may be so bold?" said Tom.

"Oh, I go by various names. I am the Wild Huntsman in some countries; the Black Miner in others. In this neighbourhood I am known by the name of the Black Woodsman. I am he to whom the red men consecrated this spot, and in honour of whom they now and then roasted a white man, by way of sweet-smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecution of Quakers and Anabaptists; I am the great patron and prompter of slave dealers, and the grand master of the Salem witches."

The upshot of all which is, that, if I mistake not," said Tom, sturdily, "you are he commonly called Old Scratch."

"The same, at your service!" replied the black man with a half civil nod.

Such was the opening of this interview, according to the old story; though it has almost too familiar an air to be credited. One would think that to meet with such a singular personage, in this wild lonely place, would have shaken any man's nerves; but Tom was a hard-minded fellow, not easily daunted, and he had lived so long with a termagant wife, that he did not even fear the devil.

(From *Tales of a Traveller*.)

## GOLDSMITH

IT has been questioned whether he really had any religious feeling. Those who raise the question have never considered well his writings; his *Vicar of Wakefield*, and his pictures of the Village Pastor, present religion under its most endearing forms, and with a feeling that could only flow from the deep convictions of the heart. When his fair travelling companions at Paris urged him to read the Church Service on a Sunday, he replied that "he

was not worthy to do it." He had seen in early life the sacred offices performed by his father and his brother with a solemnity which had sanctified them in his memory: how could he presume to undertake such functions? His religion has been called in question by Johnson and by Boswell; he certainly had not the gloomy hypochondriacal piety of the one, nor the babbling mouth piety of the other; but the spirit of Christian charity, breathed forth in his writings and illustrated in his conduct, give us reason to believe he had the indwelling religion of the soul.

We have made sufficient comments in the preceding chapters on his conduct in elevated circles of literature and fashion. The fairy gifts which took him there were not accompanied by the gifts and graces necessary to sustain him in that artificial sphere. He can neither play the learned sage with Johnson, nor the fine gentleman with Beauclerc; though he has a mind replete with wisdom and natural shrewdness, and a spirit free from vulgarity. The blunders of a fertile but hurried intellect, and the awkward display of the student assuming the man of fashion, fix on him a character for absurdity and vanity which, like the charge of lunacy, it is hard to disprove, however weak the grounds of the charge and strong the facts in opposition to it.

In truth, he is never truly in his place in these learned and fashionable circles, which talk and live for display. It is not the kind of society he craves. His heart yearns for domestic life; it craves familiar, confiding intercourse, family firesides, the guileless and happy company of children; these bring out the heartiest and sweetest sympathies of his nature.

"Had it been his fate," says the critic whom we have already quoted, "to meet a woman who could have loved him despite his faults, and respected him despite his foibles, we cannot but think that his life and his genius would have been much more harmonious; his desultory affections would have been concentrated, his craving self-love appeased, his pursuits more settled, his character more solid. A nature like Goldsmith's, so affectionate, so confiding, so susceptible to simple innocent enjoyments, so dependent on others for the sunshine of existence, does not flower if deprived of the atmosphere of home."

The cravings of his heart in this respect are evident, we think, throughout his career; and if we have dwelt with more significance than others upon his intercourse with the beautiful Horneck family, it is because we fancied we could detect, amid his playful atten-

tions to one of its members, a lurking sentiment of tenderness, kept down by conscious poverty and a humiliating idea of personal defects. A hopeless feeling of this kind, the last a man would communicate to his friends, might account for much of that fitfulness of conduct, and that gathering melancholy, remarked, but not comprehended by his associates, during the last year or two of his life; and may have been one of the troubles of the mind which aggravated his last illness, and only terminated with his death.

We shall conclude these desultory remarks with a few which have been used by us on a former occasion. From the general tone of Goldsmith's biography, it is evident that his faults at the worst were but negative, while his merits were great and decided. He was no one's enemy but his own; his errors in the main, inflicted evil on none but himself, and were so blended with humorous and even affecting circumstances, as to disarm anger and conciliate kindness. Where eminent talent is united to spotless virtue, we are awed and dazzled into admiration, but our admiration is apt to be cold and reverential; while there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring individual, that pleads touchingly to our nature; and we turn more kindly towards the object of our idolatry, when we find that, like ourselves, he is mortal and frail. The epithet so often heard, and in such kindly tones, of "Poor Goldsmith!" speaks volumes. Few who consider the real compound of admirable and whimsical qualities which form his character, would wish to prune away its eccentricities, trim its grotesque luxuriance, and clip it down to the decent formalities of rigid virtue. "Let not his frailties be remembered," said Johnson, "he was a very great man." But for our part, we rather say, "Let them be remembered," since their tendency is to endear; and we question whether he himself would not feel gratified in hearing his reader, after dwelling with admiration on the proofs of his greatness, close the volume with the kind-hearted phrase, so fondly and familiarly ejaculated, of "Poor Goldsmith!"

(From *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*.)





## LEIGH HUNT

[James Henry Leigh Hunt (who during his literary life entirely dropped his first two Christian names) was the son of Isaac, latterly the Rev. Isaac Hunt, an Anglo-West-Indian, who was a lawyer till he took orders, and of Mary Shewell, a Philadelphian. His parents were loyalists and had to leave America, where Isaac Hunt had practised. Leigh, their youngest son, was born in London on 19th October 1784, was educated at Christ's Hospital, produced a book of verses at the age of sixteen, and, after holding a War Office clerkship for a short time, joined his brother John in starting the *Examiner* newspaper, and lived by literature, periodical and other, for the rest of his life. He married in 1809, and three years later came his imprisonment (for libelling the Prince Regent), during which he wrote his principal poem, the *Story of Rimini*, and made the acquaintance of the chief men of letters of the day, who sympathised with his politics. Being released, he did a great deal of miscellaneous work, his best being in *The Indicator*, a mainly single-handed periodical. In 1821-2, at Shelley's suggestion, he took his family to Italy, and edited *The Liberal*, a quarterly review under Byron's patronage. Shelley died, Byron and Hunt found it impossible to get on together, and Hunt, though he remained in Italy for some years after Byron's departure for Greece, had to come home, and took his revenge in the unlucky and discreditable *Lord Byron and his Contemporaries* (1828). He lived more than thirty years longer in different suburbs of London, doing a great deal of miscellaneous literary work, but suffering from chronic impecuniosity. For some time Shelley, and then the Shelley family, supplied his wants; and in 1847 he received a crown pension of £200 a year. He died on 28th August 1859. His character has been rather variously judged. Most people have admitted his amiability, but estimates in other respects have ranged from that of the critic who has pronounced him a "noble fellow" to that of those who think that the famous caricature of Skimpole in *Black House*, though a good deal blackened, was not quite unlike, and that there are in Hunt touches of vulgarity. His extremely voluminous works have never been collected; and some of them are not easy to obtain.]

THE fame of Leigh Hunt, like that of most writers of the second or lower ranks, who have not come to the period when their works are finally classed, has probably on the whole sunk a good deal since his death, though there has been a recent revival of

interest in him. But though, as has been said above, there is no complete collection of his works, certain parts of it appear to be kept steadily in print by the booksellers, while of others reprints in different forms still appear from time to time. With the exception of a novel of no great merit, of one or two religious or quasi-religious books, and of a little nondescript matter, the whole of his work in prose belongs to what is called occasional writing. Even where his books were issued with titles intimating a certain unity, such as *The Town*, *The Old Court Suburb*, *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*, and so forth, they are not in reality anything more than collections or strings of separate articles, and though an exception has been sought by some for the *Autobiography*, I am not myself much inclined to grant it.

Leigh Hunt was in fact a born article-writer, if not a born journalist. For the occupations of journalism proper, though he had a good deal of practice in them, he was, I suspect, both too original in fancy and too desultory in temper. He could write on an immense variety of subjects, but they must be subjects which hit his own taste and caprice at the moment, not subjects dictated by the events of the day or the needs of an editor. At the same time, he was not very capable of conceiving, or, having conceived, of working out any large and orderly scheme. Accordingly, the great mass of his work, though it has qualities which raise it far above ordinary journalism, still has some of the defects of journalism upon it. It consists of hundreds—it might hardly be an exaggeration to say thousands—of articles, essays, sketches, reviews, short stories, sometimes mere paragraphs which touch on the widest diversity of subject. Hunt busied himself with literary history and criticism, art, politics, topography, social life, religion as he conceived it—a very vague and formless religion, which epithets will also apply to his politics—almost everything except the more serious subjects of science and scholarship. Even these, though with uniformly disastrous results, he now and then attempted to touch. To this multifarious and miscellaneous industry he brought a fair amount of rather desultory reading, a very fine taste in some departments (especially the poetical) of literary criticism, some knowledge of art, especially of the drama, a peculiar loving affection for the monuments and the memories of old London (which, with Italy, was almost his sole place of residence), a great deal of interest in the ordinary concerns of humanity, and above all a distinct style. This style,

with a certain tendency to the careless and slipshod, has a very remarkable vividness, no small share of grace, and a peculiar attractive quality which contrives to surmount and survive occasional shocks to refined taste in matter of manners, and contempts of logical exigences in point of ethics and of thought.

Except in this quality of manner Leigh Hunt is not, in prose, a very original writer. He is most original in literary criticism where, chiefly by dint of intense affection for and sympathy with the writers, especially the poets, whom he handles, he holds a position quite by himself. He was the contemporary and the more or less intimate associate of Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, and Carlyle; the contemporary if not the associate of Jeffrey, Wilson, Lockhart, De Quincey, and Macaulay. All these men were of much robust intelligence, most of them were of far greater erudition, and some of them had a finer critical originality than Hunt could boast. Yet if it should happen (as it very well may) that all of them have written on some one literary subject, especially if that subject be poetry, the reading of the whole will not make it superfluous to see what Leigh Hunt has to say. His criticism is the reverse of methodical; it rarely attempts to grasp and never succeeds in grasping the whole of the subject; it is the last criticism to go to if what one wants is the latitude and longitude of the writer or the book in the great chart of literature. It may almost be said of Hunt's criticism of poetry in the late Laureate's words that "it cannot understand, it loves"; and by virtue of love it frequently detects and reveals peculiarities of the subject which more strictly intelligent treatment has missed. For this irregular desultory "impressionist" criticism, as well as for his topographical narratives and descriptions, his sketches of manners, his stories and anecdotes, his eighteenth-century essay-writing adjusted to a looser nineteenth-century standard—Leigh Hunt's style is excellently suited. Save now and then when his poetic fit comes on while he is wielding the pen of prose, it cannot be said to be a very dignified or distinguished style; it is even, as has been hinted, sometimes slipshod and out-at-elbows, suggestive of the peculiar and rather slovenly ease and *bonhomie* which characterised its author's whole life and conversation. But at its best it can be almost beautiful; and except when it is at its very worst (which is very seldom) it is always agreeable. As a style it has no very salient characteristics, and is almost devoid of mannerisms; such as it shows being chiefly vestiges of

the old eighteenth-century essay habit of imitating the mannerisms of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. Indeed, one of Hunt's chief charms is his extreme naturalness, which steers quite clear of the excessively artificial nature too common in literature, and makes any idea of affectation impossible. His writing thus has the great and rare merit of being perfectly adapted to his thought and subject—to his easy but by no means always trivial humour, to his wide if not very scholarly reading, to his still wider and for the most part perfectly genuine range of human interests, and above all to his intense love of some of the sides of poetry, and most of the gentler emotions of life.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## LEIGH HUNT'S DUNGEON

THE doctor then proposed that I should be removed into the prison infirmary ; and this proposal was granted. Infirmary had, I confess, an awkward sound, even to my ears. I fancied a room shared with other sick persons, not the best fitted for companions ; but the good-natured doctor (his name was Dixon) undeceived me. The infirmary was divided into four wards, with as many small rooms attached to them. The two upper wards were occupied, but the two on the floor had never been used : and one of these, not very providently (for I had not yet learned to think of money) I turned into a noble room. I papered the walls with a trellis of roses ; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky ; the barred windows I screened with Venetian blinds ; and when my bookcases were set up with their busts, and flowers and a pianoforte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a gaol, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room, except in a fairy tale.

But I possessed another surprise ; which was a garden. There was a little yard outside the room, railed off from another belonging to the neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple-tree, from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. Thomas Moore, who came to see me with Lord Byron, told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. I bought the *Parnaso Italiano* while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it, while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture :—

Mio picciol orto,  
A me sei vigna, e campo, e selva, e prato.—BALDI.

My little garden,  
To me thou'rt vineyard, field, and meadow, and wood.

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn, my trellises were hung with scarlet-runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off.

But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables ; but it contained a cherry tree, which I saw twice in blossom. I parcelled out the ground in my imagination into favourite districts. I made a point of dressing myself as if for a long walk ; and then, putting on my gloves, and taking my book under my arm, stepped forth, requesting my wife not to wait dinner if I was too late. My eldest little boy, to whom Lamb addressed some charming verses on the occasion, was my constant companion, and we used to play all sorts of juvenile games together. It was, probably, in dreaming of one of these games (but the words had a more touching effect on my ear) that he exclaimed one night in his sleep, "No ; I'm not lost ; I'm found." Neither he nor I were very strong at that time ; but I have lived to see him a man of eight and forty ; and wherever he is found, a generous hand and a great understanding will be found together.

(From *Autobiography*.)

## THE TREES IN THE CITY

As a link of a very pleasing description between old times and new not unconnected with what we have been speaking of, we shall conclude our introduction by observing, that there is scarcely a street in the *city* of London, perhaps not one, nor many out of the pale of it, from some part of which the passenger may not discern a *tree*. Most persons to whom this has been mentioned have doubted the accuracy of our information, nor do we profess hitherto to have ascertained it ; though, since we heard the assertion, we have made a point of endeavouring to do so whenever we could, and have not been disappointed. The mention of

the circumstance generally creates a laughing astonishment, and a cry of "impossible!" Two persons, who successively heard of it the other day, not only thought it incredible as a general fact, but doubted whether half a dozen streets could be found with a twig in them; and they triumphantly instanced "Cheapside," as a place in which it was "out of the question." Yet in Cheapside is an actual, visible, and even ostentatiously visible tree, to all who have eyes to look about them. It stands at the corner of Wood Street, and occupies the space of a house. There was a solitary one the other day in St. Paul's Churchyard, which has now got a multitude of young companions. A little child was shown us a few years back, who was said never to have beheld a tree but that single one in St. Paul's Churchyard. Whenever a tree was mentioned, she thought it was that and no other. She had no conception even of the remote tree in Cheapside! This appears incredible; but there would seem to be no bounds, either to imagination or to the want of it. We were told the other day on good authority, of a man who had resided six-and-thirty years in the square of St. Peter's at Rome, and then for the first time went inside the Cathedral.

There is a little garden in *Watling Street*! It lies completely open to the eye, being divided from the footway by a railing only.

In the body of our work will be found notices of other trees and green spots, that surprise the observer in the thick of the noise and smoke. Many of them are in churchyards. Others have disappeared during the progress of building. Many courts and passages are named from trees that once stood in them, as Vine and Elm Court, Fig-tree Court, Green-arbour Court, etc. It is not surprising that *garden-houses* as they were called, should have formerly abounded in Holborn, in Bunhill Row, and other (at that time) suburban places. We notice the fact, in order to observe how fond the poets were of occupying houses of this description. Milton seems to have made a point of having one. The only London residence of Chapman which is known, was in Old Street Road; doubtless at that time a rural suburb. Beaumont and Fletcher's house, on the Surrey side of the Thames (for they lived as well as wrote together), most probably had a garden; and Dryden's house in Gerard Street looked into the garden of the mansion built by the Earls of Leicester. A tree, or even a flower, put in a window in the streets of a great city (and the London citizens, to their credit, are fond of flowers),

affects the eye something in the same way as the hand-organs, which bring unexpected music to the ear. They refresh the commonplaces of life, shed a harmony through the busy discord, and appeal to those first sources of emotion, which are associated with the remembrance of all that is young and innocent. They seem also to present to us a portion of the tranquillity we think we are labouring for, and the desire of which is felt as an earnest that we shall realise it somewhere, either in this world or in the next. Above all, they render us more cheerful for the performance of present duties; and the smallest seed of this kind, dropt into the heart of man, is worth more, and may terminate in better fruits, than anybody but a great poet could tell us.

(From *The Town*.)

#### SPENSER AS THE PAINTERS' POET

IT has been a whim of late years with some transcendental critics, in the excess of the reaction of what may be called spiritual poetry against material, to deny utterly the old family relationship between poetry and painting. They seem to think, that because Darwin absurdly pronounced nothing to be poetry which could not be painted, they had only to avail themselves of the spiritual superiority of the art of the poet, and assert the contrary extreme. Now, it is granted that the subtlest creations of poetry are neither effected by a painter-like process, nor limited to his powers of suggestion. The finest idea the poet gives you of anything is by what may be called sleight of mind, striking it without particular description on the mind of the reader, feeling and all, moral as well as physical, as a face is struck on a mirror. But to say, nevertheless, that the poet does not include the painter in his more visible creations, is to deprive him of half his privileges, nay, of half of his very poems. Thousands of images start out of the canvas of his pages to laugh at the assertion. Where did the great Italian painters get half of the most bodily details of their subjects but out of the poets? and what becomes of a thousand landscapes, portraits, colours, lights and shades, groupings, effects, intentional and artistical pictures, in the writings of all the poets inclusive, the greatest especially?

I have taken opportunity of this manifest truth to introduce



under one head a variety of the most beautiful passages in Spenser, many of which might otherwise have seemed too small for separate exhibition ; and I am sure that the more poetical the reader, the more will he be delighted to see these manifestations of the pictorial side of poetry. He will not find them destitute of that subtler spirit of the art, which pictures cannot express.

"After reading," said Pope, "a canto of Spenser two or three days ago to an old lady, between seventy and eighty years of age, she said that I had been showing her a gallery of pictures. I don't know how it is, but she said very right. There is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in old age as it did in one's youth. I read the *Faerie Queene*, when I was about twelve, with infinite delight ; and I think it gave me as much, when I read it over about a year or two ago."—*Spence's Anecdotes*.

The canto that Pope here speaks of was probably one of the most allegorical sort, very likely that containing the Mask of Cupid. In the one preceding it, there is a professed gallery of pictures supposed to be painted upon tapestry. But Spenser's allegorical pictures are only his most obvious ones : he has a profusion of others, many of them still more exquisitely painted. I think that if he had not been a great poet, he would have been a great painter ; and in that case there is ground for believing that England would have possessed, and in the person of one man, her Claude, her Annibal Caracci, her Correggio, her Titian, her Rembrandt, perhaps even her Raphael. I suspect that if Spenser's history were better known, we should find that he was a passionate student of pictures, a haunter of the collections of his friends Essex and Leicester. The tapestry just alluded to he criticises with all the gusto of a connoisseur, perhaps with an eye to pictures in those very collections. In speaking of a Leda, he says, bursting into an admiration of the imaginary painter—

O, wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man,  
That her in daffodillies sleeping made,  
From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade !

And then he proceeds with a description full of life and beauty, but more proper to be read with the context than brought forward separately. The colouring implied in these lines is in the very core of the secret of that branch of the art ; and the unpainted part of the tapestry is described with hardly less beauty.

For, round about, the walls yclothèd were  
 With goodly arras of great majesty,  
 Woven with gold and silk so close and near,  
 That the rich metal lurkèd privily,  
 As feigning to be hid from envious eye ;  
 Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares  
 It show'd itself, and *shone unwillingly* ;  
*Like to a discolour'd snake, whose hidden snares*  
*Through the green grass his long bright burnish'd back declares.*

Spenser should have a new set of commentators,—the painters themselves. They might do for him in their own art, what Warton did in his,—trace him among his *brethren*. Certainly no works would “illustrate” better than Spenser’s with engravings from the old masters (I should like no better amusement than to hunt him through the print shops !), and from none might a better gallery be painted by new ones. I once wrote an article on the subject in a magazine ; and the late Mr. Hilton (I do not know whether he saw it) projected such a gallery, among his other meritorious endeavours. It did not answer to the originals, either in strength or sweetness ; but a very creditable and pleasing specimen may be seen in the National Gallery,—*Serena rescued from the Savages by Sir Calpine*.

In corroboration of the delight which Spenser took in this more visible kind of poetry, it is observable that he is never more free from his superfluities than when painting a picture. When he gets into a moral, or intellectual, or narrative vein, we might often spare him a good deal of the flow of it ; but on occasions of sheer poetry and painting, he is too happy to wander so much from his point. If he is tempted to expatiate, every word is to the purpose. Poetry and painting indeed would in Spenser be identical, if they could be so ; and they are more so, too, than it has latterly been the fashion to allow ; for painting does not deal in the purely visible. It deals also in the suggestive and the allusive, therefore in thoughts beyond the visible proof of the canvas ; in intimations of sound ; in references to past and future. Still the medium is a visible one, and is at the mercy of the spectator’s amount of comprehension. The great privilege of the poet is, that, using the medium of speech, he can make his readers poets ; can make them aware and *possessed* of what he intends, enlarging their comprehension by his details, or enlightening by a word. A painter might have the same feeling as Shakespeare respecting the moonlight “sleeping” on a bank ;

but how is he to evince it? He may go through a train of the profoundest thoughts in his own mind; but into what voluminous fairy circle is he to compress them? Poetry can paint whole galleries in a page, while her sister art requires heaps of canvas to render a few of her poems visible.

(From *Imagination and Fancy*.)

## THE HOUSE OF THE DAUGHTER OF HIPPOCRATES

IN the time of the Norman reign in Sicily, a vessel bound from that island for Smyrna was driven by a westerly wind upon the island of Cos. The crew did not know where they were, though they had often visited the island; for the trading towns lay in other quarters, and they saw nothing before them but woods and solitudes. They found, however, a comfortable harbour; and the wind having fallen in the night, they went on shore next morning for water. The country proved as solitary as they thought it; which was the more extraordinary, inasmuch as it was very luxuriant, full of wild figs and grapes, with a rich uneven ground, and stocked with goats and other animals, who fled whenever they appeared. The bees were remarkably numerous; so that the wild honey, fruits, and delicious water, especially one spring which fell into a beautiful marble basin, made them more and more wonder, at every step, that they could see no human inhabitants.

Thus idling about and wondering, stretching themselves now and then among the wild thyme and grass, and now getting up to look at some specially fertile place which another called them to see, and which they thought might be turned to fine trading purpose, they came upon a mound covered with trees, which looked into a flat, wide lawn of rank grass, with a house at the end of it. They crept nearer towards the house along the mound, still continuing among the trees, for fear they were trespassing at last upon somebody's property. It had a large garden wall at the back, as much covered with ivy as if it had been built of it. Fruit-trees looked over the wall with an unpruned thickness; and neither at the back nor front of the house were there any signs of humanity. It was an ancient marble building, where glass was not to be expected in the windows; but it was much

dilapidated, and the grass grew up over the steps. They listened again and again ; but nothing was to be heard like a sound of men ; nor scarcely of anything else. There was an intense noonday silence. Only the hares made a rustling noise as they ran about the long hiding grass. The house looked like the tomb of human nature amidst the vitality of earth.

(From *Essays*.)

## THOMAS DE QUINCEY

[Thomas De Quincey was born in Manchester, 15th August 1785, being the fifth son of Thomas Quincey, a merchant of some literary taste, who died in 1792. After a varied experience of school life, he ran away, in 1802, from the Manchester Grammar School, and spent a year in North Wales and London, as described in the *Confessions*. In 1803 he went to Oxford, where he neglected his "schools" and made few acquaintances, but set himself to the study of German, and began to take opium. After leaving the University he took a house in the Lake Country, where he married in 1816. Three years later monetary losses obliged him to accept the post of editor of the *Westmoreland Gazette*. He soon moved to London, however, and began working for the magazines.

His papers, which touch on an immense variety of subjects, appeared for the most part in *The London Magazine*, from 1821-1824; *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, 1826-1849; *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, 1834-1852; and *Hogg's Instructor*, 1851 and 1852. He contributed also to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* (7th ed. 1827-1842); and published *Klosterheim, or The Masque* in 1839, and *The Logic of Political Economy* in 1844.

In 1828 he went to Edinburgh, and after losing his wife, took a cottage at Mavis Bank, Lasswade, for his daughters, and himself lived partly with them and partly in lodgings in the city until his death, 8th August 1859.]

DE QUINCEY, says Prof. Masson, "has taken his place in our literature as the author of about 150 magazine articles," of which the first was written at the comparatively advanced age of thirty-five.

Unpropitious as these conditions may appear, they were nevertheless of material assistance towards the development of his genius. During those thirty and odd years he had observed mankind under a variety of conditions, and gained an unusually wide acquaintance with literature, both classical and modern. His strong memory and historical insight enabled him to use this knowledge as a means of enriching his style; while the necessities of finishing for the press, and satisfying magazine editors, restrained the excess of elaboration and "wire-drawing" to which he was naturally addicted.

"For my own part," he says, "without breach of truth or modesty, I may affirm that my life has been on the whole the life of a philosopher. From my birth I was made an intellectual creature, and intellectual in the highest sense my pursuits and pleasures have been, even from my schoolboy days. . . . I have passed more of my life in absolute and unmitigated solitude, voluntarily and for intellectual purposes, than any person I have ever met with, heard of, or read of."

He was before all things a student who, though supremely interested in his fellow-creatures, both individually and in masses, was entirely without a sense of responsibility towards his generation. His writings are pre-eminently exegetical, lacking in the imperative mood. He analyses, interprets, or expounds after his subtle, philosophic, though somewhat eccentric and paradoxical manner; taking nothing for granted, probing into everything he touches, and illuminating it by some flash of originality. Though not always a sound thinker, he marshals his arguments with an orderly precision, which is invaluable in a good cause. Exactness, carried to the verge of pedantry, is the conspicuous merit of his style; which is further strengthened by a scrupulous attention to the conditions of effective comparison, and by the explicitness with which his statements and clauses are connected. Even his grammar and punctuation are singularly clear and careful.

Beneath this vigorous intellectuality lurks a curiously deliberate and "dæmonic" kind of humour, which largely consists in the sudden introduction of an unexpected point of view, the use of dignified language for the discussion of trivialities, and the application of artistic or professional terms to records of crime and passion. On such occasions he may be said to parody his own manner with conspicuous success. Unfortunately he sometimes descends to a style of "button-hole" facetiousness, caught perhaps from his boisterous friend Wilson, which is entirely out of place in his writings, and seems, for the time being, to destroy his usually fine sense of artistic propriety.

Composition, indeed, with De Quincey was in the highest sense of the word an art. He had what he called "an electric aptitude for seizing analogies," or "a logical instinct for feeling in a moment the secret analogies or parallelisms that connect things else apparently remote," and his erudition furnished a plentiful supply of recondite metaphors, personifications, and figures of speech. His vocabulary was copious, and he had a marked fondness for the Latin portion of it, which assisted his precision, his humour, and the stately rhythm in which he delighted.

His style is essentially decorative, and he aims consciously at sublimity of thought and diction. He does not shrink from daring appeals to the infinite, and risks bewildering his reader by dizzy flights to the uttermost limits of time and space. He builds up his sentences and his paragraphs with a sensitive ear for the music of words. One phrase seems like the echo of another, and even the impression of distance in sound is cunningly produced. His finest passages are distinguished by the crowded richness of fancy, the greater range and arbitrariness of combination, which are the peculiar attributes of poetry.

At times, indeed, he becomes obscure from over-elaboration ; and there can be no doubt that his digressions are too frequent and too lengthy. The tendency towards verbosity, however, is considerably checked by his intellectual alertness, and by his preference for miniatures, narrative and philosophic.

De Quincey of course was not the first writer of "impassioned prose." He shared the reaction of his day against the severer classicism of the eighteenth century, preferring rather the ornate manner of Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, and their contemporaries ; and following somewhat closely in the steps of Jean Paul Richter. He claimed only to be the author of a "mode of impassioned prose ranging under no precedents that he was aware of in any literature," of which, as Professor Minto has pointed out, "the speciality consists in describing incidents of purely personal interest in language suited to their magnitude as they appear in the eyes of the writer." The splendour of his style prepares the reader to be attracted, and he has moreover the wisdom to avoid comparing his experiences to those of others, or suggesting that they are in themselves extraordinary.

Such are the characteristics of *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, by which De Quincey introduced himself to the public, the *Suspiria de Profundis*, the opium dreams of *The English Mail Coach*, and many of the "autobiographic sketches." The first-named, considered merely as "confessions," are not so remarkable as those, for instance, of Rousseau. The story is comparatively commonplace, the attitude is less morbidly frank, and the author is in no sense the emotional mouthpiece of his generation.

While writing of himself, he naturally spoke also of his friends and contemporaries, and the frankness with which he did so has earned for him the reputation of spitefulness. But he lived so entirely out of the world, that he probably did not

realise the wisdom and kindness of reticence, while for posterity his acute "revelations" are both interesting and valuable. He wrote able biographies, moreover, of a number of classical, historical, and literary personages; though these are somewhat marred by a tendency to dwell too much on disputed "points." His most ambitious attempt, *The Cæsars*, is very unequal.

Indeed, historical speculation and research seem to have had a fascination for him, and in this region his wide reading and acuteness enabled him to question received theories, and support paradoxes with ingenuity and vigour; while his treatment of some passages of history is romantic and imaginative. The character of *The Spanish Military Nun*, for instance, is drawn with delicate sympathy, and the paper on *Joan of Arc* is almost perfect.

His biographical and historical essays contain a good deal of the criticism which he has elsewhere expounded in a more connected form. As a critic, he is illuminating, erudite, and thoughtful; but decidedly untrustworthy. He is childishly prejudiced, especially with regard to anything French; and his mental solitariness, which stood in the way of improvement in this matter, led him at other times into the most astounding critical blunders. His essays on the science and principles of literature are original and penetrating, though a little digressive. He asserts that many of his ideas came from Wordsworth. His most noted contributions to the subject are: the distinctions between the literature of knowledge and of power, between the organic and the mechanic aspects of style, and the development of Wordsworth's utterance that language is the incarnation rather than the dress of thoughts.

De Quincey is further known for his excursions into German literature. Explanations have been offered of his treatment of Kant and Goethe, which are assuredly required; but, these questions apart, he shared with Coleridge the honour of opening English eyes to the treasures of German thought and genius. His various tales from the German are permeated with the weird, romantic spirit of their originals, and his own novels, *The Avenger* and *Klosterheim*, were evidently written under the same influence, though the latter is also curiously reminiscent of Mrs. Radcliffe.

His contributions to philosophy, in which he was largely an interpreter of the Germans, are somewhat difficult to estimate. "My proper vocation," he remarks pathetically, "was the



exercise of the analytic understanding. Now, for the most part, analytic studies are continuous, not to be pursued by fits and starts, or fragmentary efforts ;” and it was of these alone that he was capable during the greater part of his life. However, his *System of the Heavens* and *The Palimpsest of the Human Brain* are suggestive ; and, though his interpretations may be questioned, it remains a fact that he was one of the first to recognise Kant’s greatness, and did much to make him known in England. His translation of the *Idea of a Universal History* was an important service to the philosophy of the subject.

Again, his papers on ethics, though concerned mainly with the exposition of “cases,” are instructive and vigorous. In theology he was a staunch Churchman, and in politics a prejudiced John Bull.

The *Logic of Political Economy* and the *Templar’s Dialogues* contain his most strictly scientific work, in which he appears chiefly as an exponent of Ricardo. His lucidity of style is here particularly helpful, and Mill, though differing from him on certain principles, adopts some of his illustrations, and treats his work with respect.

The genius of De Quincey, like all genuine manifestations, cannot be dismissed with a label or crowded into a pigeon-hole. He was associated with the Lake School, and sympathised with many of their aims ; but as a scholar in many fields, and a master of English prose, he stands alone.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

## LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW

OFTENTIMES at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that do not pretend to have leisure for very much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you. Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the new-born infant the earliest office of ennobling kindness,—typical, by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible which even in Pagan worlds sometimes descends to sustain it. At the very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. *That* might bear different interpretations. But immediately, lest so grand a creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the paternal hand, as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman, as proxy for the father, raised it upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying, perhaps, in his heart, “Behold what is greater than yourselves!” This symbolic act represented the function of Levana. And that mysterious lady, who never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) *levare*, to raise aloft.

This is the explanation of Levana. And hence it has arisen that some people have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. She, that would not suffer at his birth even a prefigurative or mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his powers. She therefore watches over human education. Now, the word *edüco*, with the penultimate short, was derived (by a process often exemplified in the crystallisation of languages) from the word

*edūco*, with the penultimate long. Whatsoever *educes*, or develops, *educates*. By the education of Levana, therefore, is meant, —not the poor machinery that moves by spelling-books and grammars, but by that mighty system of central forces hidden in the deep bosom of human life, which by passion, by strife, by temptation, by the energies of resistance, works for ever upon children,—resting not day or night, any more than the mighty wheel of day and night themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering for ever as they revolve.

If, then, *these* are the ministries by which Levana works, how profoundly must she reverence the agencies of grief! But you, reader, think that children generally are not liable to grief such as mine. There are two senses to the word *generally*,—the sense of Euclid, where it means *universally* (or in the whole extent of the *genus*), and a foolish sense of this word, where it means *usually*. Now, I am far from saying that children universally are capable of grief like mine. But there are more than you ever heard of who die of grief in this island of ours. I will tell you a common case. The rules of Eton require that a boy on the *foundation* should be there twelve years: he is superannuated at eighteen; consequently he must come at six. Children torn away from mothers and sisters at that age not unfrequently die. I speak of what I know. The complaint is not entered by the registrar as grief; but *that* it is. Grief of that sort, and at that age, has killed more than ever have been counted amongst its martyrs.

Therefore it is that Levana often communes with the powers that shake man's heart; therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. "These ladies," said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, "these are the Sorrows; and they are three in number: as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty; the *Parce* are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom always with colours sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black; the *Furies* are three, who visit with retributions called from the other side of the grave offences that walk upon this; and once even the *Muses* were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows; all three of whom I know." The last words I say *now*; but in Oxford I said, "one of whom I know, and the others too surely *I shall* know." For already, in my fervent youth, I

saw (dimly relieved upon the dark background of my dreams) the imperfect lineaments of the awful Sisters.

These Sisters—by what name shall we call them? If I say simply “The Sorrows,” there will be a chance of mistaking the term; it might be understood of individual sorrow,—separate cases of sorrow, whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man’s heart, and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations,—that is as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them, therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow*.

I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? Oh no! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves there is no voice nor sound; eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. They spoke not as they talked with Levana; they whispered not; they sang not; though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung; for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, heraldries painted on darkness, and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes; *I* spelled the steps. *They* telegraphed from afar; *I* read the signals. *They* conspired together; and on the mirrors of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. *Theirs* were the symbols; *mine* are the words.

What is it the Sisters are? What is it that they do? Let me describe their form and their presence, if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline, or presence it were that for ever advanced to the front or for ever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard in lamentation,—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem

on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened for ever which, heard at times as they trotted along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven. Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard the sobbing of litanies, or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This Sister, the elder, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth, to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring-time of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, He recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns for ever over *her*: still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844-5 within the bedchamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of the keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides, a ghostly intruder, into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honour with the title of "Madonna."

The second Sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever, for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is

oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This Sister is the visitor of the pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother, as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered; every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sulkily to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsman, whom God will judge; every captive in every dungeon; all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected; outcasts by traditionary law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace: all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key; but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third Sister, who is also the youngest!—Hush! whisper while we talk of *her*! Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the

reach of sight. She droops not ; and her eyes, rising so high, *might* be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden : through the treble veil of crape which she wears the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power ; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions ; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this our youngest Sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with tiger's leaps. She carries no key ; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*,—Our Lady of Darkness.

These were the *Semnai Theai* or Sublime Goddesses, these were the *Eumenides* or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity in shuddering propitiation), of my Oxford dreams. Madonna spoke. She spoke by her mysterious hand. Touching my head, she beckoned to Our Lady of Sighs ; and *what* she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads, was this :—

“Lo ! here is he whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled ; and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he become idolatrous ; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshipped the worm, and prayed to the wormy grave. Holy was the grave to him ; lovely was its darkness ; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolator, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs ! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful sister. And thou,”—turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum* she said,—“wicked sister, that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her*. See that thy sceptre lay heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope ; wither the relenting of love ; scorch the fountains of tears ; curse him as only *thou* canst curse. So shall he be accomplished in the furnace ; so shall he see the things that ought

not to be seen, sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished, which from God we had,—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit.

(From *Suspiria de Profundis*.)

## JOAN OF ARC

WHAT is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of Kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of goodwill*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendour and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domrémy as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent; no! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* truth, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honour from man. Coronets for thee! Oh no! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy,



when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee. Cite her by the apparitors to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short; and the sleep which is in the grave is long; let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long! This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints;—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her*!

Bishop of Beauvais! thy victim in fire upon a scaffold—thou upon a down bed. But, for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, often-

times the tortured and torturer have the same truce from carnal torment ; both sink together into sleep ; together both sometimes kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, bishop and shepherd girl—when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you—let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France—she, from her dungeon, she from her baiting at the stake, she from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream—saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival which man had denied to her languishing heart—that resurrection of springtime, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests—were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first ; but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. This mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered ; the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to reckon for had been exacted ; the tears that she was to shed in secret had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the scaffold she had triumphed gloriously ; victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all, except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died—died, amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies—died, amidst the drums and trumpets of armies—died, amidst peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

Bishop of Beauvais ! because the guilt-burdened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating mirror—rising (like the mocking mirrors of *mirage* in Arabian deserts) from the fens of death—most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins ; therefore I know, bishop, that you also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy. That fountain, of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure

morning dews : but neither dews, nor the holy dawn, could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, bishop, you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But, as *you* draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, bishop, well! Oh mercy! what a groan was *that* which the servants, waiting outside the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his labouring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not *so* to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests to which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades where only wild deer should run armies and nations are assembling; towering in the fluctuating crowd are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English Prince, Regent of France. There is my Lord of Winchester, the princely cardinal, that died and made no sign. There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No: it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial. Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah no! he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting: the mighty audience is gathered, the Court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is taking his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I have none: in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counsellor there is none now that would take a brief from *me*: all are silent." Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity; but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief: I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you: yes, bishop, *SHE*,—when heaven and earth are silent.

(From *Biographies*.)



## SIR WILLIAM NAPIER

[William Francis Patrick Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, was born at Celbridge, Kildare, Ireland, on the 17th December 1785. He was the third son and fourth child of the Hon. George Napier, a son of Lord Napier and of his wife Lady Sarah Lennox, sixth daughter of the second Duke of Richmond. He entered the Royal Irish Artillery in 1800, was transferred by the favour of the Duke of Richmond, his grandfather, to the Blues in a few months, and soon afterwards passed, at the invitation of Sir John Moore, to the 43rd infantry. In this regiment, or in the 52nd, he served in the expedition to Denmark, and in many of the most important passages of the Peninsular War. Having applied to enter the Royal Military College he missed the battle of Waterloo, but he served with his regiment in the army of occupation, mostly at Bapaume. In 1819, on the return of the army of occupation, he went on half pay, and next year began literary work by a review of "Jomini," written for the *Edinburgh*. A wound which he had received at Casal Nova, during Massina's retreat from Portugal, left him with a bullet pressing against his spine, and latterly incapacitated him for active service. He rose on the retired list to the rank of General, was Governor of Guernsey from 1842 to 1847, and was successively Colonel of the 27th and 22nd Regiments, in which latter post he succeeded his famous brother, Sir Charles Napier, the Conqueror of Scinde. His *History of the War in the Peninsula* was undertaken, 1823, at the suggestion of Lord Langdale, and as an answer to Southey. It occupied him for sixteen years, and was published between 1835 and 1840. A revised edition appeared in 1850-51, and he made a selection of the battles and sieges in 1855 in one volume. His other works were *The Conquest of Scinde*, 1845, and *The Administration of Scinde*, 1851, in one volume each, written to defend his brother Sir C. Napier; and a *Life of Sir Charles Napier*, in four volumes, 1857. Sir W. Napier was a vehement radical of somewhat confused sentimental ideas, and a man of a passionate, indeed almost hysterically emotional nature. He died at Clapham Park, on the 10th February 1860.]

THE defects of Sir W. Napier's literary work can all be easily traced to the influence of his character and his beliefs. His biographer, an anonymous Guernsey friend, whose ill-arranged work was edited by Mr. H. A. Bruce, Lord Aberdare (1864), allows that when he was moved by the sight of what he thought wrong,

he did not measure the terms of his accusations of the wrongdoer, and was apt to fall into excess. A less friendly critic might put it that when his emotions were excited, he was not particular to take care that he told the truth. This would be unjust, but it must be allowed that, when his personal likings or dislikings, his hatred of what he called the aristocratic principle of government, his adoration of Napoleon as the soldier of democracy, and his professional pride as an officer of the British army were touched, he was unmeasured and uncritical. To this must be attributed his sophistical excuses for the French invasion of Spain, and his gross unfairness to the Spaniards, whom he detested, partly because their claims seemed to diminish the share of glory justly due to his own service, and partly because they refused to accept a liberal constitution at the hands of the Corsican "soldier of democracy," and persisted in fighting for a despotic king and a bigoted church. Something too must be allowed for his not unnatural impatience with the ineptitude of Spanish generals and juntas. But those defects are counterbalanced by extraordinary merits which have made his "*Peninsular War*" perhaps the greatest specimen of military history in any language, and have left it not only without equal, but without second in our own. His personal experience, though a great advantage, was the least of his qualifications. He could when the dry light of his intellect was not damped by passion, reason closely, and expound with admirable lucidity. When the principles of war, or the military causes of success and failure were the matter in hand, he gave his reason fair play. In this respect, however, he has been equalled by other military writers. Where he stands, it may be confidently affirmed, alone, is in this, that he brought to the history of war the imagination of a great romantic writer, and a poet's command of "simple, sensuous, and passionate images." His style is perfectly adapted to his subject—simple, swift, direct at times, and then under the stimulus of some heroic action, or heroic suffering, rising to a sonorous vehemence full of telling images, often conveyed by the power of a single word put in its place. He goes intrepidly to the very border of the turgid, but never over it. His qualities as a writer fully atone for his patent errors as a judge.

DAVID HANNAY.

## PASSAGE OF THE DOURO

COLONEL WATERS, a quick daring man, discovered a poor barber who had come over the river with a small skiff the previous night ; and these two being joined by the Prior of Aramante, who gallantly offered his services, crossed the water unperceived and returned in half an hour with three large barges. Meanwhile eighteen guns were placed in battery on the convent height, and General John Murray was sent with the German brigade, the 14th dragoons and two guns, three miles up the stream, to the Barca de Avintas, with orders to seek for boats and pass there if possible. When Waters came back with the barges, some English troops followed Murray in support, and others cautiously approached the river close under the Serra rock. It was then ten o'clock, the French were tranquil and unsuspecting, the British wondering and expectant, and Sir Arthur was told that one boat had reached the point of passage. "*Well, let the men cross,*" was the reply, and on this simple order an officer with twenty-five men were in a quarter of an hour silently placed in the midst of the French army. The Seminary was thus gained, yet the French remained quiet in Oporto. A second boat crossed, no hostile movement followed, no sound was heard, and a third boat passed higher up the river ; but then tumultuous noise rolled through Oporto, the drums beat to arms, shouts arose in all parts, and the people were seen vehemently gesticulating and making signals from their houses, while confused masses of troops, rushing out of the city by the higher streets, and throwing out swarms of skirmishers, came furiously down against the Seminary. The British soldiers instantly crowded the river bank, Paget's and Hill's divisions at the point of passage, Sherbrooke's where the boat-bridge had been cut away ; but Paget himself who had passed in the third boat and mounted the roof of the Seminary, full there deeply wounded, whereupon Hill took his place. The musketry,

sharp and voluble, augmented as the forces accumulated, and the French attack was eager and constant, their fire increased more rapidly, and their guns opened on the building, while the English guns from the Serra commanded the enclosure and swept the ground on the left so as to confine the assault to the iron gate front ; but Murray did not appear, the struggle was violent, the moment critical, and Sir Arthur was only prevented crossing in person by the interference of those about him and the confidence he had in Hill.

In this state of affairs some citizens came over to Villa Nova with several great boats ; and Sherbrooke's men were beginning to cross in large bodies, when a loud shout in the town, and the waving of handkerchiefs from the windows, gave notice that the French had abandoned the lower city ; at the same time Murray was descried coming down the right bank of the river. Three battalions were now in the Seminary, the attack slackened, and Hill advancing to the enclosure wall poured a destructive fire on the French columns, as they passed in haste and confusion along his front on the Vallonga road ; five guns then came galloping out of the town, but, appalled by the terrible line of musketry from the enclosure, the drivers pulled up, and while thus hesitating a volley from behind stretched many artillerymen in the dust, and the rest dispersing, left their guns on the road. This volley came from Sherbrooke's men, who had come through the town, and thus the passage being won, the allies had the right bank of the Douro. Sherbrooke from the city now pressed the French rear, Hill from the Seminary sent a damaging fire on the flank of the retiring masses, and far on the right Murray menaced the line of retreat : the rear of the army was still passing the river, but the guns on the Serra rock searched the French columns from rear to front as they hurried onwards.

If Murray had fallen upon the disordered crowds their discomfiture would have been complete ; but he suffered column after column to pass without even a cannon shot, and seemed fearful lest they should turn and push him into the river. General Charles Stewart and Major Hervey, impatient of his timidity, charged with two squadrons of dragoons, and riding over the enemy's rear guard, as it was passing through a narrow road to gain an open space beyond, unhorsed Laborde and wounded Foy, yet on the English side Hervey lost an arm, and his gallant horsemen, receiving no support from Murray, had to fight their



way back with loss. This finished the action, the French continued their retreat, the British remained on the ground they had gained; the latter lost twenty killed, a general and ninety-five men wounded; and five guns were taken. A quantity of ammunition, and fifty guns, the carriages of which had been burnt, were afterwards found in the arsenal, and several hundred men were captured in the hospitals.

Napoleon's veterans were so experienced, so inured to warfare, that no troops could more readily recover from a surprise. Before they reached Vallonga they were again in order with a rear guard; and as a small garrison at the mouth of the Douro, guided by some friendly Portuguese, also rejoined the army in the night, Soult, believing Loison was still at Amarante, thought he had happily escaped the danger. Sir Arthur Wellesley now brought over his baggage, stores, and the artillery, which occupied the 12th and 13th; and though Murray's Germans pursued on the morning of the 13th, they did not go more than two leagues on the road of Amarante. This delay has been blamed. It is argued that an enemy once surprised should never be allowed to recover while a single regiment could pursue. The reasons for halting were, that part of the army was still on the left bank of the Douro, and the troops had outmarched provisions, baggage, and ammunition; they had made eighty miles of difficult country in four days, during three of which they were constantly fighting, men and animals required rest, and nothing was known of Beresford.

(From *Peninsular War*.)

## BATTLE OF FUENTES ONORO

It was Massena's intention to commence the attack at daybreak on the 5th, but a delay of two hours occurred, and all his movements were descried. The eighth corps, withdrawn from Alameda, and supported by all the French cavalry, was seen marching above the village of Poço Velho, which, with its swampy wood, was occupied by Houstoun's left, his right being thrown back in the plain towards Nava d'Aver. The sixth corps and Drouet's division took ground to their own left, still keeping a division in front of Fuentes Onoro, menacing that point; at this sight the light division and the English horse hastened to the

support of Houstoun, while the first and third divisions made a movement parallel to that of the sixth corps. The latter, however, drove the left wing of the seventh division from the village of Poço Velho, and it was fast gaining ground in the wood also when the riflemen of the light division arriving there restored the fight. The French cavalry then passed Poço Velho and commenced forming in order of battle on the plain, between the wood and hill of Nava d'Aver where Julian Sanchez was posted. He immediately retired across the Turones, partly in fear, but more in anger, because his lieutenant, having foolishly ridden close up to the enemy making many violent gestures, was mistaken for a French officer and shot by a soldier of the Guards before the action commenced.

Montbrun occupied himself with this weak partida for an hour, and when the guerilla chief was gone, turned the right of the seventh division, and charged the British cavalry, which had moved up to its support; the combat was unequal, for by an abuse too common, so many men had been drawn from the ranks as orderlies to general officers, and for other purposes, that not more than a thousand English troopers were in the field. The French therefore drove in all the cavalry outguards at the first shock, cut off Ramsay's battery of horse artillery, and came sweeping in upon the reserves of cavalry and upon the seventh division. Their leading squadrons, approaching in a disorderly manner, were partially checked by fire, but a great commotion was observed in their main body; men and horses were seen to close with confusion and tumult towards one point, where a thick dust and loud cries, and the sparkling of blades, and flashing of pistols, indicated some extraordinary occurrence. Suddenly the multitude became violently agitated, an English shout pealed high and clear, the mass was rent asunder, and Norman Ramsay burst forth sword in hand at the head of his battery. His horses, breathing fire, stretched like greyhounds along the plain, the guns bounded behind them like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners followed close, with heads bent low and pointed weapons in desperate career. Captain Brotherton of the Fourteenth Dragoons, seeing this, instantly rode forth and with his squadron shocked the head of the pursuing troops, and General Charles Stewart, joining in the charge, took the French Colonel Lamotte, fighting hand to hand; but then the main body of the French came on strongly and the British cavalry retired behind the light

division, which was immediately thrown into squares. The seventh division, which was more advanced, did the same, but the horsemen were upon them first and some were cut down. The mass however stood firm, and the Chasseurs Britanniques, ranged behind a loose stone wall, poured such a fire that their foes recoiled and seemed bewildered.

While these brilliant actions were passing on the right, the French made progress in the wood of Poço Velho, and as the English divisions were separated and the right wing turned, it was evident the battle would soon be lost, if the original concentrated position above Fuentes Onoro was not quickly regained. The seventh division was therefore ordered to cross the Turones, and move down the left bank to Frenada while the light division retired over the plain; the cavalry covered this movement; and the first and third divisions, and the Portuguese were at the same time placed on the steppe of land before described, perpendicular to the ravine of Fuentes Onoro. Crawford, who had resumed the command of the light division, covered Houstoun's passage across the Turones, and then retired slowly over the plain in squares, followed by the French horsemen, who continually outflanked but never dared to assail him; however in approaching the new line they sabred some of the Foot Guards under Colonel Hill, making that officer and fourteen men prisoners, and then, continuing their course, were repulsed by the Forty-second regiment. Many times Montbrun feigned to charge Crawford's squares, but always he found them too dangerous to meddle with, and this crisis passed without a disaster, yet there was not during the whole war a more perilous hour. For Houstoun's division was separated from the position by the Turones, and the vast plain was covered with commissariat animals and camp followers, with servants, led horses, baggage, and country people, mixed with broken detachments and piquets returning from the woods, all in such confused concourse that the light division squares appeared but as specks; and close behind these surging masses were five thousand horsemen, trampling, bounding, shouting for the word to charge. Fifteen guns were up with the French cavalry, the eighth corps was in order of battle behind them, the woods on their right were filled with Loison's skirmishers; and if that General, pivoting upon Fuentes, had come forth with the sixth corps while Drouet assailed the village, and the cavalry had made a general charge, the loose crowds of

non-combatants and broken troops would have been violently dashed against the first division, to intercept its fire and break its ranks, and the battle would have been lost. No such effort was made, the plain was soon cleared, the British cavalry took post behind the centre, and the light division formed a reserve on the right of the first division, having its riflemen amongst the rocks to connect it with Houstoun, who had reached Frenado and been there joined by Julian Sanchez. At sight of this new front, so deeply lined, the French stopped short and opened their guns, tearing the close masses of the allies; but twelve English guns soon replied so briskly that the violence of the French fire abated, and their cavalry drew back out of range. A body of infantry then attempted to glide down the ravine of the Turones, but they were repulsed by the riflemen and the light companies of the Guards, and the action on this side resolved itself into a cannonade.

Meanwhile a fierce battle was going on at Fuentes Onoro. There Drouet was to have carried the village when Montbrun's cavalry had turned the right of the line; he delayed his attack for two hours and thus marred the combination; but finally he assailed with such fierceness and vigour, that the three British regiments, over-matched in numbers and unaccustomed to the desultory fighting of light troops, were pierced and divided. Two companies of the Seventy-ninth were taken, Colonel Cameron of that regiment was mortally wounded, and the lower part of the village was lost: the upper part was however stiffly held, and the rolling of musketry was incessant. Had the attack been made earlier, and all Drouet's division thrown frankly into the fight, while the sixth corps moving through the wood closely turned the village, the passage must have been forced and the left of the new position out-flanked. But now Wellington, having all his reserves in hand, detached considerable masses to the support of the regiments in Fuentes; and as the French continued also to reinforce their troops, the whole of the sixth corps and part of Drouet's division were finally engaged. At one time the fighting was on the banks of the stream and amongst the lower houses, at another on the rugged heights and around the chapel, and some of the enemy's skirmishers penetrated completely through towards the main position; yet the village was never entirely abandoned by the defenders, and in one charge the Seventy-first, Seventy-ninth, and Eighty-eighth regiments, led by Colonel M'Kinnon,

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broke a heavy mass near the chapel, and killed a great number of French. This fighting lasted until evening, when the lower part of the town was abandoned by both parties, the British remaining at the chapel and crags, the French retiring a cannon-shot from the stream. After the action a brigade of the light division relieved the regiments in the village, a slight demonstration made by the second corps, near Fort Conception, was checked by a battalion of the Lusitanian Legion, and both armies remained in observation. Fifteen hundred men and officers, of which three hundred were prisoners, constituted the loss of the allies. That of the enemy was estimated at five thousand, upon the erroneous supposition that four hundred dead were lying about Fuentes Onoro. All armies make rash estimates on such occasions. Having had charge to bury the carcasses immediately about the village, I found only one hundred and thirty bodies, one-third being British.

(From the Same.)



## THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

[Thomas Love Peacock, a species of novelist in himself, was born at Weymouth, on 18th October 1785. His father was a merchant, his mother's relations, the Loves, were chiefly naval, and his grandfather had a leg shot off in Rodney's great action near Dominica. His father died when he was three years old, and he was brought up by his mother, going to no school (except a private one at Englefield Green) and to no University. Notwithstanding this irregular education, he was a more than competent classical scholar, and a man of great general reading and knowledge. He began in literature with poetry, but his more ambitious efforts in verse (though the songs scattered in and out of his novels are of the very first class) are not extremely good. After a disappointment in love, he served for a short time as under-secretary to Admiral Sir Home Popham, on board the *Venerable*; but gave this up very soon, and returned to poetry and pedestrianism. He sojourned much in Wales, and there met his future wife (whom, however, he did not marry for some time). There, too, he made the acquaintance of Shelley, of whom he has left by far the best and most trustworthy accounts at first hand that we possess. *Headlong Hall*, his first novel, with a Welsh subject, was published in 1816; and in each of the next two years he published another—*Melincourt* in 1817, *Nightmare Abbey* in 1818. In 1819 he was offered and accepted a clerkship in the East India Company, which became a very valuable appointment, and after thirty-six years' service gave him freedom and a competent pension. He married in 1820, published *Maid Marian* in 1822, the *Misfortunes of Elphin* in 1829, and *Crotchet Castle* in 1831. Then, till nearly the close of his service with the East India Company, he wrote nothing at all, and never produced more than one other book, the last of his novels, *Gryll Grange*, which appeared in 1860. Between 1850 and this date, however, he wrote a good many essays and articles. He died on 13th January 1866 at Halliford, where he had lived for many years. After being long difficult to obtain, his novels, with his poems and a certain number of miscellanies, were collected in 1875, in three vols. More recently (1891-2) there has appeared a very pretty edition of the novels, edited by Dr. Garnett, without the poems, but with a slightly different selection of prose miscellanies, and with the fragments of what might have been a very interesting fantasy-novel entitled *Calidore*.]

FOR some years past, since owing to the effects of divers critics Peacock's very remarkable novels have recovered public attention,

and especially since the two collected editions of him above referred to have been venal at the stall, there has been a kind of quarrel, not by any means wholly amicable, as to his and their merits. And this is not surprising. For if he has, in some respects to a very eminent degree, the qualities which suit a period of not altogether genuine "culture," he has others which expose their possessor to the risk of offending more than he attracts. There is no obscurity in Peacock; there is no gush; and there is a great deal of very active and poignant ridicule of gush, of obscurity, and of affectation. Accordingly it is found that more than a few persons altogether decline to give him welcome. "It may be possible," they say in effect and sometimes in almost textual expression, "for literary critics to enjoy him; but the great heart of the people cannot away with him." This is very possible; and it is at least creditable to the great heart of the people that it should not pretend to away with him when it cannot. But in such a notice as the present, it is clearly impossible to deal with the very abundant and very peculiar idiosyncrasy of Peacock's matter. He was, from a certain point of view—limited, occasionally unfair, distinctly Voltairian, but still elevated and unique—the satirist of many of the small vulgarities (to adopt the old distinction between the great vulgar and the small) of his time. And he accompanied his satire with such an exquisite adaptation of the attitude of similar satirists of old—Aristophanes, Lucian, and in a softened and milder degree Rabelais—as could not but appeal to all kindred spirits, and revolt all spirits not kindred. He began by making fun of the times of our grandfathers, he ended by making fun of times which are almost, if not quite our own; and if, as perhaps he did, he showed himself rather obstinately blind to many of the higher aspects of life in general, he saw what he did see with an unmatched clearness of vision, and expressed the ironic results of his sight with wonderful distinction and scholarship.

I have never yet seen noticed, though it must certainly have struck others besides myself, the following extraordinary parallelism, or as some, with whom I would have nothing to do, say, plagiarism. Here are two passages which the reader may compare :—

In one of those beautiful valleys through which the Thames, not yet polluted with the tide, the scouring of cities, or even the minor defilement



of the sandy streams of Surrey, rolls a clear flood through flowery meadows and under the shade of old beech woods, and the smooth glossy greensward of the chalk hills.

That beautiful valley through which the Thames, not yet defiled by the precincts of a great capital, nor rising and flowing with the ebb of the sea, rolls under woods of beech round the gentle hills of Berkshire.

The first of these occurs in the opening chapter of Peacock's *Crochet Castle*, the second in a chapter of Macaulay's *History* published some twenty years later. Now Macaulay has never, many as are the faults charged on him, been accused of plagiarism, and it is certain that the resemblance, which cannot possibly be accidental, must have come from unconscious remembrance. But that a man with such a memory as Macaulay's should have been deceived into fancying the sentence his own, is in itself a very curious and a very interesting thing; for, though the differences of the pair are more likely to strike the not very curious considerer than their resemblances, these resemblances are strong. Peacock had a more poetical, a more ironic, and a less popular temperament than Macaulay's: but there was a good deal in him which might be called Macaulayish, on the negative side. He was nearly as knock-down in his depreciation as Macaulay was in his eulogism of progress and reform; he was, also like Macaulay, an omnivorous reader, and he had to a great extent the same clear, emphatic, unshadowed, and unclouded cast of thought. Being, as has been said, an unpopular Macaulay he never pushes his positiveness even in the negative direction to the extent of Philistinism; but he is open to the charge of being as hard if not as hollow as Macaulay at his worst.

His special merits however, will always, while they indispose towards him those whom Macaulay fully satisfies, enchant those who, while they fully admit the merits of Macaulay, are half disgusted by his demerits. To adopt a French word to which Mr. Arnold gave letters of English naturalisation, Peacock is frequently unreasonable, but he is never *bête*; Macaulay, though he generally has some sort of a reason to render, does occasionally deserve this term of reproach. How Peacock escapes it is indeed a marvel. He is extremely prejudiced, he is anything but consistent in his prejudices; he shuts his eyes obstinately to whatsoever he does not choose to see; and he does not choose to see some things which are of the first importance.

But he is saved and more than saved by three things—his perfect appreciation and constant memory of the best literature, the exquisite and quintessential humour of his critical observation both of letters and of life, and lastly a certain consummate quietness of phrase and style.

It is in this last respect that he is specially noticeable here. We have been told in the latest reminiscences of him—those of Sir Edward Strachey—that he had the strongest objection to writing even a letter in a hurry, lest he should be led into carelessness of style. Scruples of this kind are not unapt to consort with, and even to bring about, a kind of sterile and finikin nicety which does not allow the possessor of it to do anything great. In Peacock's case the check only operated by preventing him from doing anything small. For all his intense literary quality, scarcely any writer smells less of the lamp than he; yet no writer is so hard to detect in any negligence. It is true that he had everything in his favour. He was never obliged to write for bread; and after his youth was past he had sufficient occupation, not unpleasant and very far indeed from unlucrative, to make it unnecessary for him to write for pastime. Yet had this gift of fortune not coincided with a consummate literary faculty, it had hardly given us such work of his as we now possess—work in which the most distinct and characteristic flavour of matter is helped and set off by the most regular and classical, though the least featureless or insipid correctness of style.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## THE LOGIC OF SEITHENYN

ELPHIN seated himself at the right hand of Seithenyn, Teithrin remained at the end of the hall : on which Seithenyn exclaimed, "Come on, man, come on. What if you be not the son of a king, you are the guest of Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi. The most honourable place to the most honourable guest, and the next most honourable place to the next most honourable guest ; the least honourable guest above the most honourable inmate, and where there are but two guests, be the most honourable who he may, the least honourable of the two is next in honour to the most honourable of the two, because there are no more but two ; and where there are only two there can be nothing between. Therefore sit, and drink. GWIN O EUR : wine from gold."

Elphin motioned Teithrin to approach, and sit next to him.

Prince Seithenyn, whose liquor was "his eating and his drinking solely," seemed to measure the gastronomy of his guests by his own ; but his groom of the pantry thought the strangers might be disposed to eat, and placed before them a choice of provision, on which Teithrin ap Tathral did vigorous execution.

"I pray your excuses," said Seithenyn, "my stomach is weak, and I am subject to dizziness in the head, and my memory is not so good as it was, and my faculties of attention are somewhat impaired, and I would dilate more upon the topic, whereby you should hold me excused, but I am troubled with a feverishness and parching of the mouth, that very much injures my speech, and impedes my saying all I would say, and will say before I have done, in token of my loyalty and fealty to your highness and your highness's house. I must just moisten my lips, and I will then proceed with my observations. Cupbearer, fill."

"Prince Seithenyn," said Elphin, "I have visited you on a subject of deep moment. Reports have been brought to me, that

the embankment, which has been so long entrusted to your care, is in a state of dangerous decay."

"Decay," said Seithenyn, "is one thing, and danger is another. Everything that is old must decay. That the embankment is old, I am free to confess; that it is somewhat rotten in parts, I will not altogether deny; that it is any the worse for that, I do most sturdily gainsay. It does its business well: it works well: it keeps out the water from the land, and it lets in the wine upon the High Commission of Embankment. Cupbearer, fill. Our ancestors were wiser than we: they built it in their wisdom; and if we should be so rash as to try to mend it, we should only mar it."

"The stonework," said Teithrin, "is sapped and mined; the piles are rotten, broken, and dislocated: the floodgates and sluices are leaky and creaky."

"That is the beauty of it," said Seithenyn. Some parts of it are rotten, and some parts of it are sound."

"It is well," said Elphin, "that some parts are sound; it were better that all were so."

"So I have heard some people say before," said Seithenyn, "perverse people, blind to venerable antiquity; that very unamiable sort of people, who are in the habit of indulging their reason. But I say the parts that are rotten give elasticity to those that are sound: they give them elasticity, elasticity, elasticity. If all were sound, it would break by its own obstinate stiffness: the soundness is checked by the rottenness, and the stiffness is balanced by the elasticity. There is nothing so dangerous as innovation. See the waves in the equinoctial storms, dashing and clashing, roaring and pouring, spattering and battering, rattling and battling against it. I would not be so presumptuous as to say, I could build anything that would stand against them half-an-hour; and here this immortal old work, which God forbid the finger of modern mason should bring into jeopardy, this immortal work has stood for centuries, and will stand for centuries more, if we let it alone. It is well: it works well: let well alone. Cupbearer, fill. It was half rotten when I was born, and that is a conclusive reason why it should be three parts rotten when I die."

The whole body of the High Commission roared approbation.

"And after all," said Seithenyn, "the worst that could happen would be the overflow of a spring tide, for that was the worst that happened before the embankment was thought of; and if the high

water should come in, as it did before, the low water would go out again, as it did before. We should be no deeper in it than our ancestors were, and we could mend as easily as they could make."

"The level of the sea," said Teithrin, "is materially altered."

"The level of the sea!" exclaimed Seithenyn. "Who ever heard of such a thing as altering the level of the sea? Alter the level of that bowl of wine before you, in which, as I sit here, I see a very ugly reflection of your very good-looking face. Alter the level of that: drink up the reflection: let me see the face without the reflection, and leave the sea to level itself."

"Not to level the embankment," said Teithrin.

"Good, very good," said Seithenyn. "I love a smart saying, though it hits at me. But whether yours is a smart saying or no, I do not very clearly see; and, whether it hits at me or no, I do not very sensibly feel. But all is one. Cupbearer, fill."

"I think," pursued Seithenyn, looking as intently as he could at Teithrin ap Tathral, "I have seen something very like you before. There was a fellow here the other day very like you: he stayed here some time: he would not talk: he did nothing but drink: he used to drink till he could not stand, and then he went walking about the embankment. I suppose he thought it wanted mending; but he did not say anything. If he had, I should have told him to embank his own throat, to keep the liquor out of that. That would have posed him: he could not have answered that: he would not have had a word to say for himself after that."

"He must have been a miraculous person," said Teithrin, "to walk when he could not stand."

"All is one for that," said Seithenyn. "Cupbearer, fill."

"Prince Seithenyn," said Elphin, "if I was not aware that wine speaks in the silence of reason, I should be astonished at your strange vindication of your neglect of duty, which I take shame to myself for not having sooner known and remedied. The wise bard has well observed, 'Nothing is done without the eye of the king.'"

"I am very sorry," said Seithenyn, "that you see things in a wrong light; but we will not quarrel for three reasons: first, because you are the son of the king, and may do and say what you please without anyone having a right to be displeased; second, because I never quarrel with a guest, even if he grows riotous in his cups; third, because there is nothing to quarrel

about ; and perhaps that is the best reason of the three ; or, rather, the first is the best, because you are the son of the king ; and the third is the second, that is, the second best, because there is nothing to quarrel about ; and the second is nothing to the purpose, because though guests will grow riotous in their cups, in spite of my good orderly example, God forbid I should say that is the case with you. And I completely agree in the truth of your remark, that reason speaks in the silence of wine."

(From *The Misfortunes of Elphin*.)

### SUSANNAH IN THE DINGLE

MISS SUSANNAH TOUCHANDGO had read the four great poets of Italy, and many of the best writers of France. About the time of her father's downfall, accident threw into her way *Les Rêveries du Promeneur Solitaire* ; and from the impression which these made on her, she carried with her into retirement all the works of Rousseau. In the midst of that startling light which the conduct of old friends on a sudden reverse of fortune throws on a young and inexperienced mind, the doctrines of the philosopher of Geneva struck with double force upon her sympathies : she imbibed the sweet poison, as somebody calls it, of his writings, even to a love of truth ; which, every wise man knows, ought to be left to those who can get anything by it. The society of children, the beauties of nature, the solitude of the mountains, became her consolation, and, by degrees, her delight. The gay society from which she had been excluded remained on her memory only as a disagreeable dream. She imbibed her new monitor's ideas of simplicity of dress, assimilating her own with that of the peasant girls in the neighbourhood ; the black hat, the blue gown, the black stockings, the shoes tied on the instep.

Pride was, perhaps, at the bottom of the change ; she was willing to impose in some measure on herself, by marking a contemptuous indifference to the characteristics of the class of society from which she had fallen,

And with the food of pride sustained her soul  
In solitude.

It is true that she somewhat modified the forms of her rustic

dress: to the black hat she added a black feather, to the blue gown she added a tippet, and a waistband fastened in front with a silver buckle; she wore her black stockings very smooth and tight on her ankles, and tied her shoes in tasteful bows, with the nicest possible ribbon. In this apparel, to which, in winter, she added a scarlet cloak, she made dreadful havoc among the rustic mountaineers, many of whom proposed to keep company with her in the Cambrian fashion, an honour which, to their great surprise, she always declined. Among these, Harry Ap-Heather, whose father rented an extensive sheepwalk, and had a thousand she-lambs wandering in the mountains, was the most strenuous in his suit, and the most pathetic in his lamentations for her cruelty.

Miss Susannah often wandered among the mountains alone, even to some distance from the farm-house. Sometimes she descended into the bottom of the dingles, to the black rocky beds of the torrents, and dreamed away hours at the feet of the cataracts. One spot in particular, from which she had at first shrunk with terror, became by degrees her favourite haunt. A path turning and returning at acute angles, led down a steep wood-covered slope to the edge of a chasm, where a pool, or resting place of a torrent, lay far below. A cataract fell in a single sheet into the pool; the pool boiled and bubbled at the base of the fall, but through the greater part of its extent lay calm, deep, and black, as if the cataract had plunged through it to an unimaginable depth without disturbing its eternal repose. At the opposite extremity of the pool, the rocks almost met at their summits, the trees of the opposite banks intermingled their leaves, and another cataract plunged from the pool into a chasm on which the sunbeams never gleamed. High above, on both sides, the steep woody slopes of the dingle soared into the sky; and from a fissure in the rock, on which the little path terminated a single gnarled and twisted oak stretched itself over the pool, forming a fork with its boughs at a short distance from the rock. Miss Susannah often sat on the rock, with her feet resting on this tree: in time, she made her seat on the tree itself, with her feet hanging over the abyss; and at length she accustomed herself to lie upon its trunk, with her side on the mossy bole of the fork, and an arm round one of the branches. From this position a portion of the sky and the woods was reflected in the pool, which from its bank, was but a mass of darkness. The

first time she reclined in this manner, her heart beat audibly ; in time, she lay down as calmly as on the mountain heather : the perception of the sublime was probably heightened by an intermingled sense of danger ; and perhaps that indifference to life, which early disappointment forces upon sensitive minds, was necessary to the first experiment. There was, in the novelty and strangeness of the position, an excitement which never wholly passed away, but which became gradually subordinate to the influence, at once tranquillising and elevating, of the mingled eternity of motion, sound, and solitude.

One sultry noon, she descended into this retreat with a mind more than usually disturbed by reflections on the past. She lay in her favourite position ; sometimes gazing on the cataract ; looking sometimes up the steep sylvan acclivities into the narrow space of the cloudless ether, sometimes down into the abyss of the pool, and the deep bright-blue reflections that opened another immensity below her. The distressing recollections of the morning, the world, and all its littlenesses, faded from her thoughts like a dream ; but her wounded and wearied spirit drank in too deeply the tranquillising power of the place, and she dropped asleep upon the tree like a ship boy on the mast.

At this moment Mr. Chainmail emerged into daylight, on a projection of the opposite rock, having struck down through the woods in search of unsophisticated scenery. The scene he discovered filled him with delight : he seated himself on the rock, and fell into one of his romantic reveries ; when suddenly the semblance of a black hat and feather caught his eye among the foliage of the projecting oak. He started up, shifted his position, and got a glimpse of a blue gown. It was his lady of the lake, his enchantress of the ruined castle, divided from him by a barrier, which, at a few yards below, he could almost over-leap, yet unapproachable but by a circuit perhaps of many hours. He watched with intense anxiety. To listen if she breathed was out of the question ; the noses of a dean and chapter would have been soundless in the roar of the torrent. From her extreme stillness, she appeared to sleep ; yet what creature, not desperate, would go wilfully to sleep in such a place ? Was she asleep then ? Nay, was she alive ? She was as motionless as death. Had she been murdered, thrown from above, and caught in the tree ? She lay too regularly and too composedly for such a supposition. She was asleep then, and in all probability her



waking would be fatal. He shifted his position. Below the pool two beetle-browed rocks nearly overarched the chasm, leaving just such a space at the summit as was within the possibility of a leap; the torrent roared below in a fearful gulf. He paused some time on the brink, measuring the practicability and the danger, and casting every now and then an anxious glance to his sleeping beauty. In one of these glances he saw a slight movement of the blue gown, and, in a moment after, the black hat and feather dropped into the pool. Reflection was lost for a moment, and by a sudden impulse, he bounded over the chasm.

He stood over the projecting oak; the unknown beauty lay like the nymph of the scene, her long black hair, which the fall of her hat had disengaged from its fastenings, drooping through the boughs: he saw that the first thing to be done was to prevent her throwing her feet off the trunk, in the first movements of waking. He sat down on the rock, and placed his feet on the stem, securing her ankles between his own: one of her arms was round a branch of the fork, the other lay loosely on her side. The hand of this arm he endeavoured to reach, by leaning forward from his seat; he approximated, but could not reach it: after several tantalising efforts, he gave up in despair. He did not attempt to wake her, because he feared it might have bad consequences, and he resigned himself to expect the moment of her natural waking, determined not to stir from his post, if she should sleep till midnight.

In this period of forced inaction, he could contemplate at leisure the features and form of his charmer. She was not one of the slender beauties of romance; she was as plump as a partridge; her cheeks were two roses, not absolutely damask, yet verging thereupon; her lips twin cherries, of equal size; her nose regular, and almost Grecian; her forehead high, and delicately fair; her eyebrows symmetrically arched; her eyelashes long, black, and silky, fitly corresponding with the beautiful tresses that hung among the leaves of the oak, like clusters of wandering grapes.<sup>1</sup> Her eyes were yet to be seen; but how could he doubt that their opening would be the rising of the sun, when all that surrounded their fringy portals was radiant as "the forehead of the morning sky"?

(From *Crotchet Castle*.)

<sup>1</sup> Ἀλήμονα βότρυν ἐθελπας.—NONNUS.

## OF THE CONTENTS OF NEWSPAPERS

*Mrs. Opimian.* Perhaps, doctor, the world is too good to see any novelty except in something wrong.

*The Rev. Dr. Opimian.* Perhaps it is only wrong that arrests attention, because right is common, and wrong is rare. Of the many thousand persons who walk daily through a street you only hear of one who has been robbed or knocked down. If ever Hamlet's news—"that the world has grown honest"—should prove true, there would be an end of our newspaper. For, let us see what is the epitome of a newspaper? In the first place, specimens of all the deadly sins, and infinite varieties of violence and fraud; a great quantity of talk, called by courtesy legislative wisdom, of which the result is "an incoherent and undigested mass of law, shot down, as from a rubbish cart, on the heads of the people"; lawyers barking at each other in that peculiar style of hylactic delivery which is called forensic eloquence, and of which the first and most distinguished practitioner was Cerberus; bear-garden meetings of mismanaged companies, in which directors and shareholders abuse each other in choice terms, not all to be found even in Rabelais; burstings of bank bubbles, which, like a touch of harlequin's wand, strip off their masks and dominos from highly respectable gentlemen, and leave them in their true figures of cheats and pickpockets; societies of all sorts, for teaching everybody everything, meddling with everybody's business, and mending everybody's morals; mountebank advertisements promising the beauty of Helen in a bottle of cosmetic, and the age of Old Parr in a box of pills; folly all alive in things called *réunions*; announcements that some exceedingly stupid fellow has been entertaining a select company; matters, however multiform, multifarious, and multitudinous, all brought into family likeness by the varnish of false pretension with which they are all overlaid.

*Mrs. Opimian.* I do not like to interrupt you, doctor; but it struck me, while you were speaking, that in reading the newspaper, you do not hear the bark of lawyers.

*The Rev. Dr. Opimian.* True; but no one who has once heard the wow-wow can fail to reproduce it in imagination.

*Mrs. Opimian.* You have omitted accidents, which occupy a

large space in the newspaper. If the world grew ever so honest, there would still be accidents.

*The Rev. Dr. Opimian.* But honesty would materially diminish the number. High-pressure steam boilers would not scatter death and destruction around them, if the dishonesty of avarice did not tempt their employment, where the more costly low-pressure would ensure absolute safety. Honestly built houses would not come suddenly down and crush their occupants. Ships, faithfully built and efficiently manned, would not so readily strike on a lee shore, nor go instantly to pieces on the first touch of the ground. Honestly made sweetmeats would not poison children; honestly compounded drugs would not poison patients. In short, the larger portion of what we call accidents are crimes.

*Mrs. Opimian.* I have often heard you say, of railways and steam-vessels, that the primary cause of their disasters is the insane passion of the public for speed. That is not crime, but folly.

*The Rev. Dr. Opimian.* It is crime in those who ought to know better than to act in furtherance of the folly. But when the world has grown honest, it will no doubt grow wise. When we have got rid of crime, we may consider how to get rid of folly. So that question is adjourned to the Greek Kalends.

*Mrs. Opimian.* There are always in a newspaper some things of a creditable character.

*The Rev. Dr. Opimian.* When we are at war, naval and military heroism abundantly; but in time of peace, these virtues sleep. They are laid up like ships in ordinary. No doubt, of the recorded facts of civil life some are good, and more are indifferent, neither good nor bad; but good and indifferent together are scarcely more than a twelfth of the whole. Still, the matters thus presented are all exceptional cases. A hermit reading nothing but a newspaper might find little else than food for misanthropy; but living among friends, and in the bosom of our family, we see the dark side of life in the occasional picture, the bright in its everyday aspect. The occasional is the matter of curiosity, of incident, of adventure, of things that really happen to few, and may possibly happen to any. The interest attendant on any action or event is in just proportion to its rarity; and, happily, quiet virtues are all around us, and obtrusive virtues seldom cross our path. On the whole, I agree in opinion with Theseus, that there is more good than evil in the world.

*Mrs. Opimian.* I think, doctor, you would not maintain any opinion if you had not an authority two thousand years old for it.

*The Rev. Dr. Opimian.* Well, my dear, I think most opinions worth mentioning have an authority of about that age.

(From *Gryll Grange*.)

## MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

[Mary Russell Mitford was born on the 16th of December 1787, being the only child of fairly well-connected parents, who were then living at Arlesford in comfortable circumstances. But Dr. Mitford was a reckless and dissipated gamester, who rapidly reduced his family to poverty. His daughter wrote poetry and criticism for magazines, edited annuals and collections, turned her hand to plays and operas, with indefatigable energy; and thus, at the cost of her own health, managed to keep the wolf from the door. By 1820, however, the Mitfords were compelled to move to a tiny cottage at Three Mile Cross, the original "Village," a mile or two from Reading, and when the doctor died in 1843, more than £1600 in debt, she was almost worn out. By the help of friends and a pension, she lived on till 10th January 1855.

She published poems and plays, 1810-1828. *Our Village* appeared in a periodical, and afterwards in parts, 1824, 1826, 1828, 1830, 1832. It was followed by *Belford Regis*, 1835, other stories, and *Recollections of a Literary Life*, 1835. *A Life of Miss Mitford*, "related in a selection from her letters to her friends," 3 vols., edited by Harness and L'Estrange, appeared in 1870.]

"OF course I shall copy as closely as I can nature and Miss Austen—keeping, like her, to genteel country life; or rather going a little lower, perhaps; and, I am afraid, with more of sentiment and less of humour. I do not *intend* to commit these delinquencies, mind. I *mean* to keep as playful as I can; but I am afraid of their happening in spite of me . . . It will be called—at least, I mean it so to be—*Our Village*; will consist of essays and characters and stories, chiefly of country life, in the manner of *The Sketch Book*; . . . connected by unity of locality, and of purpose. It is exceedingly playful and lively, and I think you will like it. Charles Lamb (the matchless *Elia* of the London Magazine) says nothing so fresh and characteristic has appeared for a long time."

So wrote Miss Mitford in those delightful letters which, by her own account, "are just like so many bottles of ginger-beer, bouncing and frothy, and flying in everybody's face," concerning

the work with which her name has since become inseparably connected.

Her own estimate of her powers and their limitations is singularly discerning, though somewhat over modest, for *Our Village* is not entirely imitative. At another time, indeed, she ventured to criticise the authoress whom she thus frankly owns as her model, and she had doubtless some right to desire for Miss Austen "a little more taste, a little more perception of the graceful," since these are the very qualities in which her own writings excel. With an individuality of their own, a charm rather subtle than brilliant, they have the flavour of culture, and were clearly composed by a woman familiar with the world of books and in touch with the best intellects of the day—a professional in comparison with the authoress of *Pride and Prejudice*.

She was not without experience in composition when she began *Our Village*, though at that time, and apparently always, she found much difficulty in writing prose; being more at home in metre, and having accustomed herself by much letter-writing "to a certain careless sauciness, a fluent incorrectness," that she feared would "not do at all for that tremendous correspondent, the public." We are less pedantic, however, than she anticipated, and rather choose to praise her style for the epistolary characteristics, which it exhibits in such perfection.

In her own day Miss Mitford was charged with working in the literal manner of Crabbe or Teniers, and it is certain that she drew entirely from her own experience. But, unlike them, she always sought out the beautiful and, despite her own protests to the contrary, regarded life with the eyes of a sentimentalist. "Are your characters and descriptions true?" asked her friend Sir William Elford, and she replied: "Yes! yes! yes! as true as is well possible. You, as a great landscape painter, know that, in painting a favourite scene, you do a little embellish, and can't help it; you avail yourself of happy accidents of atmosphere, and *if anything be ugly, you strike it out*, or if anything be wanting, you put it in. But still the picture is a likeness."

Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, has thus recorded, in the new illustrated edition of *Our Village*, her impressions of the little hamlet from which it was named: "I saw two or three commonplace looking houses skirting the dusty road, I saw a comfortable public house with an elm tree, and beside it another gray unpretentious little house, with a slate roof and square walls, and an

inscription, 'The Mitford,' painted over the doorway." She who found so much beauty and goodness in this spot, must have been acting on the motto,

Be to her virtues very kind ;  
Be to her faults a little blind.

It may be acknowledged that Miss Mitford's work requires pruning, though the excuse is not far to seek:—"I write for remuneration," she says emphatically, "and I would rather scrub floors, if I could get as much by that healthier, more respectable, and more feminine employment." The urgent necessity for earning money, from which she was never absolved, forced her to use her pen when, to put it plainly, she had nothing to say. The most sprightly writing requires more body than is provided for some of her sketches, and the most charming spots or characters become tiresome when treated at too great length.

Thus it happens that the first series of *Our Village* is on the whole the best, and that her later books are again on a slightly lower level. In *Belford Regis* she touches on the comparatively new material of a small country town (*i.e.* Reading), and introduces the same character in several of the stories; features which led her to prefer it above her other works, and gave her some confidence in attempting to comply with "Mr. Bentley's desire for a novel." But, though *Atherton*, her one attempt at the novel proper, contains some charming passages, it is wanting in varied interest, and the progress of the story is too slow. She had not, in fact, enough imagination to construct a plot or create a character. Persons and scenes which were before her, whether in books or in nature, she could describe and even "compose," but more ambitious attempts proved a failure.

Her letters are almost as interesting as *Our Village*, and the attractiveness of both springs from the writer's own personality, her enthusiasm for books and friends, her devotion to animals, and her great love for flowers, so prettily recognised by the gardeners, who "were constantly calling plants after her, and sending her one of the first cuttings as presents." That which she loved, moreover, she observed with unerring attention, and described with a light touch and graphic humour, tempered and refined by a generous loving-kindness for humanity, which long trials could not weaken,

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

## HANNAH

THE prettiest cottage on our village-green is the little dwelling of Dame Wilson. It stands in a corner of the common, where the hedge-rows go curving off into a sort of bay round a clear bright pond, the earliest haunt of the swallow. A deep woody, green lane, such as Hobbema or Ruysdael might have painted, a lane that hints of nightingales, forms one boundary of the garden, and a sloping meadow the other ; whilst the cottage itself, a low thatched irregular building, backed by a blooming orchard, and covered with honeysuckle and jessamine, looks like the chosen abode of snugness and comfort. And so it is.

Dame Wilson was a respected servant in a most respectable family, where she passed all the early part of her life, and which she quitted only on her marriage with a man of character and industry, and of that peculiar universality of genius which forms, what is called in country phrase, a handy fellow. He could do any sort of work ; was thatcher, carpenter, bricklayer, painter, gardener, gamekeeper, "everything by turns, and nothing long." No job came amiss to him. He killed pigs, mended shoes, cleaned clocks, doctored cows, dogs, and horses, and even went so far as bleeding and drawing teeth in his experiments on the human subject. In addition to these multifarious talents, he was ready, obliging, and unfearing ; jovial withal, and fond of good fellowship ; and endowed with a promptness of resource which made him the general adviser of the stupid, the puzzled, and the timid. He was universally admitted to be the cleverest man in the parish ; and his death, which happened ten years ago, in consequence of standing in the water, drawing a pond for one neighbour, at a time when he was over-heated by loading hay for another, made quite a gap in our village commonwealth. John Wilson had no rival and has had no successor, for the Robert Ellis whom certain youngsters would fain exalt to a copartnery



of fame is simply nobody—a bell-ringer, a ballad-singer, a troller of profane catches, a fiddler, a bruiser, a loller on alehouse benches, a teller of good stories, a mimic, a poet! What is all this to compare with the solid parts of John Wilson? Whose clock hath Robert Ellis cleaned? whose windows hath he mended? whose dog hath he broken? whose pigs hath he ringed? whose pond hath he fished? whose hay hath he saved? whose cow hath he cured? whose calf hath he killed? whose teeth hath he drawn? whom hath he bled? Tell me that, irreverent whipsters! No! John Wilson is not to be replaced. He was missed by the whole parish; and most of all he was missed at home. His excellent wife was left the sole guardian and protector of two fatherless girls; one an infant at her knee, the other a pretty handy lass about nine years old. Cast thus upon the world, there must have been much to endure, much to suffer; but it was borne with a smiling patience, a hopeful cheeriness of spirit, and a decent pride, which seemed to command success as well as respect in their struggle for independence. Without assistance of any sort, by needlework, by washing and mending lace and fine linen, and other skilful and profitable labours, and by the produce of her orchard and poultry Dame Wilson contrived to maintain herself and her children in their old comfortable home. There was no visible change; she and the little girls were as neat as ever; the house had still within and without the same sunshiny cleanliness, and the garden was still famous over all other gardens for its cloves, and stocks, and double wall-flowers. But the sweetest flower of the garden, and the pride and joy of her mother's heart, was her daughter Hannah. Well might she be proud of her! At sixteen Hannah Wilson was, beyond a doubt, the prettiest girl in the village, and the best. Her beauty was quite in a different style from the common country rosebud—far more choice and rare. Its chief characteristic was modesty. A light youthful figure, exquisitely graceful and rapid in all its movements; springy, elastic, and buoyant as a bird, and almost as shy; a fair innocent face, with downcast blue eyes, and smiles and blushes coming and going almost with her thoughts; a low soft voice, sweet even in its monosyllables; a dress remarkable for neatness and propriety, and borrowing from her delicate beauty an air of superiority not its own;—such was the outward woman of Hannah. Her mind was very like her person; modest, graceful, gentle, affectionate, grateful, and generous above all.

The generosity of the poor is always a very real and fine thing ; they give what they want and Hannah was of all poor people the most generous. She loved to give ; it was her pleasure, her luxury. Rosy-cheeked apples, plums with the bloom on them, nosegays of cloves and blossomed myrtle ; these were offerings which Hannah delighted to bring to those whom she loved, or those who had shown her kindness ; whilst to such of her neighbours as needed other attentions than fruit and flowers, she would give her time, her assistance, her skill ; for Hannah inherited her mother's dexterity in feminine employments, with something of her father's versatile power. Besides being an excellent laundress, she was accomplished in all the arts of the needle, millinery, dressmaking, and plain work ; a capital cutter-out, an incomparable mender, and endowed with a gift of altering, which made old things better than new. She had no rival at a *rifacimento*, as half the turned gowns on the common can witness. As a dairy-woman, and a rearer of pigs and poultry, she was equally successful ; none of her ducks and turkeys ever died of neglect or carelessness, or to use the phrase of the poultry-yard on such occasions, of " ill luck." Hannah's fowls never dreamed of sliding out of the world in such an ignoble way ; they all lived to be killed, to make a noise at their deaths, as chickens should do. She was also a famous " scholar " ; kept accounts, wrote bills, read letters, and answered them ; was a trusty accomptant, and a safe confidante. There was no end to Hannah's usefulness or Hannah's kindness ; and her prudence was equal to either. Except to be kind or useful, she never left her home ; attended no fairs, or revels, or mayings ; went nowhere but to church ; and seldom made a nearer approach to rustic revelry than by standing at her own garden-gate on a Sunday evening, with her little sister in her hand, to look at the lads and lasses on the green. In short, our village beauty had fairly reached her twentieth year without a sweetheart, without the slightest suspicion of her having ever written a love-letter on her own account ; when, all on a sudden, appearances changed. She was missing at the " accustomed gate " ; and one had seen a young man go into Dame Wilson's ; and another had descried a trim, elastic figure walking, not unaccompanied, down the shady lane. Matters were quite clear. Hannah had gotten a lover ; and, when poor little Susan, who, deserted by her sister, ventured to peep rather nearer to the gay group, was laughingly questioned on the subject, the hesitat-

ing No, and the half Yes, of the smiling child, were equally conclusive.

Since the new marriage act, we, who belong to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~country~~ <sup>country</sup> magistrates, have gained a priority over the rest of the parish in matrimonial news. We (the privileged) see on a work-day the names which the Sabbath announces to the generality. Many a blushing awkward pair hath our little lame clerk (a sorry Cupid!) ushered in between dark and light to stammer and hacker, to bow and curtsey, to sign or make a mark, as it pleases Heaven. One Saturday, at the usual hour, the limping clerk made his appearance; and, walking through our little hall, I saw a fine athletic young man, the very image of health and vigour, mental and bodily, holding the hand of a young woman, who, with her head half buried in a geranium in the window, was turning bashfully away, listening, and yet not seeming to listen, to his tender whispers. The shrinking grace of that bending figure was not to be mistaken. "Hannah!" and she went aside with me, and a rapid series of questions and answers conveyed the story of the courtship. "William was," said Hannah, "a journeyman hatter in B. He had walked over one Sunday evening to see the cricketing, and then he came again. Her mother liked him. Everybody liked her William—and she had promised—she was going—was it wrong?"—"Oh no!—and where are you to live?"—"William has got a room in B. He works for Mr. Smith, the rich hatter in the market-place, and Mr. Smith speaks of him—oh so well! But William will not tell me where our room is. I suppose in some narrow street or lane, which he is afraid I shall not like, as our common is so pleasant. He little thinks—anywhere."—She stopped suddenly; but her blush and her clasped hands finished the sentence, "anywhere with him!"—"And when is the happy day?"—"On Monday fortnight, Madam," said the bridegroom elect, advancing with the little clerk to summon Hannah to the parlour, "the earliest day possible." He drew her arm through his, and we parted.

The Monday fortnight was a glorious morning; one of those rare November days when the sky and air are soft and bright as in April. "What a beautiful day for Hannah!" was the first exclamation of the breakfast-table. "Did she tell you where they should dine?"—"No, ma'am; I forgot to ask."—"I can tell you," said the master of the house, with somewhat of good-humoured importance in his air, somewhat of the look of a man

who, having kept a secret as long as it was necessary, is not sorry to get rid of the burthen. "I can tell you : in London."—"In London!"—"Yes. Your little favourite has been in high luck. She has married the only son of one of the best and richest men in B., Mr. Smith, the great hatter. It is quite a romance," continued he ; "William Smith walked over one Sunday evening to see a match at cricket. He saw our pretty Hannah, and forgot to look at the cricketers. After having gazed his fill, he approached to address her, and the little damsel was off like a bird. William did not like her the less for that, and thought of her the more. He came again and again ; and at last contrived to tame this wild dove, and even to get the *entrée* of the cottage. Hearing Hannah talk is not the way to fall out of love with her. So William, at last finding his case serious, laid the matter before his father, and requested his consent to the marriage. Mr. Smith was at first a little startled ; but William is an only son, and an excellent son ; and, after talking with me, and looking at Hannah (I believe her sweet face was the more eloquent advocate of the two) he relented ; and having a spice of his son's romance, finding that he had not mentioned his situation in life, he made a point of its being kept secret till the wedding-day. We have managed the business of settlements ; and William, having discovered that his fair bride has some curiosity to see London, (a curiosity, by the bye, which I suspect she owes to you or poor Lucy), intends taking her thither for a fortnight. He will then bring her home to one of the best houses in B., a fine garden, fine furniture, fine clothes, fine servants, and more money than she will know what to do with. Really the surprise of Lord E.'s farmer's daughter, when, thinking she had married his steward, he brought her to Burleigh, and installed her as its mistress, could hardly have been greater. I hope the shock will not kill Hannah though, as is said to have been the case with that poor lady."—"Oh no ! Hannah loves her husband too well. Anywhere with him !"

And I was right. Hannah has survived the shock. She is returned to B., and I have been to call upon her. I never saw anything so delicate and bride-like as she looked in her white gown and her lace mob, in a room light and simple, and tasteful and elegant, with nothing fine except some beautiful greenhouse plants. Her reception was a charming mixture of sweetness and modesty, a little more respectful than usual, and far more shame-faced ! Poor thing ! her cheeks must have pained her ! But this

was the only difference. In everything else she is still the same Hannah, and has lost none of her old habits of kindness and gratitude. She was making a handsome matronly cap, evidently for her mother, and spoke, even with tears, of her new father's goodness to her and to Susan. She would fetch the cake and wine herself, and would gather, in spite of all remonstrance, some of her choicest flowers as a 'parting nosegay. She did, indeed, just hint at her troubles with visitors and servants,—how strange and sad it was! seeming distressed at ringing the bell, and visibly shrank from the sound of a double knock. But, in spite of these calamities, Hannah is a happy woman. The double rap was her husband's; and the glow on her cheek, and the smile of her lips and eyes when he appeared, spoke more plainly than ever, "Anywhere with him!"

(From *Our Village*.)

### TOM CORDERY

THIS old human oak grew on the wild North-of-Hampshire country, of which I have before made honourable mention; a country of heath and hill and forest, partly reclaimed, enclosed, and planted by some of the greater proprietors, but for the most part uncultivated and uncivilised; a proper refuge for wild animals of every species. Of these the most notable was my friend Tom Cordery, who presented in his own person no unfit emblem of the district in which he lived—the gentlest of savages, the wildest of civilised men. He was by calling rat-catcher, hare-finder, and broom-maker; a triad of trades which he had substituted for the one grand profession of poaching, which he followed in his younger days with unrivalled talent and success, and would, undoubtedly, have pursued till his death, had not the bursting of an over-loaded gun unluckily shot off his left hand. As it was, he still contrived to mingle a little of his old occupation with his honest callings; was a reference of high authority amongst the young aspirants, an adviser of undoubted honour and secrecy—suspected, and more than suspected, as being one "who, though he played no more, o'erlooked the cards." Yet he kept to windward of the law, and indeed contrived to be on such terms of social, and even friendly intercourse with the guardians of the game on M. common, as may be said to prevail between reputed thieves and the myrmidons

of justice in the neighbourhood of Bow Street. Indeed, his especial crony, the head keeper, used sometimes to hint, when Tom, elevated by ale, had provoked him to overcrowding, "that a stump was no bad shield, and that to shoot off a hand and a bit of an arm for a blind, would be nothing to so daring a chap as Tom Cordery. This conjecture, never broached till the keeper was warm with wrath and liquor, and Tom fairly out of hearing, seemed always to me a little super-subtle; but it is certain that Tom's new professions did bear rather a suspicious analogy to the old, and the ferrets, and terriers, and mongrels by whom he was surrounded, "did really look," as the worthy keeper observed, "fitter to find Christian hares and pheasants, than rats and such vermin." So in good truth did Tom himself. Never did any human being look more like that sort of sportsman commonly called a poacher. He was a tall, finely-built man, with a prodigious stride, that cleared the ground like a horse, and a power of continuing his slow and steady speed, that seemed nothing less than miraculous. Neither man, nor horse, nor dog could out-tire him. He had a bold, undaunted presence, and an evident strength and power of bone and muscle. You might see by looking at him, that he did not know what fear meant. In his youth he had fought more battles than any man in the forest. He was as if born without nerves, totally insensible to the recoils and disgusts of humanity. I have known him take up a huge adder, cut off its head, and then deposit the living and writhing body in his brimless hat, and walk with it coiling and wreathing about his head, like another Medusa, till the sport of the day was over, and he carried it home to secure the fat. With all this iron stubbornness of nature, he was of a most mild and gentle demeanour, had a fine placidity of countenance, and a quick blue eye beaming with good-humour. His face was sunburnt into one general pale vermilion hue that overspread all his features; his very hair was sunburnt too. His costume was generally a smock-frock of no doubtful complexion, dirt-coloured, which hung round him in tatters like a fringe, rather augmenting than diminishing the freedom, and, if I may so say, the gallantry of his bearing. This frock was furnished with a huge inside pocket, in which to deposit the game killed by his patrons—for of his three employments that which consisted of finding hares for the great farmers and small gentry, who were wont to course on the common, was by far the most profitable and most pleasing to him, and to them.

Everybody liked Tom Cordery. He had himself an aptness to like, which is certain to be repaid in kind—the very dogs knew him, and loved him, and would beat for him almost as soon as for their master. Even May, the most sagacious of greyhounds, appreciated his talents, and would as soon listen to Tom sohoing as to old Tray giving tongue.

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Tom was not, however, without that strong sense of natural beauty which they who live amongst the wildnesses and fastnesses of nature so often exhibit. One spot, where the common trenches on the civilised world, was scarcely less his admiration than mine. It is a high hill, half covered with furze and heath and broom, and sinking abruptly down to a large pond, almost a lake, covered with wild water-fowl. The ground, richly clothed with wood,—oak, and beech, and elm,—rises on the other side with equal abruptness, as if shutting in those glassy waters from all but the sky, which shines so brightly in their clear bosom; just in the bottom peeps a small sheltered farm, whose wreaths of light smoke and the white glancing wings of the wild-ducks, as they flit across the lake, are all that give token of motion or of life. I have stood there in utter oblivion of greyhound or of hare, till moments have swelled to minutes, and minutes to hours, and so has Tom, conveying by his exclamations of delight at its “pleasantness,” exactly the same feeling which a poet or a painter (for it breathes the very spirit of calm and sunshiny beauty that a master painter loves) would express by different but not truer praise. He called his own home “pleasant” too; and there, though one loves to hear any home so called—there, I must confess, that favourite phrase, which I like almost as well as they who have no other, did seem rather misapplied. And yet it was finely placed, very finely. It stood in a sort of defile, where a road almost perpendicular wound from the top of a steep abrupt hill, crowned with a tuft of old Scottish firs, into a dingle of fern and wild brush-wood. A shallow, sullen stream oozed from the bank on one side, and, after forming a rude channel across the road, sank into a dark, deep pool, half hidden amongst the salallows. Behind these salallows, in a nook between them and the hill, rose the uncouth and shapeless cottage of Tom Cordery. It is a scene which hangs upon the eye and memory, striking, grand, almost sublime, and above all eminently foreign. No English painter would choose such a subject for an English landscape;

no one in a picture would take it for English. It might pass for one of those scenes which have furnished models to Salvator Rosa. Tom's cottage was, however, very thoroughly national and characteristic; a low, ruinous hovel, the door of which was fastened with a sedulous attention to security, that contrasted strangely with the tattered thatch of the roof, and the half-broken windows. No garden, no pigsty, no pens for geese, none of the usual signs of cottage habitation;—yet the house was covered with nondescript dwellings, and the very walls were animate with their extraordinary tenants: pheasants, partridges, rabbits, tame wild-ducks, half-tame hares, and their enemies by nature and education, the ferrets, terriers, and mongrels of whom his retinue consisted. Great ingenuity had been evinced in keeping separate these jarring elements; and by dint of hutches, cages, fences, kennels, and half-a-dozen little hurdled enclosures, resembling the sort of courts which children are apt to build round their card-houses, peace was in general tolerably well preserved. Frequent sounds, however, of fear or of anger, as their several instincts were aroused, gave tokens that it was but a forced and hollow truce, and at such times the clamour was prodigious. Tom had the remarkable tenderness for animals when domesticated which is so often found in those whose sole vocation seems to be their destruction in the field; and the one long, straggling, unceiled, barn-like room, which served for kitchen, bed-chamber, and hall, was cumbered with bipeds and quadrupeds of all kinds and descriptions, the sick, the delicate, the newly-caught, the lying-in. In the midst of this menagerie sat Tom's wife (for he was married, though without a family—married to a woman lame of a leg as he himself was minus an arm) now trying to quiet her noisy inmates, now to outscold them. How long his friend the keeper would have continued to wink at this den of live game, none can say: the roof fairly fell in during the deep snow of last winter, killing, as poor Tom observed, two as fine litters of rabbits as ever were kitted. Remotely, I have no doubt that he himself fell a sacrifice to this misadventure. The overseer, to whom he applied to reinstate his beloved habitation, decided that the walls would never bear another roof, and removed him and his wife, as an especial favour, to a tidy, snug, comfortable room in the workhouse. The workhouse! From that hour poor Tom visibly altered. He lost his hilarity and independence. It was a change such as he had himself often inflicted, a complete



change of habits, a transition from the wild to the tame. No labour was demanded of him ; he went about as before, finding hares, killing rats, selling brooms, but the spirit of the man was departed. He talked of the quiet of his old abode, and the noise of the new ; complained of children and other bad company ; looked down on his neighbours with the sort of contempt with which a cock pheasant might regard a barn-door fowl. Most of all did he, braced into a gipsy-like defiance of wet and cold, grumble at the warmth and dryness of his apartment. He used to foretell that it would kill him, and assuredly it did so. Never could the typhus fever have found out that wild hill side, or have lurked under that broken roof. The free touch of the air would have chased the demon. Alas poor Tom ! warmth, and snugness, and comfort, whole windows, and an entire ceiling, were the death of him. Alas, poor Tom !

(From the Same.)



# JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

[John Gibson Lockhart was born at Cambusnethan, where his father was minister of the Established Church of Scotland, on 14th July 1794. He entered the University of Glasgow at twelve years old, and three years later went to Balliol with a Snell exhibition. Some accounts make him enter Glasgow at 11 and Oxford at 13. This precocious, but not then so very precocious, academical career was completed by a first-class in 1813, when Lockhart was about the age at which most men now matriculate. Perhaps if he had taken a little longer over it he would not have overlooked the celebrated false quantity of *jānuam* in the epitaph of Scott's "Maida"; but his scholarship was at least sufficient and far superior to that of most literary men of his time. He had another and for his day a still more unusual advantage in going to Germany after he left Oxford and acquiring a competent knowledge of the German tongue, which brought him a commission from Blackwood to translate Schlegel's *Lectures on History*. He was called to the Scotch bar in 1816; but was a bad speaker, and had, it seems little love for law. The foundation or rather the second foundation of Blackwood's *Magazine* introduced him to his true vocation; and for some years he was, almost as much as Wilson, the leader in all its mirth and mischief, from the "Chaldee Manuscript" downwards. His first original book, *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, appeared in 1819, and next year he married Sophia Scott, Sir Walter's eldest daughter, and took up his residence (when not in Edinburgh) at Chiefswood. There, mainly, he wrote in four successive years (1821-4) his four novels—*Valerius*, *Adam Blair*, *Reginald Dalton*, and *Matthew Wald*. In the latest of these four years he also published his *Spanish Ballads*. In 1826 he moved to London, having been appointed editor of the *Quarterly Review*, a post which he held almost till his death, but which did not prevent him from having much to do with the early and more boisterous phase of *Fraser's Magazine*. His great *Life of Scott* was published between 1837 and 1839, and during its publication his wife died. In 1843 he was made Auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall. Ten years later his health broke down, and resigning the editorship, he went to Italy, but only came home to die at Abbotsford on the 25th November 1854. Besides the books above mentioned he wrote an admirable *Life of Burns* (1828), and an extremely well done abstract of his father-in-law's *Napoleon* (1829).]

LOCKHART, one of the most distinguished of that class of men of letters whose career has been determined by the spread of

periodical literature during the nineteenth century, stands almost alone as an example of certain disadvantages which attend this kind of literary production. That no complete edition of his work exists is not surprising; it is usual and certainly salutary, that editions of writers who have been journalists should be incomplete. But Lockhart, almost alone of the great journalists of the century, offers to the critic the embarrassing subject of a man whose work in periodicals, though it was admittedly very large indeed, has never been authoritatively collected, and cannot be identified in the papers where it appeared without access to records always confidential, and perhaps now not in all cases existent. The article on Theodore Hook he acknowledged and reprinted. But all the rest of the matter contributed during nearly thirty years to the *Quarterly* is still unacknowledged; it is to this day uncertain whether some of the famous *Blackwood* articles—that on Keats, the “Zeta” attack on the Cockneys, the Baron Lauerwinkel attack on Playfair—were Lockhart’s or not; and his contributions to *Fraser* are, I believe, the least traceable of all. It is true that students of his acknowledged and independent work, of his letters, and of the general body of history or fiction about him, will never be at a loss for a pretty strong opinion as to what is and is not Lockhart’s. But it is of course impossible to deliver such an opinion with the certainty which attends the judgment of unquestionably authentic work.

The reference just made to the “history or fiction” about Lockhart concerns a matter of no slight importance in the estimate of his work, though one which cannot receive extended treatment here. A legend was early formed—assisted no doubt if not actually started by the youthful description of himself by himself as a “scorpion which delights to sting the faces of men” in the famous *Chaldee Manuscript*—attributing to Lockhart not merely the possession of a biting pen, but the disposition to use it in a manner very aggressive and not too scrupulous. The uproarious Ishmaelism of *Blackwood* and the more sedate carping of the *Quarterly* were successively laid to his charge; and in some cases the matter reached, in others it very nearly reached, the then usual arbitrament of the pistol. Some pains have been taken to show that Lockhart was not to blame in the complicated and unhappy affair that led to the death of John Scott, editor of the *London Magazine*; and still later, the previously unpublished

letters of Sir Walter have come to the support of those who take this view by showing that at all events the Duke of Wellington pronounced his conduct unimpeachable, a sentence in a case of honour not easily to be set aside. Charges, not better supported but not so easily refuted, have been brought against him in reference to Keats, to Playfair, and others; while his pamphlet war with the Ballantynes, as a sequel to his *Life of Scott*, has not seemed, even to some well-disposed judges, to have been conducted in a wholly creditable manner.

The point, however, chiefly or rather solely important here, is that—whether Lockhart did or not strain the licence of a time when party and other feeling ran very high, and when the responsibilities of anonymous journalism were not so strictly construed even by men of honour, as by men of honour they are now supposed to be—he was at any rate capable of using the pen for purposes both of offence and defence in a very dangerous manner. And of this there can be no doubt. Young as he was at the time of *Peter's Letters* his formidable powers are clearly perceptible there; the famous Tennyson review more than ten years later (never formally acknowledged, but now attributed on the most certain evidence) is a masterpiece of what has since been termed “slating”; and there are passages in the “Theodore Hook,” friendly and apologetic as it is, which would show any intelligent reader what Lockhart's sting would be like when he chose to use it.

He was, however, very much more than a satirist and a snarler. From the first he seems to have had the command of a really excellent style—a style in which a few slight oversights may be noted here and there, but which in the main is one of the very best examples of a class too generally undervalued—the class showing the latest phase of the “classical” style of the eighteenth century, free from over-classicism, slightly suppld and modernised by foreign and vernacular influences, but as yet untouched by the tendencies to lawlessness, to extreme ornament, and to other excesses which were successively illustrated in Landor, in De Quincey, in Carlyle, and in Mr. Ruskin. And he put this style, in his avowed and substantive work, to most excellent use, assisting its operation by the display of good reading, of sound, if sometimes slightly grudging criticism, and above all of a manly and judicial sense with which few have shown themselves better provided.

The minor works above mentioned—the *Napoleon*, the *Burns* (a really admirable book), and the miniature sketch of *Theodore Hook*, first written for the *Quarterly* and then separately printed, display these qualities well enough. The *Hook*, in particular, is the equal of any essay of Macaulay's in finish, grasp, and ease, superior to most of Macaulay's essays in fairness and freedom from mere advocacy, and certainly not the inferior of any in literary merit for those who can taste sobriety as well as brilliancy of literary manner.

The novels, admitting of more variety of handling, though perhaps not showing their writer to be an absolute master of the novel, increase the estimate of his general literary powers very greatly. *Valerius* is an estimable attempt in a kind where hardly anyone has succeeded; some vivid sketches of a long past Oxford, relieve *Reginald Dalton*; and even the excessive gloom and defective interest of *Matthew Wald* do not obscure what is certainly evident in Lockhart's work, and is one of its most interesting features, the existence of very deep feeling under a cynical exterior. But *Adam Blair* is almost a masterpiece in concentrated power and passion; and though, like most novels, it lends itself ill to excerpt, the passage here quoted will show Lockhart's mastery of that perilous "grand style," the form of which in each generation is more apt to seem tawdry or ludicrous than grand to the next.

But it would be folly to deny that without the *Scott* Lockhart could not pretend to anything like the position which he at present holds; and would have to be left to the appreciation of a few students of literature like-minded with himself. The charm and abundance of the letters and diaries which the book contains, together with the modesty and reticence of the editorial appearance in it, have, perhaps, lowered the general opinion of the credit due to Lockhart himself. But this will certainly not be the case with those who have been accustomed to sift and weigh the constituents of literary excellence. Rather will their admiration for Lockhart be increased, knowing as they do how perilous the handling of such matters as the diaries and letters of a man of genius is, and how rarely the task of marshalling and arranging so vast a mass of miscellaneous material has been successfully performed. The architectural skill of the arrangement must be patent; and it was no surprise to good judges when the full publication of the *Diary* and the *Letters* the other day showed

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that Lockhart had been not less judicial in choosing his materials, than skilful in using them. Add the taste, the sense, nay the feeling—little credit as Lockhart has usually received on this last score—which he displayed in the original contributions, the excellence of the writing, the masterly infusion of enough and not too much anecdote and humour, and it will I think be hard to find a greater biography. No doubt the respective partisans of Lockhart and Boswell—pair strangely different in everything but success as biographers, and almost as different in the character of that success—will always award the prize according to their partisanship. The wiser few will say, “Give us both!”

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE LIFE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

W—— and I were great friends during the first terms I spent at Jesus. He had gone to school at Harrow with my brother Samuel, and called on me the very day I entered. What a life was ours in that thoughtless prime of our days! We spent all the mornings after lecture in utter lounging, eating ice at Jubb's, flirting with Miss Butler, bathing in the Cherwell, and so forth. And then after dinner we used to have our fruit and wine carried into the garden (I mean at Trinity), and there we sat, three or four of us, sipping away for a couple of hours, under the dark refreshing shade of those old beechen bowers. Evensong was no sooner over, than we would down to the Isis, and man one or sometimes two of Mother Hall's boats, so run races against each other or some of our friends, to Iffley or Sandford. What lots of bread and butter we used to devour at tea, and what delight we felt in rowing back in the cool misty evening—sometimes the moon up long ere we reached Christ Church meadows again. A light supper, cheese and bread and lettuces, and a joyous bowl of bishop, these were the regular conclusion. I would give half I am worth to live one week of it over again. At that time W—— and I, Tom Vere of Corpus, and one or two more, were never separate above three or four hours in the day.

(From *Peter's Letters*.)

## LORD HERMAND

THERE is still, however, one judge upon the bench whom W—— has a pleasure in bidding me look at, because in him, he assures me, may still be seen a genuine relic of the old school



of Scottish lawyers and Scottish judges. This old gentleman, who takes his title from an estate called Hermand, is of the Ayrshire family of the Fergusons of Kilkerran; the same family of which mention is frequently made in Burns's poems, one of whose ancestors, indeed, was the original winner of the celebrated Whistle of Worth, about which the famous song was written—

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw;  
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;  
And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins;  
And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,  
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;  
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,  
And once more in claret, try which was the man.

etc., etc., in a strain equally delectable.

He is now, I suppose, with one exception, the senior judge of the whole Court, for I see he sits immediately on the left hand of the President of the First Division. There is something so very striking in his appearance, that I wonder I did not take notice of it in an earlier letter. His face is quite thin and extenuated, and he has lost most of his teeth; but instead of taking away from the vivacity of his countenance, these very circumstances seem to me to have given it a degree of power and fire of expression, which I have very rarely seen rivalled in the countenance of any young man whatever. The absence of the teeth has planted lines of furrows about the lower part of his face, which convey an idea of determination and penetration, too, that is not to be resisted; and the thin covering of flesh upon the bones of his cheeks only gives effect to the fine, fresh, and healthful complexion which these still exhibit. As for his eyes, they are among the most powerful I have seen. While in a musing attitude, he keeps his eyelids well over them, and they peep out with a swimming sort of languor; but the moment he begins to speak, they dilate and become full of animation, each grey iris flashing as keenly as a flint. His forehead is full of wrinkles, and his eyebrows are luxuriant; and his voice has a hollow depth of tone about it, which all furnish a fine relief to the hot and choleric style in which he expresses himself, and, indeed, to the very lively way in which he seems to regard every circumstance of every case

that is brought before him. Although very hasty and impatient at times in his temper and demeanour, and not over scrupulous in regard to the limits of some of his sarcasms, this old judge is a prodigious favourite with all classes who frequent the courts, and above all with the advocates, at whose expense most of his spleen effervesces. He is a capital lawyer, and he is the very soul of honour; and the goodness of his warm heart is so well understood, that not only is no offence taken with anything he says, but every new sarcasm he utters endears him more, even to the sufferer. As for the younger members of the profession—when he goes a circuit, you may be sure, in whatever direction he moves, to meet with an extraordinary array of them in the train of Lord Hermand. His innocent peculiarities of manner afford an agreeable diversity to the surface of the causes carried on under his auspices, while the shrewdness and diligence of his intellect completely provide for the safety of their essential merits. And then, when the business of the Court is over, he is the very prince of good fellows and king of old men; and you are well aware what high delight all young men take in the company of their seniors, when these are pleased to enter, *bonâ fide*, into the spirit of their convivialities. He has an infinite fund of dry, caustic, original humour; and, in addition to this, he cannot fail to possess an endless store of anecdotes; so that it is no wonder his company should be so fascinating to the young jurisconsults. In him they are no doubt too happy to have an opportunity of seeing a noble living specimen of a very fine old school, which has now left little behind it but the tradition of its virtues and its talents and its pleasantries—a school, the departure of many of whose peculiarities was perhaps rendered necessary in a great measure by the spirit of the age, but of which it may be suspected not a little has been allowed to expire, which might have been better worth preserving than much that has come in its place. It is not, I assure you, from W—— alone that I hear lamentations over the decay of this antique spirit. It is sighed over by many that witnessed its manifestations ere they had yet come to be rare, and will long be remembered with perhaps still greater affection by those who have seen the last of its relics in the person of this accomplished gentleman and excellent judge.

(From the Same.)

## SCOTT'S CONVERSATION

. . . So much for Roderick of Skye, for such I think is his style. His performance seemed to diffuse, or rather to heighten a charming flow of geniality over the whole of the party, but nowhere could I trace its influence so powerfully and so delightfully as in the master of the feast. The music of the hills had given a new tone to his fine spirits, and the easy playfulness with which he gave vent to their buoyancy was the most delicious of contagions. Himself temperate in the extreme (some late ill health has made it necessary he should be so), he sent round his claret more speedily than even I could have wished—you see I am determined to blunt the edge of your sarcasms—and I assure you we were all too well employed to think of measuring our bumpers. Do not suppose, however, that there is anything like display or formal leading in Mr. Scott's conversation. On the contrary, everybody seemed to speak the more that he was there to hear—and his presence seemed to be enough to make everybody speak delightfully—as if it had been that some princely musician had tuned all the strings, and even under the sway of more vulgar fingers, they could not choose but discourse excellent music. His conversation, besides, is for the most part of such a kind, that all can take a lively part in it, although, indeed, none that I ever met with can equal himself. It does not appear as if he ever could be at a loss for a single moment for some new supply of that which constitutes its chief peculiarity, and its chief charm; the most keen perception, the most tenacious memory, and the most brilliant imagination having been at work throughout the whole of his busy life in filling his mind with a store of individual traits and anecdotes, serious and comic, individual and national, such as it is probable no man ever before possessed—and such, still more certainly, as no man of great original power ever before possessed in subservience to the purposes of inventive genius. A youth spent in wandering among the hills and valleys of his country, during which he became intensely familiar with all the lore of those gray-haired shepherds, among whom the traditions of warlike as well as of peaceful times find their securest dwelling place—or in more equal converse with the relics of that old school of Scottish cavaliers, whose faith had nerved the arms of so many of his own race and kindred—such a boyhood and

such a youth laid the foundation, and established the earliest and most lasting sympathies of a mind, which was destined, in after years, to erect upon this foundation, and improve upon these sympathies in a way of which his young and thirsting spirit could have then contemplated but little. Through his manhood of active and honoured, and now for many years of glorious exertion, he has always lived in the world, and among the men of the world, partaking in all the pleasures and duties of society as fully as any of those who had nothing but such pleasures and such duties to attend to. Uniting, as never before they were united, the habits of an indefatigable student with those of an indefatigable observer—and doing all this with the easy and careless grace of one who is doing so, not to task, but to gratify his inclinations and his nature—is it to be wondered that the riches of his various acquisitions should furnish a never-failing source of admiration even to those who have known him longest, and who know him best? As for me, enthusiastic as I had always been in my worship of his genius—and well as his works had prepared me to find his conversation rich to overflowing in all the elements of instruction as well as of amusement—I confess the reality entirely surpassed all my anticipations, and I never despised the maxim *Nil admirari* so heartily as now.

(From the Same.)

## BURNS IN EDINBURGH

BUT to pass from these trifles—it needs no effort of imagination to conceive what the sensations of an isolated set of scholars, almost all either clergymen or professors, must have been in the presence of this big-boned, black-browed, brawny stranger, with his great flashing eyes, who, having forced his way among them from the plough-tail at a single stride, manifested in the whole strain of his bearing and conversation, a most thorough conviction that, in a society of the most eminent men of his nation, he was exactly where he was entitled to be; hardly deigned to flatter them by exhibiting even an occasional symptom of being flattered by their notice: by turns calmly measured himself against the most cultivated understandings of his time in discussion; overpowered the *bon mots* of the most celebrated convivialists by

broad floods of merriment, impregnated with all the burning life of genius ; astounded bosoms habitually enveloped in the thrice-piled folds of social reserve, by compelling them to tremble—nay, to tremble visibly—beneath the fearless touch of natural pathos ; and all this without indicating the smallest willingness to be ranked among those professional ministers of excitement, who are content to be paid in money and smiles for doing what the spectators and auditors would be ashamed of doing in their own persons, even if they had the power of doing it ; and—last and probably worst of all—who was known to be in the habit of enlivening societies which they would have scorned to approach, still more frequently than their own, with eloquence no less magnificent ; with wit in all likelihood still more daring ; often enough, as the superiors whom he fronted without alarm might have guessed from the beginning, and had ere long no occasion to guess, with wit pointed at themselves.

The lawyers of Edinburgh, in whose wider circles Burns figured at his outset, with at least as much success as among the professional *literati*, were a very different race of men from these ; they would neither, I take it, have pardoned rudeness, nor been alarmed by wit. But being, in those days, with scarcely an exception, members of the landed aristocracy of the country, and forming by far the most influential body, as indeed they still do, in the society of Scotland, they were, perhaps, as proud a set of men as ever enjoyed the tranquil pleasures of unquestioned superiority. What their haughtiness, as a body, was, may be guessed, when we know that inferior birth was reckoned a fair and legitimate ground for excluding any man from the bar. In one remarkable instance, about this very time, a man of very extraordinary talents and accomplishments was chiefly opposed in a long and painful struggle for admission, and, in reality, for no reasons but those I have been alluding to, by gentlemen who, in the sequel stood at the very head of the Whig party in Edinburgh ; and the same aristocratical prejudicé has, within the memory of the present generation, kept more persons of eminent qualifications in the background, for a season, than any English reader would easily believe. To this body belonged nineteen out of twenty of those patricians, whose stateliness Burns so long remembered and so bitterly resented. It might, perhaps, have been well for him had stateliness been the worst fault of their manners. Wine-bibbing appears to be in most regions a favourite

indulgence with those whose brains and lungs are subjected to the severe exercises of legal study and forensic practice. To this day, more traces of these old habits linger about the Inns of Court than in any other section of London. In Dublin and Edinburgh the barristers are even now eminently convivial bodies of men ; but among the Scotch lawyers of the time of Burns the principle of jollity was indeed in its high and palmy state. He partook largely in those tavern scenes of audacious hilarity, which then soothed, as a matter of course, the arid labours of the northern *noblesse de la robe*—so they were called in *Redgauntlet*—and of which we are favoured with a specimen in the High Jinks chapter of *Guy Mannering*.

(From *Life of Burns*.)

#### ADAM BLAIR AT THE TARN

THIS melancholy tarn, formed where three hills descend into the bosom of the earth together, is of such depth that no plummet could ever sound it, and it shelves from the very brink sheer down into this unfathomable blackness. The sea-mew rests her weary wing there, when driven by the fierce tempest from the breast of the ocean ; the wild deer, that has escaped from the hunters of some distant forest, pants in security on the untrodden heath beside it ; the eagle, sailing far overhead, casts a passing shadow upon its surface ; the stars visit it with their gleams—long before any human eye can distinguish their presence in the heavens from the brow of the neighbouring mountain. But no living thing was near, when Adam Blair took his seat upon one of the great shapeless fragments of stone that here and there gird the heath, and lean their bare masses over those dismal waters—and though the bright sky of noontide hung far above in its beauty, the black mirror below him reflected nothing of its azure.

Blair sat there gazing upon the pool, with his arms folded on his breast, until the multitude of his agonising thoughts had totally perplexed the clearness both of his mind and of his vision. Once and again he strove to frame his lips to prayer, but the syllables stuck in his throat, and he gasped for breath, as if a great weight had been squeezing in his bosom. At last, he knelt with his forehead low down in his hands upon the stone, and struggled inwardly till every limb of him shook and quivered ; but still no

drop of tears would gush from his throbbing eyelids, no Christian ejaculation would force itself through his dry lips. He felt as if he were wrapt in some black and burning cloud, which would not let in one ray upon his misery of thirst and scorching, and became at last utterly bewildered with a crowd of the most horrible phantasies. Black loathsome creatures seemed to sit close beside him on either hand, polluting the breath ere it reached his nostrils, scowling upon him with faces of devilish glee, pawing upon his head with hot talons, fanning his temples with wiry pinions, which stirred the air, but lent it no coolness. Wide glaring eyes fastened upon him, and held him fixed as their prey. —At one moment it seemed to him as if the churchyard at Cross-Meikle were the scene of his torments. He saw the tomb of his father, with filthy things crawling up and down upon the face of the marble; while he himself, lying prostrate upon the grave of his wife, heard the poisonous breath of fiends whistling in his ear above her dust. He saw his living friend; old Maxwell was there, with haughty, angry eyes. Little Sarah stood close by him, pale and motionless; farther off, the whole of his congregation were crowded together about the door of the church, and he heard scornful curses muttered.—These vanished, and he felt, with a sort of sense of relief in the midst of his despair, as if he were once more alone with the ill-favoured attendants to whom he knew himself to be abandoned. He gazed back again with sullen dead eyes upon their gleaming countenances of wrath and joy distorted and intermingled together. He frowned upon them, as if daring them to do their worst. They screamed aloud with harsh loud voices—pounced upon him, lifted him up into the air, and then flung him down again, as if in sport, and he their plaything. He strove to utter the name of his Maker, but ere he could open his mouth the holy name itself passed away from his recollection, and they stooped nearer and nearer to him, and peered into his eyes with looks of triumph as if they had read his thoughts, and knew he was baffled from within—without their working.

In his agony he shook the stone beneath him, and it heaved on its crumbling foundation. A spasm of natural terror made him spring to his feet, and he leaped backwards upon the heath. The big gray stone, its motion accelerated by the action of his leap, loosened itself the next moment, and tumbled headlong into the dreary waters over which it had toppled perhaps for centuries. Down it went with one heavy plunge; for the ear that followed it

instinctively strove in vain to catch its meeting with the bottom of the tarn. Ring after ring circled and glistened wider and wider on the face of the black mere, and all was again black, motionless, silent as before.

(From *Adam Blair*.)

### SCOTT IN HIS STUDY

HE at this time occupied as his den a small square room, behind the dining parlour in Castle Street. It had but a single Venetian window, opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place was on the whole sombrous. The walls were entirely clothed with books; most of them folios and quartos, and all in that complete state of repair which at a glance reveals a tinge of bibliomania. A dozen volumes or so, needful for immediate purposes of reference, were placed close by him on a small movable frame—something like a dumb waiter. All the rest were in their proper niches, and wherever a volume had been lent, its room was occupied by a wooden block of the same size, having a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan, tacked on its front. The old bindings had obviously been retouched and regilt in the most approved manner; the new, when the books were of any mark, were rich but never gaudy—a large proportion of blue morocco—all stamped with his device of the portcullis, and its motto, *Clausus tutus ero*, being an anagram of his name in Latin. Every case and shelf was accurately lettered, and the works arranged systematically; history and biography on one side—poetry and the drama on another—law books and dictionaries behind his own chair. The only chair was a massive piece of furniture which he had had constructed on the model of one at Rokeby; with a desk and all its appurtenances on either side, that an amanuensis might work opposite to him when he chose; and with small tiers of drawers reaching all round to the floor. The top displayed a goodly array of Session papers, and on the desk below were, besides the MS. at which he was working, sundry parcels of letters, proof sheets, and so forth, all neatly done up with red tape. His own writing apparatus was a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink bottles, taper stand, etc., in silver—the whole



in such order that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before. Besides his own huge elbow-chair, there were but two others in the room, and one of these seemed, from its position, to be reserved exclusively for the amanuenses. I observed, during the first evening I spent with him in this sanctum, that while he talked his hands were hardly ever idle. Sometimes he folded letter covers—sometimes he twisted paper into matches, performing both tasks with great mechanical expertness and nicety; and when there was no loose paper fit to be so dealt with, he snapped his fingers, and the noble Maida aroused himself from his lair on the hearthrug, and laid his head across his master's knees, to be caressed and fondled. The room had no space for pictures except one, an original portrait of Claverhouse, which hung over the chimney-piece, with a Highland target on either side, and broadswords and dirks, each having its own story, disposed star fashion round them. A few green tin boxes, such as solicitors keep title-deeds in, were piled over each other on one side of the window; and on the top of these lay a fox's tail, mounted on an antique silver handle, wherewith as often as he had occasion to take down a book, he gently brushed the dust off the upper leaves before opening it. I think I have mentioned all the furniture of the room except a sort of ladder, low, broad, well-carpeted, and strongly guarded with oaken rails, by which he helped himself to books from his higher shelves. On the top step of this convenience, Hinse of Hinsfeldt, —so called from one of the German Kindermärchen—a venerable tom-cat, fat and sleek, and no longer very locomotive, usually lay watching the proceedings of his master and Maida with an air of dignified equanimity; but when Maida chose to leave the party, he signified his inclinations by thumping the door with his huge paw, as violently as ever a fashionable footman handled a knocker in Grosvenor Square; the Sheriff rose and opened it for him with courteous alacrity,—and then Hinse came down purring from his perch, and mounted guard by the footstool, *vice* Maida absent upon furlough. Whatever discourses might be passing was broken, every now and then, by some affectionate apostrophe to these four-footed animals. He said they understood everything he said to them, and I believe they did understand a great deal of it. But at all events, dogs and cats, like children, have some infallible tact for discovering at once who is, and who is not really fond of their company; and I venture to say, Scott was never five

minutes in any room before the little pets of the family, whether dumb or lisping, had found out his kindness for their generation.

(From *Life of Scott.*)

### SCOTT'S CHARACTER

SUCH a son and parent could hardly fail in any of the other social relations. No man was a firmer or more indefatigable friend. I know not he ever lost one; and a few with whom, during the energetic middle stage of life, from political differences or other accidental circumstances, he lived less familiarly, had all gathered round him, and renewed the full warmth of early affection in his later days. There was enough to dignify the connection in their eyes; but nothing to chill it on either side. The imagination that so completely mastered him when he chose to give her the rein, was kept under most determined control when any of the positive obligations of active life came into question. A high and pure sense of duty presided over whatever he had to do as a citizen and a magistrate; and as a landlord, he considered his estate as an extension of his hearth.

Of his political creed, the many who hold a different one will of course say that it was the natural fruit of his poetical devotion to the mere prejudice of antiquity; and I am quite willing to allow that this must have had a great share in the matter—and that he himself would have been as little ashamed of the word prejudice as of the word antiquity. Whenever Scotland could be considered as standing separate on any question from the rest of the empire, he was not only apt, but eager to embrace the opportunity of again rehoisting, as it were, the old signal of national independence; and I sincerely believe that no circumstance in his literary career gave him so much personal satisfaction as the success of *Malachi Malagrowther's Epistles*. He confesses, however, in his diary, that he was aware how much it became him to summon calm reason to battle imaginative prepossessions on this score; and I am not aware that they ever led him into any serious political error. He delighted in letting his fancy run wild about ghosts and witches and horoscopes—but I venture to say, had he sat on the judicial bench a hundred years before he was born, no man would have been more certain to give juries

sound direction in estimating the pretended evidence of supernatural occurrences of any sort ; and I believe, in like manner, that had any anti-English faction, civil or religious, sprung up in his own time in Scotland, he would have done more than any other living man could have hoped to do, for putting it down. He was on all practical points a steady conscientious Tory of the school of William Pitt ; who, though an anti-revolutionist was certainly anything but an anti-reformer. He rejected the innovations, in the midst of which he died, as a revival, under alarmingly authoritative auspices, of the doctrines which had endangered Britain in his youth, and desolated Europe throughout his prime of manhood. May the gloomy anticipations which hung over his closing years be unfulfilled ! But should they be so, let posterity remember the warnings and the resistance of his and other powerful intellects, were probably in that event the appointed means for averting a catastrophe in which, had England fallen, the whole civilised world must have been involved.

Sir Walter received a strictly religious education under the eye of parents, whose virtuous conduct was in unison with the principles they desired to instil into their children. From the great doctrines thus recommended he appears never to have swerved ; but he must be numbered among the many who have incurred considerable risk of doing so, in consequence of the rigidity with which Presbyterian heads of families, in Scotland, were used to enforce compliance with various relics of the puritanical observance. He took up, early in life, a repugnance to the mode in which public worship is conducted in the Scottish Establishment ; and adhered to the sister Church, whose system of government and discipline he believed to be the fairest copy of the primitive polity, and whose litanies and collects he revered as having been transmitted to us from the age immediately succeeding that of the Apostles. The few passages in his diaries, in which he alludes to his own religious feelings and practices, show clearly the sober, serene, and elevated frame of mind in which he habitually contemplated man's relations with his Maker ; the modesty with which he shrunk from indulging either the presumption of reason, or the extravagance of imagination, in the province of Faith ; his humble reliance on the wisdom and mercy of God ; and his firm belief that we are placed in this state of existence, not to speculate about another, but to prepare ourselves for it by active exertion of our intellectual faculties, and

the constant cultivation of kindness and benevolence towards our fellow-men.

But his moral, political, and religious character has sufficiently impressed itself upon the great body of his writings. He is indeed one of the few great authors of modern Europe who stand acquitted of having written a line that ought to have embittered the bed of death. His works teach the practical lessons of morality and Christianity in the most captivating form—unobtrusively and unaffectedly. And I think it is not refining too far to say, that in these works, as well as in his whole demeanour as a man of letters, we may trace the happy effects—enough has already been said as to some less fortunate and agreeable ones—of his having written throughout with a view to something beyond the acquisition of personal fame. Perhaps no great poet ever made his literature so completely ancillary to the objects and purposes of practical life. However his imagination might expatiate, it was sure to rest over his home. The sanctities of domestic love and social duty were never forgotten ; and the same circumstance that most ennobled all his triumphs, affords also the best apology for his errors.

(From the Same.)

## SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON

[Sir William Hamilton was born at Glasgow in 1788, and was educated at the College there. At the age of nineteen he went to Balliol as an exhibitor on Mr. Snell's foundation, and in 1810 was placed in the first class *in literis humanioribus*. He passed advocate three years later, but did little or nothing at the bar. Defeated in 1817 by Mr. John Wilson in his candidature for the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh, he was appointed to that of Civil History in the same University in 1821. But the scanty emoluments of his office gradually dwindled to nothing, and Hamilton ceased to lecture. In 1829 there appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* an article on the philosophy of Cousin—the first of a series of vigorous papers which he contributed to that periodical on philosophical topics, and on other questions such as University Reform, and which have been reprinted in a volume of *Discussions*. In 1836 Sir William was preferred by the Town Council of Edinburgh to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics, whence for twenty years, in spite of the physical weakness occasioned by a paralytic stroke in 1844, he diffused an influence such as probably few philosophical teachers in recent times have been able to exercise over their pupils. During the latter portion of his life he projected many undertakings which he was never to carry through; such, for example, as a life of Luther, for the execution of which his exceptional acquaintance with the literature of the reformer's age peculiarly qualified him. He published in 1849 an edition of Reid's works, with copious notes and appendices. Its 914th and last page breaks off in the middle of a sentence, which was never completed. A pamphlet from his pen upon the Scottish non-intrusion question, entitled *Be not Schismatics or Martyrs by mistake* (1843), is a typical specimen of his controversial manner, and attracted much attention at the time. Two courses of lectures, delivered in alternate years, one on Logic, the other on Metaphysics, were published after his death, which took place in 1856.]

It is very handsomely allowed by his posthumous opponent that Sir William Hamilton was a man "of abundant acuteness and more than abundant learning"; that he was the "founder of a school of thought"; and that he was "one of the ablest, the most far-sighted, and the most candid" of his way of thinking. Such compliments may or may not be designed to enhance the triumph of his assailant, but no stronger testimony to Sir William

Hamilton's greatness could be brought forward than the mere fact that his system was made the peg upon which Mr. John Mill deliberately chose to hang his vindication of the utilitarian doctrines. By the present generation, which has never beheld the noble features and the commanding presence, which has never been thrilled by the sonorous voice, nor fascinated by the kindling eye, of which his pupils speak with one accord,—some such testimony is certainly required. For Sir William Hamilton's consequence in the realm of philosophy has diminished in proportion as time has necessarily contracted the sphere in which his personality asserted itself; insomuch that to-day the "school of thought" which he founded is almost barren of pupils; while for the present, at all events, the Necessary Laws of Thought, the Quantification of the Predicate, and the Philosophy of the Conditioned have withdrawn into obscurity.

It would be vain to deny that for this result Sir William Hamilton himself is largely to blame. The scope of his reading was immense; his knowledge of the ancient and modern philosophers was well-nigh boundless in extent. But there is some little plausibility in Mr. Mill's criticism that the time he devoted to mere erudition permitted of his giving only the remains of his mind to the real business of thinking; and, at any rate, it is plain that the mass of material he had accumulated was too unwieldy for skilful and workmanlike handling. An insatiable appetite for learning was accompanied by an impaired power of assimilation; and the quotations with which he is so fond of fortifying his propositions can often be compared, in respect of relevance and conclusiveness, to nothing save to some of the Scriptural "proofs" subjoined to the answers in the Shorter Catechism. Moreover, he has left no truly satisfactory and adequate exposition of his views, which have in many cases to be collected from scattered and disjointed *dicta*, and frequently present inconsistencies which a more thorough and systematic treatment might easily have removed. The *Lectures*, written, each series in five months, each lecture the night before it was delivered—and once so written, never altered—are full of the faults which such a method of composition must needs beget; and the most coherent and satisfying statement of his philosophical position must be sought in his elaborate commentary on the writings of another.

Sir William Hamilton's English is bald without simplicity, and severe without impressiveness. The *Lectures*, it is true, contain

passages of considerable power and animation when he is making preparations to clinch his argument with an extract from the poets. But, in common with the rest of his writings, they are so interwoven with quotations, and these frequently of great length, that the movement of his prose is arrested before any impetus has been acquired, and the curious reader is hurried away from Hamilton to some one else. It is consequently peculiarly difficult to do justice to Hamilton's style by means of selections. Even at its best, however, it is wholly destitute of the charm which springs from aptly arranged words and nicely balanced sentences. Its supreme merit is clearness. He states his propositions I., II., III., as articulately as though he were drawing the pleadings in an action (indeed, a turn of phrase here and there irresistibly reminds one that he was an advocate before he became a professor), and in the discussion of each separate proposition he invokes the aid even of the printer's art to purge his statement of all possible ambiguity by means of capitals, italics, and inset paragraphs. The worst of all this painful lucidity is that it is often indistinguishable from pedantry. But the philosopher whose task it is to be to win the ear of the world once more for the system of Common Sense (so-called) will do well to imitate Sir William's zeal for accuracy and exactitude, though these excellences are doubtless attainable at a somewhat less serious sacrifice of attractiveness and grace.

J. H. MILLAR.

## THEOLOGY AND CLASSICAL STUDY

As the Scottish Reformation did not originate in native learning, so it did not even come recommended to the Scottish people, by the learned authority of its propagators. In relation to other national Reformers, the Reformer of Scotland was an unlettered man. "Compared with Knox," says a great German historian, Spittler, "Luther was but a timorous boy";—but if Knox surpassed Luther himself in intrepidity, even Luther was a learned theologian by the side of Knox. With the exception of Melville, who obtained what erudition he possessed abroad, the religion of the people of Scotland could boast of no theologian, living in Scotland, worthy of the name. Of *Scoti extra Scotiam agentes* we do not here speak. Some remarkable divines Scotland has indeed possessed; but these were all adherents of that church, which for a season was established by the will of the monarch in opposition to the wishes of the nation. The two Forbese, to say nothing of Leighton, Burnet, and Sage, were Episcopalians. In fact the want of popular support made it necessary for divines of that establishment to compensate by the strength of their theological learning for the weakness of their political position. The struggle which ensued between the Episcopal and Presbyterian parties was, from first to last, more a popular than a scientific—more a civil than a theological contest; and the Covenanters, whose zeal and fortitude finally wrought out the establishment of the religion and liberty of the nation, were unlearned as they were enthusiastic. With the triumph of the Presbyterian polity and doctrines, the controversy between the rival persuasions ceased. The Scottish Episcopalians were few in numbers, and long politically repressed; and the other separatists from the Establishment, so far from being, as in England, the enemies of the dominant church, were in reality its useful friends. They pitched in general somewhat higher the principles which they held in common with the Establishment;



and whereas in England the Dissenters would have radically destroyed what they condemned as vicious, in Scotland they wished only, as they in fact contributed, to brace what they viewed as relaxed. Thus, in Scotland, if sectarian controversy did not wholly cease, theological erudition was not required for its prosecution. The learning of the Dissenters did not put to shame the ignorance of the Establishment; and the people were so well satisfied with their own triumph and their adopted church, that its clergy had no call on them for an erudition, to illustrate what was already respected, or to vindicate what was not assailed. Even the attacks on Christianity, which were subsequently made in Scotland, and which it was therefore more immediately incumbent on the Scottish clergy to repel, were not such as it required any theological erudition to meet; while, from the religious dispositions of the public, these attacks remained always rather a scandal than a danger. At the same time, in no other country was there so little verge, far less encouragement, allowed to theological speculation. The standards of Scottish orthodoxy were more articulate and unambiguous than those of any other church; and to its members the permissible result of all inquiry was in proportion rigorously predetermined. Though often ignorantly mistaken, often intentionally misunderstood, the national creed could not, as in other countries, by any section of the established clergy, be either professedly abandoned or openly attacked. In religious controversy, popular opinion remained always the supreme tribunal; and a clamour, when this could be excited, was at once decisive of victory. At the same time the highest aim of clerical accomplishment was to preach a popular discourse. Under the former system of church patronage, this was always a principal condition of success; under the present it promises to be soon the only one. Theological learning remained thus superfluous, if not unsafe.

Nor, in the third place, must it be overlooked, that the laudable accommodation of the Scottish Church to its essential end—the religious instruction of the people—secured it consideration and usefulness without any high attainment in theological science. This, indeed, it neither felt as necessary, nor possessed the means of encouraging. Ecclesiastical property was fairly applied to ecclesiastical purposes; and the duties and salaries of the clergy were neither inadequately nor unequally apportioned. If the professional education of the churchman was defective, still it

was better than none. If not learned, he was rarely incompetent to parochial duties, which he could not neglect ; while his religious and moral character were respectable and respected. The people of Scotland were justly, at least in its earlier times, contented with their Church.

In the Church of England, on the contrary, the splendour of extraordinary learning was requisite to throw into the shade its manifold defects and abuses—its want of professional education, its pluralities, its sinecures, its non-residence, its princely pampering of the few, its beggarly starvation of the many. The grosser the ignorance which it tolerated, the more distinguished must be the erudition which it encouraged ; and in the distribution of its higher honours, the promotion of merit, in some cases, was even necessary to redeem the privilege of neglecting it in general. Thus the different circumstances of the two churches rendered the clergy of the one, neither ignorant nor learned ; of the other, ignorant and learned at once.

The circumstance, however, of the most decisive influence on the erudition of a clergy is the quality and amount of the preparatory and professional education they receive. As almost exclusively bred in the common schools and universities of a country, and their necessary course of education being in general considerably longer than that of other learned professions, the clergy consequently express more fully and fairly than any other class the excellences and defects of the native seminaries. On the other hand, the quality and amount of their learning principally determine for good or evil the character of the whole education, public and private, of a country ; for the clergy, or those trained for the church, constitute not only the most numerous body of literary men, but the class from which tutors, schoolmasters, and even professors, are principally taken. Their ignorance or erudition thus reacts most powerfully and extensively, either to raise and keep up learning, or to prevent its rising among all orders and professions. The standard of learning in a national clergy is, in fact, the standard of learning in a nation.

(From *Discussions*.)

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNCONDITIONED

IN our opinion, the mind can conceive, and consequently can know, only the limited, and the conditionally limited. The unconditionally unlimited, or the Infinite, the unconditionally limited, or the Absolute, cannot positively be construed to the mind; they can be conceived, only by a thinking away from, or abstraction of, those very conditions under which thought itself is realised; consequently, the notion of the Unconditioned is only negative—negative of the conceivable itself. For example: On the one hand we can positively conceive neither an absolute whole, that is, a whole so great, that we cannot conceive it as a relative part of a still greater whole; nor an absolute part, that is, a part so small that we cannot also conceive it as a relative whole, divisible into smaller parts. On the other hand, we cannot positively represent, or realise, or construe to the mind (as here Understanding and Imagination coincide) an infinite whole, for this could only be done by the infinite synthesis in thought of finite wholes, which would itself require an infinite time for its accomplishment; nor, for the same reason, can we follow out in thought an infinite divisibility of parts. The result is the same, whether we apply the process to limitation in space, in time, or in degree. The unconditional negation, and the unconditional affirmation of limitation; in other words, the Infinite and the Absolute, properly so called, are thus equally inconceivable to us.

As the conditionally limited, which we may briefly call the Conditioned, is thus the only possible object of knowledge and of positive thought,—thought necessarily supposes condition. To think is to condition; and conditional limitation is the fundamental law of the possibility of thought. For, as the greyhound cannot outstrip his shadow, nor, by a more appropriate simile, the eagle outsoar the atmosphere in which he floats, and by which alone he is supported; so the mind cannot transcend that sphere of limitation, within and through which exclusively the possibility of thought is realised. Thought is only of the conditioned; because, as we have said, to think is simply to condition. The Absolute is conceived merely by a negation of conceivability; and all that we know, is only known as

. . . won from the void and formless Infinite.

How, indeed, it could ever be doubted that thought is only of the

Conditioned, may well be deemed a matter of the profoundest admiration. Thought cannot transcend consciousness ; consciousness is only possible under the antithesis of a subject and object of thought, known only in correlation, and mutually limiting each other ; while, independently of this, all that we know either of subject or object, either of mind or matter, is only a knowledge in each of the particular, of the plural, of the different, of the modified, of the phenomenal. We admit that the consequence of this doctrine is—that philosophy, if viewed as more than a science of the Conditioned, is impossible. Departing from the particular, we admit that we can never, in our highest generalisations, rise above the Finite ; that our knowledge, whether of mind or matter, can be nothing more than a knowledge of the relative manifestations of an existence, which in itself it is our highest wisdom to recognise as beyond the reach of philosophy. This is what, in the language of St. Austin, *Cognoscendo ignoratur et ignorando cognoscitur*.

The Conditioned is the mean between two extremes,—two inconditionates, exclusive of each other, neither of which can be conceived as possible, but of which, on the principles of contradiction and excluded middle, one must be admitted as necessary. On this opinion, therefore, our faculties are shown to be weak, but not deceitful. The mind is not represented as conceiving two propositions subversive of each other, as equally possible ; but only as unable to understand as possible, either of two extremes ; one of which, however, on the ground of their mutual repugnance, it is compelled to recognise as true. We are thus taught the salutary lesson, that the capacity of thought is not to be constituted into the measure of existence ; and are warned from recognising the domain of our knowledge as necessarily co-extensive with the horizon of our faith. And by a wonderful revelation, we are thus, in the very consciousness of our inability to conceive aught above the relative and finite, inspired with a belief in the existence of something unconditioned beyond the sphere of all comprehensible reality.

(From the Same.)

### THE NECESSARY LAWS OF THOUGHT

THE highest of all logical laws, in other words, the supreme law of thought, is what is called the principle of Contradiction, or

more properly the principle of Non-Contradiction. It is this:—A thing cannot be and not be at the same time—*Alpha est, Alpha non est*, are propositions which cannot both be true at once. A second fundamental law of thought, or rather the principle of Contradiction viewed in a certain aspect, is called the principle of Excluded Middle, or more fully, the principle of Excluded Middle between two Contradictories. A thing either is or it is not—*Aut est Alpha aut non est*; there is no medium; one must be true, both cannot. These principles require, indeed admit of, no proof. They prove everything, but are proved by nothing. When I, therefore, have occasion to speak of these laws by name, you will know to what principle I refer.

Now, then, I lay it down as a law which, though not generalised by philosophers, can be easily proved to be true by its application to the phenomena—That all that is conceivable in thought, lies between two extremes, which, as contradictory of each other, cannot both be true, but of which, as mutual contradictories, one must. For example, we conceive space—we cannot but conceive space. I admit, therefore, that Space, indefinitely, is a positive and necessary form of thought. But when philosophers convert the fact, that we cannot but think space—or, to express it differently, that we are unable to imagine anything out of space,—when philosophers, I say, convert this fact with the assertion, that we have a notion,—a positive notion, of absolute or of infinite space, they assume, not only what is not contained in the phenomenon, nay, they assume what is the very reverse of what the phenomenon manifests. It is plain, that space must either be bounded or not bounded. These are contradictory alternatives; on the principle of Contradiction, they cannot both be true, and, on the principle of Excluded Middle, one must be true. This cannot be denied, without denying the primary laws of intelligence. But, though space must be admitted to be necessarily either finite or infinite, we are able to conceive the possibility, neither of its finitude, nor of its infinity.

We are altogether unable to conceive space as bounded,—as finite; that is, as a whole beyond which there is no further space. Every one is conscious that this is impossible. It contradicts also the supposition of space as a necessary notion; for if we could imagine space as a terminated sphere, and that sphere not itself enclosed in a surrounding space, we should not be obliged to think everything in space; and, on the contrary, if we did

imagine this terminated sphere as itself in space, in that case we should not have actually conceived all space as a bounded whole. The one contradictory is thus found inconceivable; we cannot conceive space as positively limited.

On the other hand, we are equally powerless to realise in thought the possibility of the opposite contradictory; we cannot conceive space as infinite, as without limits. You may launch out in thought beyond the solar walk, you may transcend in fancy even the universe of matter, and rise from sphere to sphere in the region of empty space, until imagination sinks exhausted;—with all this what have you done? You have never gone beyond the finite, you have attained at best only to the indefinite, and the indefinite, however expanded, is still always the finite. As Pascal energetically says, “Inflate our conceptions as we may, with all the finite possible we cannot make one atom of the infinite.” “The infinite is infinitely incomprehensible.” Now then, both contradictories are equally inconceivable, and could we limit our attention to one alone, we should deem it at once impossible and absurd, and suppose its unknown opposite as necessarily true. But as we not only can, but are constrained to consider both, we find that both are equally incomprehensible; and yet though unable to view either as possible, we are forced by a higher law to admit that one, but one only is necessary.

That the conceivable lies always between two inconceivable extremes, is illustrated by every other relation of thought. We have found the maximum of space incomprehensible, can we comprehend its minimum? This is equally impossible. Here, likewise, we recoil from one inconceivable contradictory only to infringe upon another. Let us take a portion of space however small, we can never conceive it as the smallest. It is necessarily extended, and may, consequently be divided into a half or quarters, and each of these halves or quarters may again be divided into other halves or quarters, and this *ad infinitum*. But if we are unable to construe to our mind the possibility of an absolute minimum of space, we can as little represent to ourselves the possibility of an infinite divisibility of any extended entity.

In like manner Time: this is a notion even more universal than space, for while we exempt from occupying space the energies of mind, we are unable to conceive these as not occupying time. Thus, we think everything, mental and material, as in time, and out of time we can think nothing. But, if we attempt to com-

prehend time, either in whole or in part, we find that thought is hedged in between two incomprehensibles. Let us try the whole. And here let us look back—let us consider time *a parte ante*, And here we may surely flatter ourselves that we shall be able to conceive time as a whole, for here we have the past period bounded by the present; the past cannot, therefore, be infinite or eternal, for a bounded infinite is a contradiction. But we shall deceive ourselves. We are altogether unable to conceive time as commencing; we can easily represent to ourselves time under any relative limitation of commencement and termination, but we are conscious to ourselves of nothing more clearly, than that it would be equally possible to think without thought, as to construe to the mind an absolute commencement, or an absolute termination, of time, that is, a beginning and an end beyond which time is conceived as non-existent. Goad imagination to the utmost, it still sinks paralysed within the bounds of time, and time survives as the condition of the thought itself in which we annihilate the universe. On the other hand, the concept of past time as without limit—without commencement, is equally impossible. We cannot conceive the infinite regress of time; for such a notion could only be realised by the infinite addition in thought of finite times, and such an addition would itself require an eternity for its accomplishment. If we dream of effecting this, we only deceive ourselves by substituting the indefinite for the infinite, than which no two notions can be more opposed. The negation of a commencement of time involves, likewise, the affirmation, that an infinite time has, at every moment, already run; that is, it implies the contradiction, that an infinite has been completed. For the same reasons, we are unable to conceive an infinite progress of time; while the infinite regress and the infinite progress taken together, involve the triple contradiction of an infinite concluded, of an infinite commencing, and of two infinities, not exclusive of each other.

Now take the parts of time—a moment, for instance; this we must conceive, as either divisible to infinity, or that it is made up of certain absolutely smallest parts. One or other of the contradictories must be the case. But each is, to us, equally unconceivable. Time is a protensive quantity, and, consequently, any part of it, however small, cannot, without a contradiction, be imagined as not divisible into parts, and these parts into others *ad infinitum*. But the opposite alternative is equally impossible;

we cannot think this infinite division. One is necessarily true ; but neither can be conceived possible. It is on the inability of the mind to conceive either the ultimate indivisibility, or the endless divisibility of space and time, that the arguments of the Eleatic Zeno against the possibility of motion are founded,—arguments which at least show, that the possibility of motion, however certain as a fact, cannot be conceived possible, as it involves a contradiction.

The same principle could be shown in various other relations, but what I have now said is, I presume, sufficient to make you understand its import. Now the law of mind, that the conceivable is in every relation bounded by the inconceivable, I call the Law of the Conditioned. You will find many philosophers who hold an opinion the reverse of this,—maintaining that the absolute is a native or necessary notion of intelligence. This, I conceive, is an opinion founded on vagueness and confusion. They tell us we have a notion of absolute or infinite space, of absolute or infinite time. But they do not tell us in which of the opposite contradictions this notion is realised. Though they are exclusive of each other, and though both are only negations of the conceivable on its opposite poles, they confound together these exclusive inconceivables into a single notion ; suppose it positive ; and baptise it with the name of absolute. The sum, therefore, of what I have now stated is, that the Conditioned is that which is alone conceivable or cogitable ; the Unconditioned, that which is inconceivable or incogitable. The conditioned or the thinkable lies between two extremes or poles ; and these extremes or poles are each of them unconditioned, each of them inconceivable, each of them exclusive or contradictory of the other. Of these two repugnant opposites, the one is that of Unconditional or Absolute Limitation ; the other that of Unconditional or Infinite Illimitation. The one we may, therefore, in general call the Absolutely Unconditioned, the other the Infinitely Unconditioned ; or, more simply, the Absolute and the Infinite ; the term *absolute* expressing that which is finished or complete, the term *infinite* that which cannot be terminated or concluded. These terms, which, like the Absolute and Infinite themselves, philosophers have confounded, ought not only to be distinguished, but opposed as contradictory. The notion of either unconditioned is negative :—the absolute and the infinite can each only be conceived as a negation of the thinkable. In other words, of the absolute and infinite we have



no conception at all. On the subject of the unconditioned,—the absolute and infinite, it is not necessary for me at present further to dilate.

I shall only add in conclusion, that, as this is the one true, it is the only orthodox, inference. We must believe in the infinity of God ; but the infinite God cannot by us, in the present limitation of our faculties, be comprehended or conceived. A Deity understood, would be no Deity at all ; and it is blasphemy to say that God only is as we are able to think Him to be. We know God, according to the finitude of our faculties ; but we believe much that we are incompetent properly to know. The Infinite, the infinite God, is what, to use the words of Pascal, is infinitely inconceivable. Faith—belief—is the organ by which we apprehend what is beyond our knowledge. In this, all divines and philosophers, worthy of the name, are found to coincide ; and the few who assert to man a knowledge of the infinite, do this on the daring, the extravagant, the paradoxical supposition, either that Human Reason is identical with the Divine, or that Man and the Absolute are one.

The assertion has, however, sometimes been hazarded, through a mere mistake of the object of knowledge or conception ; as if that could be an object of knowledge, which was not known ; as if that could be an object of conception, which was not conceived.

It has been held that the infinite is known or conceived, though only a part of it (and every part, be it observed, is *ipso facto* finite,) can be apprehended ; and Aristotle's definition of the infinite has been adopted by those who disregard his declaration, that the infinite, *qua* infinite, is beyond the reach of human understanding. To say that the infinite can be thought, but only inadequately thought, is a contradiction *in adjecto* ; it is the same as saying, that the infinite can be known, but only known as finite.

The Scriptures explicitly declare that the infinite is for us incognisable ;—they declare that the finite, and the finite alone, is within our reach. It is said, to cite one text out of many, that “*now* I know *in part*” (*i.e.* the finite) ; “*but then*” (*i.e.* in the life to come), “*shall* I know even as I am known,” (*i.e.* without limitation).

(From *Lectures*.)



## HENRY HART MILMAN

[Henry Hart Milman, son of Sir Francis Milman, physician to George III., was born in London, 1791. He was educated at Eton and Brasenose College, Oxford, won the Newdigate in 1812 with a poem on *The Apollo Belvedere*, and became a Fellow of his college. He was afterwards Professor of Poetry in the University (1827) and Bampton Lecturer. Milman had taken orders in 1816, and after various preferments was appointed to the Deanery of St. Paul's in 1849. Besides poems and dramas written in the earlier part of his life—*Fazio, a Tragedy*; *Samor, Lord of the Bright City* (an Epic); *The Fall of Jerusalem*; *The Martyr of Antioch*; *Belshazzar*; *Anne Boleyn*—Milman made translations from Æschylus and Euripides, and from the Sanskrit. Several of his sacred lyrics have taken their place in the English hymnology. His prose works were—*The History of the Jews* (1829), *History of Christianity to the abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire* (1840), and *The History of Latin Christianity to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.* (1854-56). In 1868 was published posthumously *The Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral* (1868), and a volume—*Savonarola, Erasmus, and other Essays* (1870). Milman died in 1868, and was buried in his Cathedral.]

THAT literary eminence and theological scholarship, authority in matters ecclesiastical and authority in matters of taste have within her borders gone hand in hand, has been at once the strength and the crowning glory of the English Church. It has been her fortune to be represented in almost every epoch of intellectual enlargement by men whom the whole nation might rightly hold in reverence, by men to whom, though dwellers in the serene light of revealed religion, the wisdom and the culture of the children of this world were as familiar as the sacred writings themselves. With Milman the religious sense neither cramped nor overpowered his mental development; there met in him the reverence for Christian tradition that we look for in the pastor, the shepherd of his people, with the wide vision, the full freedom of conscience, and the intense passion for truth, that distinguish the philosopher. He belongs to the long line of illustrious

churchmen who have been the true pillars of the faith, because boldly resolute, in Plato's phrase, to follow whithersoever the argument leads. Among the churchmen of his day, who, in the face of the hostile forces of the new methods of critical enquiry, had a sense of grave personal responsibility, and who felt themselves the guardians of the national traditions no less than of the national conscience, among those who were resolved to see to it, that there should be, to use Milman's own words, "no breach between the thought and the religion of England," he was himself the boldest, the strongest, and the best-equipped thinker. *The History of the Jews* was, as Stanley said, "the first decisive inroad of German theology into England, the first palpable indication that 'the Bible could be studied like another book,' that the characters and events of the sacred history could be treated at once critically and reverently." For a time, as was inevitable, Milman's determined attitude in that work, his unflinching application of the principles of scientific criticism was a stumbling block and a stone of offence to many. The march of the quiet years in whose van is revolution, unheralded, but resistless, made good his cause without controversy, upon which he did not care to enter; and in the evening of life he was invited to fill the University pulpit, from which in middle age he had been denounced as a traitor to his Church and his religion.

Milman has, however, claims to be remembered other than that he was a pioneer of a long-ago victorious critical movement. Without question one of the most accomplished men of letters of the present century, a distinguished editor and translator from the classics and from the Sanskrit, a poet of considerable imaginative range and lyrical sweetness, a far-sighted critic, an historian of ample learning and power, he seems to have his place on that border line where rare and brilliant talent melts into genius. Test him by some searching touchstone of genius, and he may indeed fall short; measure him by any rule of talent, and he satisfies but transcends it with much to spare.

*The History of Latin Christianity* is a work of epic proportions, and, save in its style, approaches epic dignity. A subject hardly less majestic than that of Gibbon, it was less susceptible of historic treatment in the grand style because it lacked an inherent unity. Without Gibbon's marked distinction of manner, Milman possesses many of the virtues of a good writer, and sustains with fluent ease the weight of his great narrative. A notable man, one may say

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of him, in the best company, the company in which the highest names are those of Hooker, of Taylor, and of Berkeley ; at his best comparable, if not superior, to any English historian after Gibbon, and one who in every page of his writing stands revealed as above all else a Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman.

W. MACNEILE DIXON.

## GREGORY THE GREAT

THE historian of Christianity is arrested by certain characters and certain epochs, which stand as landmarks between the close of one age of religion and the commencement of another. Such a character is Gregory the Great ; such an epoch his pontificate, the termination of the sixth century.

Gregory, not from his station alone, but by the acknowledgment of the admiring world, was, intellectually as well as spiritually, the great model of his age. He was proficient in all the arts and sciences cultivated at that time ; the vast volumes of his writings show his indefatigable powers ; their popularity and their authority his ability to clothe those thoughts and those reasonings in language which would awaken and command the general mind.

His epoch was that of the final Christianisation of the world, not in outward worship alone, not in its establishment as the imperial religion, the rise of the church upon the ruin of the temple, and the recognition of the hierarchy as an indispensable rank in the social system, but in its full possession of the whole mind of man, in letters, arts, as far as arts were cultivated, habits, usages, modes of thought, and in popular superstition.

Not only was heathenism, but, excepting in the laws and municipal institutions, Romanity itself, absolutely extinct. The reign of Theodoric had been an attempt to fuse together Roman, Teutonic, and Christian usages. Cassiodorus, though half a monk, aspired to be a Roman statesman. Boetius to be a heathen philosopher. The influence of the Roman schools of rhetoric is betrayed even in the writers of Gaul, such as Sidonius Apollinaris ; there is an attempt to preserve some lingering cadence of Roman poetry in the Christian versifiers of that age. At the close of the sixth century all this has expired ; ecclesiastical Latin is the only language of letters, or rather, letters themselves are become purely ecclesiastical. The fable of Gregory's destruc-

tion of the Palatine Library is now rejected, as injurious to his fame ; but probably the Palatine Library, if it existed, would have been so utterly neglected that Gregory would hardly have condescended to fear its influence. His aversion to such studies is not that of dread or hatred, but of religious contempt ; profane letters are a disgrace to a Christian bishop ; the truly religious spirit would loathe them of itself.

What, then, was this Christianity by which Gregory ruled the world ? Not merely the speculative and dogmatic theology, but the popular, vital, active Christianity, which was working in the heart of man ; the dominant motive of his actions, as far as they were affected by religion ; the principal element of his hopes and fears as regards the invisible world and that future life which had now become part of his conscious belief.

The history of Christianity cannot be understood without pausing at stated periods to survey the progress and development of this Christian mythology, which, gradually growing up and springing as it did from natural and universal instincts, took a more perfect and systematic form, and at length, at the height of the Middle Ages, was as much a part of Latin Christianity as the primal truths of the Gospel. This growth, which had long before begun, had reached a kind of adolescence in the age of Gregory, to expand into full maturity during succeeding ages. Already the creeds of the Church formed but a small portion of Christian belief. The highest and most speculative questions of theology, especially in Alexandria and Constantinople, had become watch-words of strife and faction, had stirred the passions of the lowest orders ; the two Natures, or the single or double Will in Christ had agitated the workshop of the artisan and the seats in the Circus. But when these great questions had sunk into quiescence, or, as in Latin Christianity, had never so fully occupied the general mind ; when either the triumph of one party, or the general weariness, had worn out their absorbing interest, the religious mind subsided into its more ordinary occupations, and these bore but remote relation to the sublime truths of the Divine Unity and the revelation of God in Christ. As God the Father had receded, as it were, from the sight of man into a vague and unapproachable sanctity ; as the human soul had been entirely centred on the more immediate divine presence in the Saviour ; so the Saviour himself might seem to withdraw from the actual, at least the exclusive, devotion of the human heart, which was

busied with intermediate objects of worship. Christ assumed gradually more and more of the awfulness, the immateriality, the incomprehensibleness, of the Deity, and men sought out beings more akin to themselves, more open, it might seem, to human sympathies. The Eucharist, in which the Redeemer's spiritual presence, yet undefined and untransubstantiated, was directly and immediately in communion with the soul, had become more and more wrapped in mystery; though the great crowning act of faith, the interdiction of which was almost tantamount to a sentence of spiritual death, it was more rarely approached, except by the clergy. Believers delighted in those ceremonials to which they might have recourse with less timidity; the shrines and the relics of martyrs might deign to receive the homage of those who were too profane to tread the holier ground. Already the worship of these lower objects of homage begins to intercept that to the higher; the popular mind is filling with images either not suggested at all, or suggested but very dimly, by the sacred writings; legends of saints are supplanting, or rivalling at least, in their general respect and attention, the narratives of the Bible.

(From *Latin Christianity*.)

### ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

ST. FRANCIS was born in the romantic town of Assisi, of a family, the Bernardini, engaged in trade. His birth took place while his father was on a mercantile journey in France; on his return his new-born son was baptized by the name of Francis. His mother, Picca, loved him with all a mother's tenderness for her first-born. He received the earliest rudiments of instruction from the clergy of the parish of St. George: he was soon taken to assist his father in his trade. The father, a hard, money-making man, was shocked at first by the vanity and prodigality of his son. The young Francis gave banquets to his juvenile friends, dressed splendidly, and the streets of Assisi rang with the songs and revels of the joyous crew; but even then his bounty to the poor formed a large part of his generous wastefulness. He was taken captive in one of the petty wars which had broken out between Perugia and Assisi, and remained a whole year in prison. He was then seized with a violent illness: when he rose from his bed nature looked



cold and dreary; he began to feel disgust to the world. The stirrings of some great but yet undefined purpose were already awake within him. He began to see visions, but as yet they were of war and glory: the soldier was not dead in his heart. He determined to follow the fortunes of a youthful poor knight who was setting out to fight under the banner of the "Gentle Count," Walter of Brienne, against the hated Germans. At Spoleto he again fell ill; his feverish visions took another turn. Francis now felt upon him that profound religious thralldom which he was never to break, never to desire to break. His whole soul became deliberately, calmly, ecstatic faith. He began to talk mysteriously of his future bride—that bride was Poverty. He resolved never to refuse alms to a poor person. He found his way to Rome, threw down all he possessed, no costly offering, on the altar of St. Peter. On his return he joined a troop of beggars, and exchanged his dress for the rags of the filthiest among them. His mother heard and beheld all his strange acts with a tender and prophetic admiration. To a steady trader like the father it was folly if not madness. He was sent with a valuable bale of goods to sell at Foligno. On his return he threw all the money down at the feet of the priest of St. Damian to rebuild his church, as well as the price of his horse, which he likewise sold. The priest refused the gift. In the eyes of the father this was dishonesty as well as folly. Francis concealed himself in a cave, where he lay hid for a month in solitary prayer. He returned to Assisi, looking so wild and haggard, that the rabble hooted him as he passed, and pelted him with mire and stones. The gentle Francis appeared to rejoice in every persecution. The indignant father shut him up in a dark chamber, from which, after a time he was released by the tender solicitude of his mother. Bernardini now despaired of his unprofitable and intractable son, whom he suspected of alienating other sums besides that which he had received for the cloth and the horse. He cited him before the magistrates to compel him to abandon all rights on his patrimony, which he was disposed to squander in this thriftless manner. Francis declared that he was a servant of God, and declined the jurisdiction of the civil magistrate. The cause came before the Bishop. The Bishop earnestly exhorted Francis to yield up to his father any money which he might possess, or to which he was entitled. "It might be ungodly gain, and so unfit to be applied to holy uses." "I will give up the

very clothes I wear," replied the enthusiast, encouraged by the gentle demeanour of the Bishop. He stripped himself entirely naked. "Peter Bernardini was my father; I have now but one Father, He that is in heaven." The audience burst into tears; the Bishop threw his mantle over him, and ordered an old coarse dress of an artisan to be brought: he then received Francis into his service.

Francis was now wedded to Poverty; but poverty he would only love in its basest form—mendicancy. He wandered abroad, was ill-used by robbers; on his escape received from an old friend at Gubbio a hermit's attire—a short tunic, a leathern girdle, a staff and slippers. He begged at the gates of monasteries; he discharged the most menial offices. With even more profound devotion he dedicated himself for some time in the hospital at Gubbio to that unhappy race of beings whom even Christianity was constrained to banish from the social pale—the lepers. He tended them with more than necessary affectionateness, washed their feet, dressed their sores, and is said to have wrought miraculous cures among them. The moral miracle of his charity toward them is a more certain and affecting proof of his true Christianity of heart. It was an especial charge to the brethren of St. Francis of Assisi to choose these outcasts of humanity as the objects of their peculiar care.

On his return to Assisi he employed himself in the restoration of the Church of St. Damian. "Whoever will give me one stone shall have one prayer; whoever two, two; three, three." The people mocked, but Francis went on carrying the stones in his own hands, and the church began to rise. He refused all food which he did not obtain by begging. His father reproached him and uttered his malediction. He took a beggar of the basest class: "Be thou my father and give me thy blessing." But so successful was he in awakening the charity of the inhabitants of Assisi, that not only the church of St. Damian but two others, St. Peter and St. Maria dei Angeli, called the Portiuncula, through his means arose out of their ruins to decency and even splendour. One day, in the church of St. Maria dei Angeli he heard the text, "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses. Neither scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes nor yet staves." He threw away his wallet, his staff, and his shoes, put on the coarsest dark gray tunic, bound himself with a cord, and set out through the city calling all to repentance.

This strange but fervent piety of Francis could not but, in that age, kindle the zeal of others. Wonder grew into admiration, admiration into emulation, emulation into a blind following of his footsteps. Disciples, one by one, the first are carefully recorded, began to gather round him. He retired with them to a lonely spot in the bend of the river, called Rivo Torto.

(From the Same.)

## THE LATIN MYSTERIES

EVEN in the Hymnology of the Latin Church, her lyric poetry, it is remarkable, that with the exception of the *Te Deum*, those hymns which have struck as it were, and cloven to the universal heart of Christendom, are mostly of a late period. The stanzas which the Latin Church has handed down in her services from Prudentius, are but the flowers gathered from a wilderness of weeds. The "*Pange Lingua Gloriosi*" is attributed to Venantius Fortunatus, or Mamertus Claudianus, in the fifth century; the "*Stabat Mater*" and the "*Dies Iræ*" are, the first probably by Jacopone da Todi, and the last by Thomas di Celano, in the fourteenth. These two, the one by its tenderness, the other by its rude grandeur, stand unrivalled; in melody, perhaps the hymn of St. Bonaventura to the Cross, approaches nearest to their excellencies. As a whole, the hymnology of the Latin Church has a singularly solemn and majestic tone. Much of it, no doubt, like the lyric verse of the Greeks, was twin-born with the music; its cadence is musical rather than metrical. It suggests, as it were, the grave full tones of the chant, the sustained grandeur, the glorious burst, the tender fall, the mysterious dying away of the organ. It must be heard, not read. Decompose it into its elements, coldly examine its thoughts, its images, its words, its versification, and its magic is gone. Listen to it, or even read it with the imagination or the memory, full of the accompanying chant, it has an unfelt and indescribable sympathy with the religious emotions, even of those of whose daily service it does not constitute a part. Its profound religiousness has a charm to foreign ears, wherever there is no stern or passionate resistance to its power. In fact, all Hymnology, vernacular as well as Latin, is poetry only to pre-disposed or

habituated ears. Of all the lyric verse on the noblest, it might be supposed the most poetic subject, how few hymns take their place in the poetry of any language.

But out of the Hymnology, out of the Ritual, of which the hymns were a considerable part, arose that which was the initiatory, if rude, form of religious tragedy. The Christian Church made some bold advance to be the theatre as well as the temple of the people. But it had an intuitive perception of the danger; its success appalled its religious sensitiveness. The hymn which, like the Bacchic song of the Greeks, might seem developing into scenic action, and becoming a drama, shrank back into its simpler and more lonely grandeur. The Ritual was content to worship, to teach the facts of the Scripture history, only by the Biblical descriptions, and its significant symbolic ceremonial. Yet the Latin Mysteries, no doubt because they were Latin, maintained in general their grave and serious character. It was when, to increase its power and popularity, the Mystery spoke in the vulgar tongue, that it became vulgar; then buffoonery, at first perhaps from rude simplicity, afterwards from coarse and unrestrained fun, mingled with the sacred subjects. That which ought to have been the highest, noblest tragedy, became tragi-comedy, and was gradually driven out by indignant and insulted religion.

In its origin, no doubt the Mystery was purely and essentially religious. What more natural than to attempt, especially as the Latin became more unfamiliar to the common ear, the representation rather than the description of the striking or the awful scenes of the Gospel history, or those in the Lives of the Saints; to address the quick, awakened, and enthralled eye, rather than the dull and palled ear. There was already on the walls, in the chapels, in the cloisters, the painting representing the history, not in words, but in act; by gesture, not by speech. What a theatre! Such religious uses could not desecrate buildings so profoundly hallowed; the buildings would rather hallow the spectacle. That theatre was the Church, soaring to its majestic height, receding to its interminable length, broken by its stately divisions, with its countless chapels, and its long cloister, with its succession of concentric arches. What space for endless variety, if not for change of scene! How effective the light and shade, even by daylight; how much more so heightened by the command of an infinity of lamps, torches,

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tapers, now pouring their full effulgence on one majestic object, now showing rather than enlightening the deep gloom! How grand the music, either pervading the whole space with its rolling volumes of sound, or accompanying some solemn or tender monologue! If it may be said without offence, the company was already enrolled, to a certain degree practised, in the dramatic art; they were used to enforce their words by significant gesture, by movement, by dress. That which was considered the great leap in the Greek drama, the introduction of the second actor, was already done: different parts of the service were assigned to priest, or humbler deacon. The antiphonal chant was the choir breaking into two responsive parts, into dialogue. There were those who recited the principal parts; and, besides them the choir of men or boys, in the convent, of females and young girls; acolytes, mutes without number.

(From the Same.)



## GEORGE GROTE

[George Grote was born at Beckenham, Kent, 1794. From the Charterhouse, where he received his school education, without proceeding to the University, he entered (1810) the bank founded by his grandfather George Prescott, and at this time under the management of his father. For thirty years he remained a banker, but combined with business the pursuits of a student of politics and literature. Grote's first work to attract notice was a pamphlet *The Essentials of Parliamentary Reform*, a plea for the broadest principles of popular representation. A personal acquaintanceship with Ricardo, in 1817, attracted him to the study of political economy, but the friendship, which soon ripened into discipleship, formed through Ricardo with James Mill, was the most important of his life in its influence upon his intellectual development. In the school of Bentham and Mill, Grote learned the principles of the political, social, mental, and moral philosophy, to which he adhered through life. In 1820 he married Miss Harriet Lewin, and ten years later became the head of the bank. Shortly after, he was elected by the city as member of Parliament, a seat which he held until his retirement from political life in 1841. During the nine years of his Parliamentary career he was active in support of the ballot. In 1843 Grote retired from business, and devoted himself to the long pre-meditated *History of Greece*, the first two volumes of which appeared in 1846. The work was completed in 1856. Grote from 1825 to 1827 was foremost in the movement which resulted in the establishment of the University of London, of which he was chosen as Vice-Chancellor (1862), and was President of University College, 1868. In 1865 appeared *Plato, and the other Companions of Socrates*, a work "intended," in his own words, "as a sequel and supplement to the *History of Greece*." It was his intention to publish a companion study of Aristotle, but it was left a fragment. Grote declined a peerage offered him by Mr. Gladstone, for his services, political and literary. On his death in 1871, he was buried near Gibbon and Macaulay, in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.]

GROTE belongs to that class of writers whose services in the good cause of learning command our respect as students, but to whom, when we have gone our way, we forget to be grateful. Write he never so wisely and well, he fails to capture our allegiance, for neither to Grote's imagination, nor to his style, belonged the

qualities that enlist sympathy for the person of the writer, or lure one back to his company. Yet his work, philosophical in aim and nobly planned, may fairly be said to mark an epoch in the development of historical science. In the *History of Greece*, built upon the foundation of sound learning, the political and social aspects of Hellenic life were for the first time brought into the foreground, formerly occupied by the deeds of heroes, by embassies to and fro among the cities, by portraits of statesmen drawn from Plutarch, and by rhetoric on the golden occasions afforded by Salamis, Platea, Marathon. In scope and conception all is admirable, but Grote's attitude is too confident, the very assurance of his knowledge in itself begets indefinable suspicions. The arguments are too good, the causes of things too abundantly evident, and despite the clearness of atmosphere we are not inclined to believe that the last secrets of the Hellenic temper and genius are presented to us in these pat conclusions of a disciple of Bentham. If this be his offence in the region of history, what shall be said of his later work in philosophy? With the same assurance with which, to use his own phrase, he had planned "to exhaust the free life of collective Hellas," he proceeded to pluck out the heart of Plato's mystery. But philosophy was not enriched by Grote's attempt to prove Plato a Utilitarian philosopher, or to find in Platonism the original of his own system. A James Mill might, indeed, be found there—and other philosophers—but without serious encroachment on the broad expanse of that intellectual territory. Keenly intelligent as was Grote's mind, it was of the practical Teutonic type, which in the rarified air of the Platonic philosophy breathes only with difficulty, is baffled by the irony that leavens it throughout, and lags far behind in appreciation of the delicate elusive subtleties of that marvellous dialectic.

Were his reputation now in the balance, to part from so indefatigable a worker, and, despite his limitations, so strong a thinker and writer, with no word of praise, would be scant courtesy, and scantier appreciation. But we have passed in our intellectual development the point at which Grote, like his fellow-historian Macaulay, was an inspiring force, and no discriminating estimate could assign him the rank among Englishmen which he held among his contemporaries. Rhetoric has lost its ancient charm, we are no longer enamoured of logical vigour, unaccompanied by imaginative insight, or of style that lacks



the light and shade everywhere present in nature. Nor was it proved by his parliamentary career, that Grote was a statesman. The world is half a century older since he entered public life, and the science of politics, of which he was an admirable representative, does not yet supply the principles that control the democracy, or govern the deliberations of assemblies. "Mr. Grote," said Sydney Smith, "is a very worthy, honest, and able man; and if the world were a chess-board, would have been an important politician."

Indisputably, history was the field of Grote's best work, his equipment as historian embraced not a few of the essential qualities; a fresh and real interest in life, its colour, breadth, and variety, a true instinct for narrative, an impartial judgment, the patience of the student, and the knowledge of the man of affairs. A little more, and he might have been a great man; as it is, we can only say, that he is a commanding figure in the history of English scholarship.

W. MACNEILE DIXON.

## THE PHYSICAL CONFIGURATION OF GREECE

THE configuration of the Grecian territory, so like in many respects to that of Switzerland, produced two effects of great moment upon the character and history of the people. In the first place, it materially strengthened their powers of defence; it shut up the country against those invasions from the interior, which successively subjugated all their continental colonies, and it at the same time rendered each fraction more difficult to be attacked by the rest, so as to exercise a certain conservative influence in assuring the tenure of actual possessors—for the pass of Thermopylæ between Thessaly and Phokis, that of Kitharon between Bœotia and Attica or the mountainous range of Oneion and Geraneia along the Isthmus of Corinth, were positions which an inferior number of brave men could hold against a much greater force of assailants. But, in the next place, while it tended to protect each section of Greeks from being conquered, it also kept them politically disunited and perpetuated their separate autonomy. It fostered that powerful principle of repulsion, which disposed even the smallest township to constitute itself a political unit apart from the rest, and to resist all idea of coalescence with others, either amicable or compulsory. To a modern reader, accustomed to large political aggregations, and securities for good government through the representative system, it requires a certain mental effort to transport himself back to a time when even the smallest town clung so tenaciously to its right of self-legislation. Nevertheless, such was the general habit and feeling of the ancient world, throughout Italy, Sicily, Spain, and Gaul. Among the Hellenes it stands out more conspicuously for several reasons—first, because they seem to have pushed the multiplication of autonomous units to an extreme point, seeing that even islands not larger than Peparethos and Amorgos had two or three separate city communities; secondly, because they produced, for the first time in the history of mankind, acute systematic

thinkers on matters of government, amongst all of whom the idea of the autonomous city was accepted as the indispensable basis of political speculation ; thirdly, because this incurable subdivision proved finally the cause of their ruin, in spite of pronounced intellectual superiority over their conquerors ; and lastly, because incapacity of political coalescence did not preclude a powerful and extensive sympathy between the inhabitants of all the separate cities, with a constant tendency to fraternise for numerous purposes, social, religious, recreative, intellectual, and æsthetical. For these reasons, the indefinite multiplication of self-governing towns, though in truth a phenomenon common to ancient Europe as contrasted with the large monarchies of Asia, appears more marked among the ancient Greeks than elsewhere ; and there cannot be any doubt that they owe it, in a considerable degree, to the multitude of insulating boundaries which the configuration of their country presented.

Nor is it rash to suppose that the same causes may have tended to promote that unborrowed intellectual development for which they stand so conspicuous. General propositions respecting the working of climate and physical agencies upon character are indeed treacherous ; for our knowledge of the globe is now sufficient to teach us that heat and cold, mountain and plain, sea and land, moist and dry atmosphere, are all consistent with the greatest diversities of resident men ; moreover, the contrast between the population of Greece itself, for the seven centuries preceding the Christian era, and the Greeks of more modern times, is alone enough to inculcate reserve in such speculations. Nevertheless, we may venture to note certain improving influences connected with their geographical position, at a time when they had no books to study, and no more advanced predecessors to imitate. We may remark, first, that their position made them at once mountaineers and mariners, thus supplying them with great variety of objects, sensations, and adventures ; next, that each petty community nestled apart amidst its own rocks was sufficiently severed from the rest to possess an individual life and attributes of its own, yet not so far as to subtract it from the sympathies of the remainder, so that an observant Greek, commercing with a great diversity of half countrymen, whose language he understood, and whose idiosyncracies he could appreciate, had access to a larger mass of social and political experience than any other man in so unadvanced an age could personally obtain. The Phœnician,

superior to the Greek on ship-board, traversed wider distances and saw a greater number of strangers, but had not the same means of intimate communion with a multiplicity of fellows in blood and language. His relations, confined to purchase and sale, did not comprise that mutuality of action and reaction which pervaded the crowd at a Grecian festival. The scene which here presented itself was a mixture of uniformity and variety highly stimulating to the observant faculties of a man of genius, who, at the same time, if he sought to communicate his own impressions or to act upon this mingled and diverse audience, was forced to shake off what was peculiar to his own town or community, and to put forth matter in harmony with the feelings of all. It is thus that we may explain in part that penetrating apprehension of human life and character, and that power of touching sympathies common to all ages and nations which surprises us so much in the unlettered authors of the old epic. Such periodical inter-communion of brethren habitually isolated from each other was the only means then open of procuring for the bard a diversified range of experience and a many-coloured audience, and it was to a great degree the result of geographical causes. Perhaps among other nations such facilitating causes might have been found, yet without producing any result comparable to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. But Homer was nevertheless dependent upon the conditions of his age, and we can at least point out those peculiarities in early Grecian society without which Homeric excellence would never have existed,—the geographical position is one, the language another.

(From *History of Greece*.)

## THE MUTILATION OF THE HERMA

AFTER between two and three months of active preparations, the expedition was almost ready to start, when an event happened which fatally poisoned the prevalent cheerfulness of the city. This was, the mutilation of the Herma, one of the most extraordinary events in all Grecian History.

The Herma, or half statues of the god Hermes, were blocks of marble about the height of the human figure. The upper part was cut into a head, face, neck, and bust ; the lower part was left as a quadrangular pillar, broad at the base, without arms, body, or

legs, but with the significant mark of the male sex in front. They were distributed in great numbers throughout Athens, and always in the most conspicuous situations—standing beside the outer doors of private houses as well as of temples, near the most frequented porticos, at the intersection of cross ways, in the public agora. They were thus present to the eye of every Athenian in all his acts of intercommunion, either for business or pleasure, with his fellow-citizens. The religious feeling of the Greeks considered the god to be planted or domiciliated where his statue stood, so that the companionship, sympathy, and guardianship of Hermes became associated with most of the manifestations of conjunct life at Athens, political, social, commercial, or gymnastic. Moreover, the quadrangular fashion of these statues, employed occasionally for other gods besides Hermes, was a most ancient relic handed down from the primitive rudeness of Pelasgian workmanship, and was popular in Arcadia, as well as peculiarly frequent in Athens.

About the end of May 415 B.C., in the course of one and the same night, all these Herma, one of the most peculiar marks of the city, were mutilated by unknown hands. Their characteristic features were knocked off or levelled, so that nothing was left except a mass of stone with no resemblance to humanity or deity. All were thus dealt with in the same way, save and except very few; nay, Andokides affirms, and I incline to believe him, that there was but one which escaped unharmed.

It is of course impossible for any one to sympathise fully with the feelings of a religion not his own: indeed, the sentiment with which, in the case of persons of different creed, each regards the strong emotions of the other, is usually one of surprise that such trifles and absurdities can occasion any serious distress or excitement. But if we take that reasonable pains, which is incumbent on those who study the history of Greece, to realise in our minds the religious and political associations of the Athenians,—noted in ancient times for their superior piety, as well as for their accuracy and magnificence about the visible monuments embodying that feeling,—we shall in part comprehend the intensity of mingled dismay, terror, and wrath, which beset the public mind on the morning after this nocturnal sacrilege, alike unforeseen and unparalleled. Amidst all the ruin and impoverishment which had been inflicted by the Persian invasion of Attica, there was nothing which was so profoundly felt or

so long remembered as the deliberate burning of the statues and temples of the gods. If we could imagine the excitement of a Spanish or Italian town, on finding that all the images of the Virgin had been defaced during the same night, we should have a parallel, though a very inadequate parallel, to what was now felt at Athens, where religious associations and persons were far more intimately allied with all civil acts, and with all the proceedings of every-day life, where, too, the god and his efficiency were more forcibly localised, as well as identified with the presence and keeping of the statue. To the Athenians, when they went forth on the following morning, each man seeing the divine guardian at his doorway dishonoured and defaced, and each man gradually coming to know that the devastation was general, it would seem that the town had become as it were godless,—that the streets, the market place, the porticos, were robbed of their divine protectors; and what was worse still, that these protectors, having been grossly insulted, carried away with them alienated sentiments—wrathful and vindictive, instead of tutelary and sympathising. It was on the protection of the gods that all their political constitution as well as the blessings of civil life depended; insomuch that the curses of the gods were habitually invoked as sanction and punishment for grave offences, political as well as others, an extension and generalisation of the feeling still attached to the judicial oath. This was, in the minds of the people of Athens, a sincere and literal conviction, not simply a form of speech to be pronounced in prayers and public harangues, without being ever construed as a reality, in calculating consequences and determining practical measures. Accordingly they drew from the mutilation of the *Hermæ* the inference, not less natural than terrifying, that heavy public misfortune was impending over the city, and that the political constitution to which they were attached was in imminent danger of being subverted.

Such was the mysterious incident which broke in upon the eager and bustling movement of Athens, a few days before the Sicilian expedition was in condition for starting.

(From the Same.)

## THE SOPHISTS

THE primitive education at Athens consisted of two branches : gymnastics for the body, music for the mind. The word music is not to be judged according to the limited signification which it now bears. It comprehended from the beginning everything appertaining to the province of the Nine Muses, not merely learning the use of the lyre, or how to bear part in a chorus, but also the hearing, learning, and repeating of poetical compositions, as well as the practice of exact and elegant pronunciation—which latter accomplishment, in a language like the Greek, with long words, measured syllables, and great diversity of accentuation between one word and another, must have been far more difficult to acquire than it is in any modern European language. As the range of ideas enlarged, so the words, music, and musical teachers acquired an expanded meaning, so as to comprehend matter of instruction at once ampler and more diversified. During the middle of the fifth century B.C. at Athens, there came thus to be found among the musical teachers men of the most distinguished abilities and eminence ; masters of all the learning and accomplishments of the age, teaching what was known of astronomy, geography, and physics, and capable of holding dialectical discussions with their pupils, upon all the various problems then afloat among intellectual men. Of this character were Lamprus, Agathokles, Pythokleides, Damon, etc. These two latter were instructors of Perikles ; and Damon was even rendered so unpopular at Athens, partly by his large and free speculations, partly through the political enemies of his great pupil, that he was ostracised, or at least sentenced to banishment. Such men were competent companions for Anaxagoras and Zeno, and employed in part on the same studies ; the field of acquired knowledge being not then large enough to be divided into separate, exclusive compartments. While Euripides frequented the company, and acquainted himself with the opinions of Anaxagoras, Ion of Chios, his rival as a tragic poet, as well as the friend of Kimon, bestowed so much thought upon physical subjects as then conceived that he set up a theory of his own, propounding the doctrine of three elements in nature—air, fire, and earth.

Now such musical teachers as Damon and the others above

mentioned, were sophists, not merely in the natural and proper Greek sense of that word, but, to a certain extent, even in the special and restricted meaning which Plato afterwards thought proper to confer upon it. A sophist, in the genuine sense of the word, was a wise man—a clever man—one who stood prominently before the public as distinguished for intellect or talent of some kind. Thus Solon and Pythagoras are both called sophists; Thamyras, the skilful bard is called a sophist; Socrates, is so denominated, not merely by Aristophanes, but by Æschines; Aristotle himself calls Aristippus, and Xenophon calls Antisthenes, both of them disciples of Sokrates, by that name: Xenophon, in describing a collection of instructive books, calls them “the writings of the old poets and sophists,” meaning by the latter word prose writers generally; Plato is alluded to as a sophist, even by Isokrates; Æschines, the disciple of Socrates, not the orator, was so denominated by his contemporary Lysias; Isokrates himself was harshly criticised as a sophist, and defends both himself and his profession; lastly, Timon, the friend and admirer of Pyrrho, about 300-280 B.C., who bitterly satirised all the philosophers, designated them all, including Plato and Aristotle, by the general name of sophists. In this large and comprehensive sense the word was originally used, and always continued to be so understood among the general public. But along with this idea, the title sophist also carried with it, or connoted a certain invidious feeling. The natural temper of a people generally ignorant towards superior intellect—the same temper which led to those charges of magic so frequent in the Middle Ages—appears to be an union of admiration with something of an unfavourable sentiment—dislike, or apprehension, as the case may be; unless, where the latter element has become neutralised by habitual respect for an established profession or station. At any rate, the unfriendly sentiment is so often intended, that a substantive word in which it is implied without the necessity of any annexed predicate, is soon found convenient. Timon, who hated the philosophers, thus found the word sophist exactly suitable, in sentiment as well as meaning, to his purpose in addressing them.

Now when, in the period succeeding 450 B.C., the rhetorical and musical teachers came to stand before the public at Athens in such increased eminence, they of course, as well as other men intellectually celebrated, became designated by the appropriate name of sophists. But there was one characteristic peculiar



to themselves, whereby they drew upon themselves a double measure of that invidious sentiment which lay wrapped up in the name. They taught for pay; of course therefore the most eminent among them taught only the rich, and earned large sums; a fact naturally provocative of envy, to some extent, among the many who benefited nothing by them, but still more among the inferior members of their own profession. Even great minds, like Socrates and Plato, though much superior to any such envy, cherished in that age a genuine and vehement repugnance against receiving pay for teaching. We read in Xenophon, that Socrates considered such a bargain as nothing less than servitude, robbing the teacher of all free choice as to persons or proceeding; and that he assimilated the relation between teacher and pupil, to that between two lovers or two intimate friends, which was thoroughly dishonoured, robbed of its charm and reciprocity, and prevented from bringing about its legitimate reward of attachment and devotion, by the intervention of money payment. However little in harmony with modern ideas, such was the conscientious sentiment of Socrates and Plato; who therefore considered the name *sophist*, denoting intellectual celebrity combined with an odious association, as pre-eminently suitable to the leading teachers for pay. The splendid genius, the lasting influence, and the reiterated polemics of Plato, have stamped it upon the men against whom he wrote as if it were their recognised, legitimate, and peculiar designation; though it is certain, that if, in the middle of the Peloponnesian war, any Athenian had been asked, "Who are the principal sophists in your city?" he would have named Socrates among the first; for Socrates was at once eminent as an intellectual teacher, and personally unpopular, not because he received pay, but on other grounds which will be hereafter noticed: and this was the precise combination of qualities which the general public naturally expressed by a *sophist*. Moreover, Plato not only stole the name out of general circulation in order to fasten it specially upon his opponents, the paid teachers, but also connected with it express discreditable attributes, which formed no part of its primitive and recognised meaning, and were altogether distinct from, though grafted upon, the vague sentiment of dislike associated with it. Aristotle, following the example of his master, gave to the word *sophist* a definition substantially the same as that which it bears in the modern languages—"an impostrous pre-

tender to knowledge, a man who employs what he knows to be fallacy, for the purpose of deceit and of getting money." And he did this at a time when he himself with his estimable contemporary Socrates, were considered at Athens to come under the designation of sophists, and were called so by every one who disliked either their profession or their persons.

(From the Same.)

## THE CONDEMNATION OF SOCRATES

THERE are two points, and two points only, in topics concerning man and society, with regard to which Socrates is a sceptic—or rather, which he denies; and on the negation of which his whole method and purpose turn. He denies, first, that men can know that on which they have bestowed no conscious effort, no deliberate pains, no systematic study, in learning. He denies, next, that men can practise what they do not know; that they can be just, or temperate, or virtuous generally, without knowing what justice, or temperance, or virtue is. To imprint upon the minds of his hearers his own negative conviction on these two points—is indeed his first object, and the primary purpose of his multiform dialectical manœuvring. But though negative in his means, Socrates is strictly positive in his ends: his attack is undertaken only with distinct view to a positive result; in order to shame them out of the illusion of knowledge, and to spur them on and arm them for the acquisition of real, assured, comprehensive, self-explanatory knowledge, as the condition and guarantee of virtuous practice. Socrates was indeed the reverse of a sceptic: no man ever looked upon life with a more positive and practical eye; no man ever pursued his mark with a clearer perception of the road which he was travelling; no man ever combined, in like manner, the absorbing enthusiasm of a missionary, with the acuteness, the originality, the inventive resource, and the generalising comprehension of a philosopher.

His method yet survives, as far as such method can survive, in some of the dialogues of Plato. It is a process of eternal value and of universal application. That purification of the intellect, which Bacon signalised as indispensable for rational or scientific progress, the Socratic elenchus affords the only known instrument

for at least partially accomplishing. However little that instrument may have been applied since the death of its inventor, the necessity and use of it neither have disappeared, nor ever can disappear. There are few men whose minds are not more or less in that state of sham knowledge against which Socrates made war: there is no man whose notions have not been first got together by spontaneous, unexamined, unconscious, uncertified association—resting upon forgotten particulars, blending together disparates or inconsistencies, and leaving in his mind old and familiar phrases, and oracular propositions, of which he has never rendered to himself account; there is no man, who, if he be destined for vigorous and profitable scientific effort, has not found it a necessary branch of self-education, to break up, disentangle, analyse, and reconstruct, these ancient mental compounds—and who has not been driven to do it by his own lame and solitary efforts, since the giant of the colloquial elenchus no longer stands in the market-place to lend him help and stimulus.

To hear of any man, especially of so illustrious a man being condemned to death on such accusations as that of heresy and alleged corruption of youth, inspires at the present day a sentiment of indignant reprobation, the force of which I have no desire to enfeeble. The fact stands eternally recorded as one among the thousand misdeeds of intolerance, religious and political. But since amidst this catalogue each item has its own peculiar character, grave or light, we are bound to consider at what point of the scale the condemnation of Socrates is to be placed, and what inferences it justifies in regard to the character of the Athenians. Now if we examine the circumstances of the case, we shall find them all extenuating; and so powerful indeed, as to reduce such inferences to their minimum, consistent with the general class to which the incident belongs.

First, the sentiment now prevalent is founded upon a conviction that such matters as heresy and heretical teaching of youth are not proper for judicial cognisance. Even in the modern world such a conviction is of recent date, and in the fifth century B.C. it was unknown. Socrates himself would not have agreed in it; and all Grecian governments, oligarchical and democratical alike, recognised the opposite. The testimony furnished by Plato is on this point decisive. When we examine the two positive communities which he constructs, in the treatises *De Republicâ* and *De Legibus* we find that there is nothing about which he

is more anxious, than to establish an unresisted orthodoxy of doctrine, opinion, and education. A dissenting and free-spoken teacher, such as Socrates was at Athens, would not have been allowed to pursue his vocation for a week, in the Platonic Republic. Plato would not indeed condemn him to death; but he would put him to silence, and in case of need, send him away. This in fact is the consistent deduction, if you assume that the state is to determine what is orthodoxy, and orthodox teaching, and to repress what contradicts its own views. Now all the Grecian states, including Athens, held this principle of interference against the dissenting teacher. But at Athens, though the principle was recognised, yet the application of it was counteracted by resisting forces which it did not find elsewhere, by the democratical constitution with its liberty of speech and love of speech, by the more active spring of individual intellect, and by the toleration, greater than anywhere else, shown to each man's peculiarities of every sort. In any other government of Greece, as well as in the Platonic Republic, Socrates would have been quickly arrested in his career, even if not severely punished; in Athens, he was allowed to talk and preach publicly for twenty-five or thirty years, and then condemned when an old man. Of these two applications of the same mischievous principle, assuredly the latter is at once the more moderate and the less noxious.

Secondly, the force of this last consideration, as an extenuating circumstance in regard to the Athenians, is much increased, when we reflect upon the number of individual enemies whom Socrates made to himself in the prosecution of his cross-examining process. Here were a multitude of individuals, including men personally the most eminent and effective in the city, prompted by special antipathies, over and above general convictions, to call into action the dormant state principle of intolerance against an obnoxious teacher. If, under such provocation, he was allowed to reach the age of seventy, and to talk publicly for so many years, before any real Meletus stood forward, this attests conspicuously the efficacy of the restraining dispositions among the people which made their practical habits more liberal than their professed principles.

Thirdly, whoever has read the account of the trial and defence of Socrates, will see that he himself contributed quite as much to the result as all the three accusers united. Not only he omitted to do all that might have been done without dishonour to ensure

acquittal, but he held positive language very nearly such as Meletus himself would have sought to put into his mouth. He did this deliberately, having an exalted opinion both of himself and his own mission, and accounting the cup of hemlock, at his age, to be no calamity. It was only by such marked and offensive self-exaltation that he brought on the first vote of the Dikastery, even then the narrowest majority, by which he was found guilty ; it was only by a still more aggravated manifestation of the same kind, even to the pitch of something like insult, that he brought on the second vote, which pronounced the capital sentence. Now it would be uncandid not to allow for the effect of such a proceeding on the minds of the Dikastery. They were not at all disposed, of their own accord, to put in force the recognised principle of intolerance against him. But when they found that the man who stood before them charged with this offence, addressed them in a tone such as Dikasts had never heard before, and could hardly hear with calmness, they could not but feel disposed to credit all the worst inferences which his accusers had suggested, and to regard Socrates as a dangerous man, both religiously and politically, against whom it was requisite to uphold the majesty of the court and constitution.

In appreciating this memorable incident, therefore, though the mischievous principle of intolerance cannot be denied, yet all the circumstances show that that principle was neither irritable nor predominant in the Athenian bosom ; that even a large body of collateral antipathies did not readily call it forth against any individual ; that the more liberal and generous dispositions, which deadened its malignity, were of steady efficacy, not easily overborne ; and that the condemnation ought to count as one of the least gloomy items in an essentially gloomy catalogue.

Let us add, that as Socrates himself did not account his own condemnation and death, at his age, to be any misfortune, but rather a favourable dispensation of the gods, who removed him just in time to escape that painful consciousness of intellectual decline which induced Demokritus to prepare poison for himself, so his friend Xenophon goes a step further, and, while protesting against the verdict of guilty, extols the manner of death as a subject of triumph ; as the happiest, most honourable, and most gracious way, in which the gods could set the seal upon an useful and exalted life.

(From the Same.)



## THOMAS CARLYLE

[The life of Carlyle, though unusually copious documents exist on it, is almost entirely what he would himself have called a soul-history; and its external facts can be summarised very briefly. He was born at Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, on 4th December 1795. His father, James Carlyle, was a stone-mason; his mother's name was Margaret Aitken. He was sent to school at Annan, whence in 1809 he went to the University of Edinburgh. Five years later he returned to his old school as mathematical master, leaving it in 1816 for similar work in Kirkcaldy. But neither teaching, at least school teaching, nor divinity, nor law, to all of which he turned, suited his faculties and desires. When he was about twenty-three he settled uneasily to literary hack-work in Edinburgh for some years, and was tutor in the Buller family for some more. On 17th October 1826 he married Jane Baillie Welsh, with whom he had long carried on a curious courtship. She had a small property at Craigenputtock in his native county, and there, two years after the marriage, they went, settling for six more. In 1834 Carlyle finally came to London, establishing himself very soon in the house in Cheyne Row, which was his abode for nearly fifty years, till his death on 5th February 1881. His wife had died fifteen years earlier, on 21st April 1866, during his absence at Edinburgh to be installed in the rectorship of the University. Almost all the outward details of Carlyle's life are the dates of his works, of which these are the most important—*Life of Schiller* (1825), *Sartor Resartus* (1834), *The French Revolution* (1837), *Miscellanies* (including some of his very best work, essays and reviews written for the most part at Craigenputtock) (1838), *Chartism* (1839), *Past and Present* (1843), *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* (1845),  *Latter-day Pamphlets* (1850), *Life of Sterling* (1851), and *Frederick the Great* (1866).]

OF the difficulty which must so frequently occur in a collection like the present—the difficulty of separating the literary and the extra-literary characteristics of its subjects—few more obvious instances can have occurred than the case of Carlyle. In hardly any English writer were personal and literary character more closely and strongly blended; and in absolutely none has such a flood of light—whether it can be called white or dry light is another question—been thrown within a few years after his death. And yet it would be from the point of view of space clearly

impossible, and from the point of view of strict critical propriety very doubtfully proper, to handle the history of his life or the matter of his works very fully here. Fortunately there is a way of escape open which may carry us safe past rather than through personalities and politics. Carlyle's attitude in regard to both, though a very singular, a very striking, and in many points to some it would seem a shocking attitude, was not really very complicated or difficult to understand; and much of the endless discussion about it has arisen from an obstinate determination to stick to particulars instead of taking the matter in general. As to personality, it must be remembered that he was, like Dr. Johnson, whom he in so many ways resembled, a man of extremely strong constitution, both mentally and physically, in whom there were, notwithstanding his strength, curious twists and chronic paroxysms of mental and bodily disease. The violent personal "flings," the astonishingly inadequate personal estimates, the contrast between theoretical stoicism and practical impatience of quite small ills, the denunciation of selfishness coupled with constant adjustment of the whole conduct to more or less selfish considerations, all become plain enough when this is remembered. So too in regard to the selection and treatment of literary subjects, the gaps and inequalities, the inconsistencies and the lapses in both, will become sufficiently intelligible if it be remembered that Carlyle felt hardly any interest in anything but man's relation to the standards of right and wrong conduct as an individual, and his relation to his fellows as a political animal. For anything not at once or easily adjustable to one or other of these two points of view—if indeed they be two—he cared nothing at all; and when he said anything about such things he was quite as likely to talk nonsense as not. But as a matter of fact he very seldom did touch any such subjects except in passing flings; and from *Sartor Resartus* to *Friedrich* he is always, whatever may be his nominal theme, busied with one or other of the two things which solely interested him—ethical and religious conduct in the individual, and political history in the general.

Even if there had not been other reasons, such as his poverty, his distaste for any of the regular professions, and the character of the particular literary journey-work, which, when he took to literature, at first fell in his way, this fact would probably have prevented him from being a very precocious writer. Unless he had been a zealot with a cut-and-dried formula, or a mere



glib-tongued quack—neither of which it may be hoped even an intelligent enemy of his would call him—he could not have acquired the fund of material or the special power of expression necessary to enable him to handle such subjects without a long course of study. And it is very unlikely that even then he would have “had his lips touched,” in the old phrase, except in peculiarly favourable circumstances. Accordingly we do not find him doing anything that was really characteristic till he had settled in the solitude of Craigenputtock. He was thirty-three when he went there, he was nearly forty when he left it; it is historically certain that very much of his best and most characteristic work was done there in the complete form; and there can be little doubt that a great deal more was done in essence or in germ. He had thoroughly matured that “gospel” of his which no two people succeed in formulating in quite the same way, but which may at least be safely said to be antithetic and antipathetic to all the gospels, materialist, hedonist, liberal-political, common-sense, philosophical, and religious, of the later eighteenth and earlier nineteenth centuries. He had also thoroughly matured and become perfectly master of the style in which to preach that gospel.

That this style, which here chiefly interests us, was not his style, at least his literary style, from the first has always been well known; the single document of the *Life of Schiller*, with not a little in the translations, being quite sufficient to show it. That its development was wholly or almost wholly due to his study of German and his practice in German translation, as used to be asserted, is an opinion which has long been losing ground among impartial students. That German writers, and especially Richter, had something, and even a great deal to do with it no one of course, except out of mere paradox, would deny. It is in the last degree improbable that *Sartor Resartus* would ever have been planned if Jean Paul had never written, and anyone can see how deep the impress must have been of the struggle to write such a book, not merely on German models, but as it were in the very phrase that a German philosopher of a Richterian type would himself use.

But there is very much in Carlyle's style in which after a good deal of reading of German, including Richter himself, it is difficult to recognise any strong Teutonic influence. Here, it seems far more traceable partly to individual genius, partly to sources the outcome of which is noticeable in not a little earlier

Scottish literature, especially that of the seventeenth century. . . discussion between Carlyle and Sir Thomas Urquhart on the subject of Cromwell is rather alarming to imagine, but the language of the two disputants would have had more points than one of resemblance; and though the Presbyterian divines, of whom Sir Thomas styled himself the "lash," would certainly, if they could, have subjected Carlyle to condign punishment for heresy, the speech of judges and prisoner would have shown the same kinship. The fact, however, is that the actual idiosyncrasy and genius of Carlyle were far too strong to show more than traces of any such influence. He had, in the quotation which was such a favourite with himself, fire enough within him to digest the most rugged material that was subjected to its operation.

It is more difficult to speak briefly and positively of the merits and defects of the literary medium thus produced. If, as some hold, the excellence of a style lies wholly or almost wholly in the suitability of it to the persons who write, and the things written about, then indeed it would be difficult to measure or qualify praise as applied to this. In *Sartor Resartus* it is not quite satisfactorily to be judged, for the thing avows itself as an extravaganza, and the note is therefore deliberately, almost ostentatiously, forced, as if the conflict and confluence of the personal feelings and experiences narrated and the attempt to narrate them in an external and quasi-philosophical manner, found relief in the splash and spume of words. But there is nothing of this in the *French Revolution*, and the *Miscellanies* or *Essays*, in which two books it can hardly be questioned that the very best and maturest work of the author as literature is to be found. Such a coincidence of style, man, and subject as is to be found throughout the first book, and in the best pieces (the "Burns," the "Diderot," the "Dr. Francia," and others too many to name) of the second, is rarely to be found in any literature. And in these two books is to be found also, more perfectly perhaps than before or since, a certain manner of conceiving, conducting, and concluding a subject which is not mere style, and for which no single word exists in English, if it exists in any language. Very picturesque writers are often charged, and sometimes charged very justly, with neglecting to inform themselves thoroughly. It is notorious that this could never be said of Carlyle. The enormous pains which he took to master his materials can no more be denied than the strength and brightness of the lines and colours in which he threw the phantasma thus

obtained before the eyes of the reader. It was never in these days, whatever might sometimes happen when he had descended at once into the vale of years and the "valley of the shadow of Frederick," a mere heap or handful of details ; it was, in little or in large, in three volumes or in thirty pages, an image, a re-creation, of the subject.

To this, no doubt, the style proper contributed. Some of what now seem its tricks, such as the use of capital initials, were, it should be remembered, common typographical habits quite up to and in some cases past the close of the last century. Others, such as the frequent apostrophes and aposiopeses, the dropping of conjunctions, pronouns, verbs, the quaint conversion of any noun into a verb, and any combination of nouns for the uses more commonly observed by a noun and adjective, are very old devices in English, more liberally and continuously used. More questionable perhaps, is the entire freedom of using foreign words themselves, or literal English translations of foreign words. But the former could find abundant and the latter not infrequent authority, especially in the seventeenth century. Sir Roger L'Estrange has things which may be almost called Carlylisms ; so have the earlier preachers.

It was with *Chartism* perhaps that the danger of self-caricature, which is incident to or rather inseparable from all the more lawless and highly coloured styles, first became evident in Carlyle, for *Sartor Resartus*, as above remarked, must be excluded from comparison. In *Chartism* too the comparative inferiority of his treatment when it was not applied to some large subject yielding native material, also made itself felt. The *Lectures on Heroes* taught the same lesson by a comparative, and *Past and Present* by an eminent recovery of felicity and ease. Hardly anything better in the way of example of the author's marvellous faculty of historical presentment can be found than the better parts of *Past and Present*. But it may be doubted whether the *Cromwell*, wonderful *tour de force* as it is, did not aggravate his tendencies to certain mannerisms. Here, it must be remembered, continuous narrative, positive reconstruction on the large scale, was only occasionally possible ; most of the work consisted of *scholia*, scraps of comment, piecings together of original speech or chronicle. The increase of jerky and spasmodic phrase which is so apparent in *Latter-day Pamphlets*, miraculous as they are in some respects, may be partly put down to this practice. But

the *Sterling* once more pointed the moral, just indicated, of the importance to Carlyle of a definite subject. This little book is beyond all doubt the piece of his work in which his style and handling, if not most brilliant, are most finished, mellow, and mature. He was to relapse somewhat in the *Frederick*, a strange Herculean task which ten or, still more, twenty years earlier might have been his masterpiece, but which now showed that the material was a little too much for the workmanship, the crotchet and paradox sometimes not lightly enough touched for success. He did nothing of great moment afterwards, yet never did even he show his almost magical power of setting the phantasmagoria of the past at work better than in the delightful paraphrase of the *Heimskringla* which he called *The Early Kings of Norway*.

It is, however, impossible to deny in a review of the prose styles of English and their achievements, that Carlyle's was formed on a perilous principle or disregard of principle, and that it set a still more perilous example for imitation. When his early contemners sometimes asserted that what he wrote was not English at all, they could show cause for their assertion by appeal to the English of a full century and a half, though it would have gone harder with them if that prescription had not been admitted. His language was like a mercenary army formed of all sorts of incongruous and exotic elements ; it was dangerous to the institutions and inhabitants of the realm, and it would obey absolutely none save its own general, nor always him. His peculiarities lent themselves with terrible ease to that self-caricature which has been mentioned ; his personifications and abstractions, especially in books like *Chartism* and the *Pamphlets*, became sometimes irritating, and sometimes merely tiresome ; the deliberate avoidance of simplicity, directness, proportion, form, could not but sometimes vex and oftener pall upon the taste. And his imitators (paying tribute at once to the greatness of his idiosyncrasy and to the questionable nature of his method), were and are nearly the most intolerable writers of English that England has ever seen. It is even very probable that his extreme mannerism has had much to do with the comparative eclipse which has come upon his popularity, though no doubt many causes have helped that.

Still that would be but a narrow and pedantic criticism which, reviewing the army of English letters even from the strictest standpoint of style, should fail to recognise in Carlyle probably the greatest irregular of whom that army can boast, perhaps the

greatest irregular to be found in any literary history. In such literatures as I can pretend to have critically studied I can remember none so utterly daring in his neglect of all accepted rules and models, none half so triumphant in his neglect. The quaintest tricks of Euphuism in prose and Gongorism in verse, the most audacious bearding of Academic senators by French Romantics, are tame and timid beside the writing of *Sartor Resartus* in the days when Southey, Hallam, Jeffrey, Lockhart, represented the regular standard of English prose, and when even daring innovators or anarchists went no further than De Quincey in one direction, Wilson in another, and Landor in a third. Anarchy is never an unmixed good; they would have colour for their opinion who said that at best it can be not an unmixed evil. And in archaism as in innovation, in importation of foreign elements as in gymnastics with native materials, Carlyle's method was almost wholly anarchical. But as no criticism of art and especially of literary art is sound which refuses to take cognizance of means, of authority, of precedent, of rule, so none can be really satisfactory which refuses to look at the result. And the result in the best examples of Carlyle's work is not less than magnificent.

It is impossible to read him at this best without that sentiment of enthusiasm, which, though at a first perusal it may be a fallible and even a rather suspicious guide, is the surest test of literary excellence when it renews itself at each fresh reading after or through a long course of years. And the number of such passages in him is so great, the variety of them so remarkable, that twenty times the space here open would not avail to give them. For it is one of Carlyle's characteristics—it is hardly a peculiarity, since it appears in most great writers—that when he is at his worst he is most monotonous, and most various when he is at his best.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## EXORDIUM OF THE LIFE OF SCHILLER

AMONG the writers of the concluding part of the last century there is none more deserving of our notice than Friedrich Schiller. Distinguished alike for the splendour of his intellectual faculties, and the elevation of his tastes and feelings, he has left behind him in his works a noble emblem of these great qualities : and the reputation which he thus enjoys, and has merited, excites our attention the more, on considering the circumstances under which it was acquired. Schiller had peculiar difficulties to strive with, and his success has likewise been peculiar. Much of his life was deformed by inquietude and disease, and it terminated at middle age ; he composed in a language then scarcely settled into form, or admitted to a rank among the cultivated languages of Europe ; yet his writings are remarkable for their extent and variety as well as their intrinsic excellence ; and his own countrymen are not his only, or perhaps his principal, admirers. It is difficult to collect or interpret the general voice ; but the world, no less than Germany, seems already to have dignified him with the reputation of a classic ; to have enrolled him among that select number whose works belong not wholly to any age or nation, but who, having instructed their own contemporaries, are claimed as instructors by the great family of mankind, and set apart for many centuries from the common oblivion which soon overtakes the mass of authors, as it does the mass of other men.

Such has been the high destiny of Schiller. His history and character deserve our study for more than one reason. A natural and harmless feeling attracts us towards such a subject ; we are anxious to know how so great a man passed through the world, how he lived, and moved, and had his being ; and the question, if properly investigated, might yield advantage as well as pleasure. It would be interesting to discover by what gifts and what employment of them he reached the eminence on which we now see him.

It is worth inquiring, whether he, who could represent noble actions so well, did himself act nobly; how those powers of intellect, which in philosophy and art achieved so much, applied themselves to the every-day emergencies of life; how the generous ardour, which delights us in his poetry, displayed itself in the common intercourse between man and man. It would at once instruct and gratify us if we could understand him thoroughly, could transport ourselves into his circumstances outward and inward, could see as he saw, and feel as he felt.

(From *Life of Schiller*.)

### TEUFELSDRÖCKH: THE EVERLASTING YEA

BEAUTIFUL it was to sit there, as in my skyey Tent, musing and meditating; on the high table-land, in front of the Mountains; over me, as roof, the azure Dome, and around me, for walls, four azure-flowing curtains,—namely, of the Four azure Winds, on whose bottom fringes also I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the fair Castles that stood sheltered in these Mountain hollows; with their green flower-lawns and white dames and damosels lovely enough: or better still, the straw-roofed Cottages, wherein stood many a Mother baking bread, with her children round her:—all hidden and protectingly folded-up in the valley folds; yet there and alive, as sure as if I beheld them. Or to see, as well as fancy, the nine Towns and Villages, that lay round my mountain-seat, which, in still weather, were wont to speak to me, by their steeple bells, with metal tongue; and, in almost all weather, proclaimed their vitality by repeated Smoke clouds; whereon, as on a culinary horologe, I might read the hour of the day. For it was the smoke of cookery, as kind housewives at morning, midday, eventide, were boiling their husbands' kettles; and ever a blue pillar rose up into the air, successively or simultaneously, from each of the nine, saying, as plainly as smoke could say: Such and such a meal is getting ready here. Not uninteresting! For you have the whole Borough, with all its love-makings and scandal-mongeries, contentions and contentments, as in miniature, and could cover it all with your hat.—If, in my wide Wayfarings, I had learned to look into the business of the World in its details,

here perhaps was the place for combining it into general propositions, and deducing inferences therefrom.

Often also could I see the black Tempest marching in anger through the Distance : round some Schreckhorn, as yet grim-blue, would the eddying vapour gather, and there tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch's hair ; till, after a space it vanished, and in the clear sunbeam, your Schreckhorn stood smiling grim-white, for the vapour has held snow. How thou fermentest and elaboratest, in thy great fermenting-vat and laboratory of an Atmosphere, of a World, O Nature !—Or what is Nature ? Ha ! why do I not name thee God ? Art not thou the “ Living Garment of God ” ? O Heavens, is it in very deed, He, then, that ever speaks through thee ; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me ?

Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendours, of that Truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over my soul. Sweeter than Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in Nova Zembla ; ah, like the mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults ; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too exasperated heart, came that Evangel. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel house with spectres ; but godlike and my Father's !

With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man ; with an infinite Love, with an infinite Pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man ! Art thou not tired, and beaten with stripes, even as I am ? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden ; and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave. O my Brother, my Brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes ! Truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which, in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one ; like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my Needy Mother, not my cruel Stepdame ; Man, with his so mad Wants and his so mean Endeavours, had become the dearest to me ; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him Brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that “ Sanctuary of Sorrow ” ; by strange, steep ways had I too been guided thither ; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the “ Divine Depth of Sorrow ” lie disclosed to me.

(From *Sartor Resartus*.)



THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY AND THE FOURTH  
OF AUGUST

ONE thing an elected Assembly of Twelve Hundred is fit for: Destroying. Which indeed is but a more decided exercise of its natural talent for doing nothing. Do nothing, only keep agitating, debating; and things will destroy themselves.

So and not otherwise proved it with an august National Assembly. It took the name Constituent, as if its mission and function had been to construct or build; which also, with its whole soul, it endeavoured to do: yet, in the fates, in the nature of things, there lay for it precisely of all functions the most opposite to that. Singular, what Gospels men will believe; even Gospels according to Jean Jacques! It was the fixed Faith of these National Deputies, as of all thinking Frenchmen, that the Constitution could be made; that they, there and then, were called to make it. How, with the toughness of old Hebrews or Ishmaelite Moslem, did the otherwise light unbelieving People persist in this their *Credo quia impossibile*; and front the armed world with it, and grow fanatic and even heroic, and do exploits by it! The Constituent Assembly's Constitution, and several others, will, being printed and not manuscript, survive to future generations, as an instructive well-nigh incredible document of the Time: the most significant Picture of the then existing France; or at lowest, Picture of these men's Picture of it.

But in truth and seriousness, what could the National Assembly have done? The thing to be done was, actually as they said, to regenerate France; to abolish the old France, and make a new one, quietly or forcibly, by concession or by violence: this by the Law of Nature has become inevitable. With what degree of violence, depends on the wisdom of those that preside over it. With perfect wisdom on the part of the National Assembly, it had all been otherwise; but whether, in any wise, it could have been pacific, nay other than bloody and convulsive, may still be a question.

Grant, meanwhile, that this Constituent Assembly does to the last continue to be something. With a sigh, it sees itself incessantly forced away from its infinite divine task of perfecting "the Theory of Irregular Verbs,"—to finite terrestrial tasks, which

latter have still a significance for us. It is the cynosure of revolutionary France, this National Assembly. All work of Government has fallen into its hands, or under its control; all men look to it for guidance. In the middle of that huge revolt of Twenty-five millions, it hovers always aloft as Carroccia or Battle Standard, impelling and impelled, in the most confused way: if it cannot give much guidance, it will seem to give some. It emits pacificatory Proclamations not a few; with more or with less result. It authorises the enrolment of National Guards,—lest Brigands come to devour us, and reap the unripe crops. It missions to quell “effervescences”; to deliver men from the Lanterne. It can listen to congratulatory Addresses, which arrive daily by the sackful; mostly in King Cambyzes’ vein: also to Petitions and complaints from all mortals; so that every mortal’s complaint, if it cannot get redressed, may at least hear itself complain. For the rest an august National Assembly can produce Parliamentary Eloquence; and appoint Committees. Committees of the Constitution, of Reports, of Researches; and of much else: which again yield mountains of Printed Paper; the theme of new Parliamentary Eloquence, in bursts or in plenteous smooth-flowing floods. And so, from the waste vortex whereon all things go whirling and grinding, Organic Laws or the similitude of such, slowly emerge.

With endless debating, we get the Rights of Man written down and promulgated: true paper basis of all paper Constitutions. Neglecting, cry the opponents, to declare the Duties of Man! Forgetting, answer we, to ascertain the Rights of Man;—one of the fatalest omissions!—Nay sometimes, as on the Fourth of August, our National Assembly, fired suddenly by an almost preternatural enthusiasm, will get through whole masses of work in one night. A memorable night, this Fourth of August: Dignitaries temporal and spiritual; Peers, Archbishops, Parlement-Présidents, each outdoing the other in patriotic devotedness, come successively to throw their now untenable possessions on the “altar of the fatherland.” With louder and louder vivats,—for indeed it is “after dinner” too,—they abolish Tithes, Seignorial Dues, Gabelle, excessive Preservation of Game; nay Privilege, Immunity, Feudalism root and branch; then appoint a *Te Deum* for it; and so, finally, disperse about three in the morning, striking the stars with their sublime heads. Such night, unforeseen but forever memorable, was this of the Fourth of August 1789.

Miraculous, or semi-miraculous, some seem to think it. A new Night of Pentecost, shall we say, shaped according to the new Time, and new Church of Jean Jacques Rousseau? It had its causes; also its effects.

(From *French Revolution*.)

### THE THIRD VOTING

AND so, finally, at eight in the evening this Third stupendous Voting, by roll-call or *appel nominal*, does begin. What Punishment? Girondins undecided, Patriots decided, men afraid of Royalty, men afraid of Anarchy, must answer here and now. Infinite Patriotism, dusky in the lamp-light, floods all corridors, crowds all galleries; sternly waiting to hear. Shrill-sounding Ushers summon you by Name and Department; you must rise to the Tribune, and say.

Eye-witnesses have represented this scene of the Third Voting, and of the votings that grew out of it,—a scene protracted, like to be endless, lasting with but few brief intervals, from Wednesday till Sunday morning,—as one of the strangest seen in the Revolution. Long night wears itself into day, morning's paleness is spread over all faces; and again the wintry shadows sink, and the dim lamps are lit: but through day and night and the vicissitudes of hours, Member after Member is mounting continually those Tribune steps; pausing aloft there, in the clearer upper light, to speak his Fate-word; then diving down into the dust and throng again. Like Phantoms in the hour of midnight; most spectral, pandemonial! Never did President Vergniaud, or any terrestrial President, superintend the like. A King's Life, and so much else that depends thereon, hangs trembling in the balance. Man after man mounts; the buzz hushes itself till he have spoken Death: Banishment; Imprisonment till the Peace. Many say, Death; with what cautious well-studied phrases and paragraphs they could devise, of explanation, of enforcement, of faint recommendation to mercy. Many too say, Banishment; something short of Death. The balance trembles, none can yet guess whitherward. Whereat anxious Patriotism bellows; irrepressible by ushers.

The poor Girondins many of them, under such fierce bellowing of Patriotism, say Death; justifying, *motivant* that most miserable

word of theirs by some brief casuistry and jesuitry. Vergniaud himself says, Death; justifying by jesuitry. Rich Lepelletier Saint Fargeau had been of the Noblesse, and then of the Patriot Left Side in the Constituent; and had argued and reported, there and elsewhere, not a little, *against* Capital Punishment: nevertheless he now says, Death: a word which may cost him dear. Manuel did surely rank with the Decided in August last; but he has been sinking and backsliding ever since September and the scenes of September. In this Convention, above all, no word he could speak would find favour; he says now, Banishment; and in mute wrath quits the place forever,—much hustled in the corridors. Philippe Egalité votes, in his soul and conscience, Death; at the sound of which and of whom, even Patriotism shakes its head; and there runs a groan and shudder through this Hall of Doom. Robespierre's vote cannot be doubtful; his speech is long. Men see the figure of shrill Sieyes ascend; hardly pausing, passing merely, this figure says, "*La Mort sans phrase*, Death without phrases"; and fares onward and downward. Most spectral, pandemonial!

And yet if the Reader fancy it of a funereal, sorrowful or even grave character, he is far mistaken: "the Ushers in the Mountain quarter," says Mercier, "had become as Box keepers at the Opera"; opening and shutting of Galleries for privileged persons, for "D'Orléans Egalité's mistresses," or other high-dizened women of condition, rustling with laces and tricolour. Gallant Deputies pass and repass thitherward, treating them with ices, refreshments, and small talk; the high-dizened heads beck responsive; some have their card and pin, pricking down the Ayes and Noes, as at a game of Rouge-et-Noir. Farther aloft reigns Mère Duchesse with her unrouged Amazons; she cannot be prevented making long Hahas, when the vote is not La Mort. In these Galleries there is refection, drinking of wine and brandy as in open tavern—"en pleine tabagie." Betting goes on in all coffee-houses of the neighbourhood. But within doors, fatigue, impatience, uttermost weariness sits now on all visages; lighted up only from time to time by turns of the game. Members have fallen asleep; Ushers come and awaken them to vote: other Members calculate whether they shall not have time to run and dine. Figures rise, like phantoms, pale in the dusky lamp light; utter from this Tribune, only one word: Death. "*Tout est optique*," says Mercier, "The world is all an optical shadow."

Deep in the Thursday night, when the voting is done, and Secretaries are summing it up, sick Duchâtel, more spectral than another, comes borne on a chair, wrapped in blankets, in "night-gown and nightcap," to vote for Mercy: one vote it is thought may turn the scale.

Ah no! In profoundest silence, President Vergniaud with a voice full of sorrow, has to say: "I declare, in the name of the Convention, that the punishment it pronounces on Louis Capet is that of Death." Death by a small majority of fifty-three. Nay, if we deduct from the one side, and add to the other, a certain twenty-six, who said Death, but coupled some faintest ineffectual surmise of mercy with it, the majority will be but one.

(From the Same.)

## THE LITERARY AND PATRIOTIC INFLUENCE OF BURNS

IN another point of view, moreover, we incline to think that Burns's influence may have been considerable; we mean, as exerted specially on the Literature of his country, at least on the Literature of Scotland. Among the great changes which British, particularly Scottish literature, has undergone since that period, one of the greatest will be found to consist in its remarkable increase of nationality. Even the English writers, most popular in Burns's time, were little distinguished for their literary patriotism in this, its best sense. A certain attenuated cosmopolitanism had, in good measure taken place of the old insular home feeling; literature was, as it were, without any local environment; was not nourished by the affections which sprang from a native soil. Our Grays and Glovers seemed to write almost as if *in vacuo*; the thing written bears no mark of place; it is not written so much for Englishmen, as for men; or rather, which is the inevitable result of this, for certain Generalisations which philosophy termed men. Goldsmith is an exception: not so Johnson; the scene of his *Rambler* is little more English than that of his *Rasselas*.

But if such was, in some degree, the case with England, it was, in the highest degree, the case with Scotland. In fact, our Scottish literature had, at that period, a very singular aspect;

unexampled, so far as we know, except perhaps at Geneva, where the same state of matters appears still to continue. For a long period after Scotland became British, we had no literature : at the date when Addison and Steele were writing their *Spectators*, our good John Boston was writing, with the noblest intent, but alike in defiance of grammar and philosophy, his *Fourfold State of Man*. Then came the schisms in our National Church, and the fiercer schisms in our Body Politic : theologic ink, and Jacobite blood, with gall enough in both cases, seemed to have blotted out the intellect of the country : however, it was only obscured, not obliterated. Lord Kames made nearly the first attempt at writing English ; and ere long, Hume, Robertson, Smith, and a whole host of followers, attracted hither the eyes of all Europe. And yet in this brilliant resuscitation of our fervid genius, there was nothing truly Scottish, nothing indigenous ; except perhaps, the natural impetuosity of intellect, which we sometimes claim, and are sometimes upbraided with, as a characteristic of our nation. It is curious to remark that Scotland, so full of writers, had no Scottish culture, nor indeed any English ; our culture was almost exclusively French. It was by studying Racine and Voltaire, Batteux and Boileau, that Kames had trained himself to be a critic and philosopher ; it was the light of Montesquieu and Mably that guided Robertson in his political speculations ; Quesnay's lamp that kindled the lamp of Adam Smith. Hume was too rich a man to borrow, and perhaps he re-acted on the French more than he was acted on by them : but neither had he aught to do with Scotland ; Edinburgh, equally with La Flèche, was but the lodging and laboratory, in which he not so much morally lived, as metaphysically investigated. Never, perhaps, was there a class of writers so clear and well ordered, yet so totally destitute, to all appearance, of any patriotic affection, nay of any human affection whatever. The French wits of the period were as unpatriotic ; but their general deficiency in moral principle, not to say their avowed sensuality and unbelief in all virtue, strictly so-called, render this accountable enough. We hope there is a patriotism founded on something better than prejudice ; that our country may be dear to us, without injury to our philosophy, that in loving and justly prizing all other lands, we may prize justly, and yet love before all others, our own stern Motherland, and the venerable Structure of social and moral Life which Mind has through long ages been

building up for us there. Surely there is nourishment for the better part of man's heart in all this : surely the roots, that have fixed themselves in the very core of man's being, may be so cultivated as to grow not into briers, but into roses, in the field of his life ! Our Scottish sages have no such propensities : the field of their life shows neither briers nor roses ; but only a flat, continuous thrashing floor for Logic, whereon all questions, from the Doctrine of Rent to the Natural History of Religion, are thrashed and sifted with the same mechanical impartiality !

With Sir Walter Scott at the head of our literature, it cannot be denied that much of this evil is past, or rapidly passing away : our chief literary men, whatever other faults they may have, no longer live among us like a French Colony, or some knot of Propaganda Missionaries ; but like natural-born subjects of the soil, partaking and sympathising in all our attachments, humours, and habits. Our literature no longer grows in water but in mould, and with the true racy virtues of the soil and climate. How much of this change may be due to Burns, or to any other individual, it might be difficult to estimate. Direct literary imitation of Burns was not to be looked for. But his example, in the fearless adoption of domestic subjects, could not but operate from afar ; and certainly in no heart did the love of country ever burn with a warmer glow than in that of Burns : "a tide of Scottish prejudice," as he modestly calls this deep and generous feeling, "had been poured along his veins ; and he felt that it would boil there till the flood gates shut in eternal rest." It seemed to him, as if he could do so little for his country, and yet would so gladly have done all. One small province stood open for him—that of Scottish Song ; and how eagerly he entered on it, how devotedly he laboured there ! In his toilsome journeyings, this object never quits him ; it is the little happy valley of his careworn heart. In the gloom of his own affliction, he eagerly searches after some lonely brother of the muse, and rejoices to snatch one other name from the oblivion that was covering it ! These were early feelings, and they abode with him to the end : . . .

(From *Essays*.)

## OVER THE ANDES

DID the reader ever hear of San Martin's march over the Andes into Chile? It is a feat worth looking at; comparable, most likely to Hannibal's march over the Alps, while there was yet no Simplon or Mont-Cenis highway; and it transacted itself in the year 1817. South American armies think little of picking their way through the gullies of the Andes: so the Buenos Ayres people having driven out their own Spaniards, and established the reign of freedom, though in a precarious manner, thought it were now good to drive the Spaniards out of Chile, and establish the reign of freedom there also instead: whereupon San Martin, commander at Mendoza, was appointed to do it. By way of preparation, for he began from afar, San Martin, while an army is getting ready at Mendoza, assembles at the fort of San Carlos by the Aguanda river, some days' journey to the south, all attainable tribes of the Pehuenche Indians, to a solemn Palaver, so they name it, and civic entertainment, on the esplanade there. The ceremonies and deliberations, as described by General Miller, are somewhat surprising: still more the concluding civic feast; which lasts for three days; which consists of horses' flesh for the solid part, and horses' blood with ardent spirits *ad libitum* for the liquid, consumed with such alacrity, with such results, as one may fancy. However, the women had prudently removed all the arms beforehand; nay, five or six of these poor women, taking it by turns, were always found in a sober state watching over the rest; so that comparatively little mischief was done, and only one or two deaths by quarrel took place.

The Pehuenches having drunk their ardent water and horses' blood in this manner, and sworn eternal friendship to San Martin, went home, and—communicated to his enemies, across the Andes, the road he meant to take. This was what San Martin had foreseen and meant, the knowing man! He hastened his preparations, got his artillery slung on poles, his men equipped with knapsacks and haversacks, his mules in readiness; and, in all stillness, set forth from Mendoza by another road. Few things in late war, according to General Miller, have been more noteworthy than this march. The long straggling line of soldiers, six thousand and odd, with their quadrupeds and baggage, winding through the heart of the Andes, breaking for a brief moment



the old abysmal solitudes !—For you fare along, on some narrow roadway, through stony labyrinths ; huge rock mountains, having over your head, on this hand ; and under your feet, on that, the roar of mountain cataracts, horror of bottomless chasms ; the very winds and echoes howling on you in an almost preternatural manner. Towering rock barriers rise sky-high before you, and behind you, and around you, intricate the outgate ! The roadway is narrow, footing none of the best. Sharp turns there are, where it will behove you to mind your paces ; one false step, and you will need no second ; in the gloomy jaws of the abyss you vanish, and the spectral winds howl requiem. Somewhat better are the suspension bridges, made of bamboo and leather, though they swing like see-saws ; men are stationed with lassos, to gin you dexterously, and fish you up from the torrent, if you trip there.

Through this kind of country did San Martin march ; straight towards San Iago, to fight the Spaniards and deliver Chile. For ammunition waggons he had sorras, sledges, canoe-shaped boxes, made of dried bull's hide. His cannons were carried on the back of mules, each cannon on two mules judiciously harnessed ; on the packsaddle of your foremost mule there rested with firm girths a long strong pole ; the other end of which, forked end, we suppose, rested with like girths, on the packsaddle of the hindmost mule ; your cannon was slung with leathern straps on this pole, and so travelled, swaying and dangling, yet moderately secure. In the knapsack of each soldier was eight days' provender, dried beef ground into snuff powder, with a modicum of pepper, and some slight seasoning of biscuit or maize meal ; store of onions, of garlic, was not wanting ; Paraguay tea could be boiled at eventide, by fire of scrub bushes, or almost of rock lichens or dried mule dung. No farther baggage was permitted ; each soldier lay at night wrapped in his poncho, with his knapsack for pillow, under the canopy of heaven ; lulled by hard travail, and sunk soon enough into steady nose melody, into the foolishlest rough colt dance of unimaginable Dreams. Had he not left much behind him in the Pampas—mother, mistress, what not ; and was like to find somewhat, if he ever got across to Chile living ? What an entity, one of those night leaguers of San Martin ; all steadily snoring there, in the heart of the Andes, under the eternal stars ! Way-worn sentries with difficulty keep themselves awake ; tired mules chew barley rations, or

doze on three legs ; the feeble watch-fire will hardly kindle a cigar ; Canopus and the Southern Cross glitter down, and all snores steadily begirt by granite deserts, looked on by the constellations in that manner ! San Martin's improvident soldiers ate out their week's rations almost in half the time ; and for the last three days had to rush on, spurred by hunger, this also the knowing San Martin had foreseen ; and knew that they could bear it, these rugged Gauchos of his ; nay that they would march all the faster for it. On the eighth day, hungry as wolves, swift and sudden as a torrent from the mountains, they disembogued ; straight towards San Iago, to the astonishment of men ;—struck the doubly astonished Spaniards into dire misgivings ; and then, in pitched fight, after due manœuvres, into total defeat on the plains of Maypo, and again, positively for the last time, on the plains or heights of Chacabuco, and completed the deliverance of Chile, as was thought, for ever and a day.

(From the Same.)

### DR. FRANCIA

BUT undoubtedly by far the notablest of all these South American phenomena is Dr. Francia and his Dictatorship in Paraguay ; concerning whom, and which, we have now more particularly to speak. Francia and his reign of terror have excited some interest, much vague wonder in this country ; and especially given a great shock to constitutional feeling. One would rather wish to know Dr. Francia ;—but unhappily one cannot ! Out of such a murk of distracted shadows and rumours, in the other hemisphere of the world, who would pretend at present to decipher the real portraiture of Dr. Francia and his Life ? None of us can. A few credible features, wonderful enough, original enough in our constitutional time, will perhaps to the impartial eye disclose themselves ; these, with some endeavour to interpret these, may lead certain readers into various reflections, constitutional and other, not entirely without benefit.

Certainly, as we say, nothing could well shock the constitutional feeling of mankind, as Dr. Francia has done. Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, and indeed the whole breed of tyrants, one hoped, had gone away many hundred years ago, with their reward ;

and here, under our own nose, rises a new tyrant, claiming also his reward from us! Precisely when constitutional liberty was beginning to be understood a little, and we flattered ourselves that by due ballot-boxes, by due registration courts, and bursts of parliamentary eloquence, something like a real National Palaver would be got up in those countries,—arises this tawny-visaged, lean, inexorable Dr. Francia; claps you an embargo on all that; says to constitutional liberty, in the most tyrannous manner, Hitherto, and no farther! It is an undeniable, though an almost incredible fact, that Francia, a lean private individual, Practitioner of Law, and Doctor of Divinity, did, for twenty or near thirty years, stretch out his rod over the foreign commerce of Paraguay, saying to it Cease! The ships lay high and dry, their pitchless seams all yawning on the clay banks of the Parana; and no man could trade but by Francia's license. If any person entered Paraguay, and the Doctor did not like his papers, his talk, conduct, or even the cut of his face,—it might be the worse for such person! Nobody could leave Paraguay on any pretext whatever. It mattered not that you were man of science, astronomer, geologist, astrologer, wizard of the north; Francia heeded none of these things. The whole world knows of M. Aimé Bonpland; how Francia seized him, descending on his tea-establishment in Entre Rios, like an obscene vulture, and carried him into the interior, contrary even to the law of nations; how the great Humboldt and other high persons expressly applied to Dr. Francia, calling on him in the name of human science, and as it were under penalty of reprobation, to liberate M. Bonpland; and how Dr. Francia made no answer, and M. Bonpland did not return to Europe, and indeed has never yet returned. It is also admitted that Dr. Francia had a gallows, had jailors, law-fiscals, officials; and executed, in his time, upwards of forty persons, some of them in a very summary manner. Liberty of private judgment, unless it kept its mouth shut, was at an end in Paraguay. Paraguay lay under interdict, cut off for above twenty years from the rest of the world, by a new Dionysius of Paraguay. All foreign commerce had ceased; how much more all domestic constitution building! These are strange facts. Dr. Francia, we may conclude at least, was not a common man but an uncommon.

How unfortunate that there is almost no knowledge of him procurable at present! Next to none. The Paraguenos can in many cases spell and read, but they are not a literary people;

and indeed this doctor was, perhaps, too awful a practical phenomenon to be calmly treated of in the literary way. Your Breughel paints his sea-storm, not while the ship is labouring and cracking, but after he has got to shore, and is safe under cover! Our Buenos Ayres friends, again, who are not without habits of printing, lay at a great distance from Francia, under great obscurations of quarrel and controversy with him; their constitutional feeling shocked to an extreme degree by the things he did. To them, there could little intelligence float down, on those long muddy waters, through those vast distracted countries, that was not more or less of a distracted nature; and then from Buenos Ayres to Europe, there is another long tract of distance, liable to new distractions. Francia, Dictator of Paraguay, is, at present, to the European mind, little other than a chimera; at best, the statement of a puzzle, to which the solution is still to seek. As the Paraguenos, though not a literary people, can many of them spell and write, and are not without a discriminating sense of true and untrue, why should not some real Life of Francia, from those parts, be still possible! If a writer of genius arise there, he is hereby invited to the enterprise. Surely in all places your writing genius ought to rejoice over an acting genius, when he falls in with such; and say to himself: "Here or nowhere is the thing for me to write of! Why do I keep pen and ink at all, if not to apprise men of this singular acting genius, and the like of him? My fine-arts and æsthetics, my epics, literatures, poetics, if I will think of it, do all at bottom mean either that or else nothing whatever!"

(From the Same.)

### JOCELIN OF BRAKELOND

WE have heard so much of monks; everywhere, in real and fictitious history, from Muratori Annals to Radcliffe Romances, these singular two-legged animals, with their rosaries and breviaries, with their shaven crowns, hair cilices, and vows of poverty, masquerade so strangely through our fancy; and they are in fact so very strange an extinct species of the human family,—a veritable Monk of Bury St. Edmunds is worth attending to, if by chance made visible and audible. Here he is; and in his hand a magical speculum, much gone to rust indeed, yet in fragments

still clear ; wherein the marvellous image of his existence does still shadow itself, though fitfully and as with an intermittent light ! Will not the reader peep with us into this singular camera lucida, where an extinct species, though fitfully, can still be seen alive ? Extinct species, we say ; for the live specimens which still go about under that character are too evidently to be classed as spurious in Natural History : the Gospel of Richard Arkwright once promulgated, no Monk of the old sort is any longer possible in this world. But fancy a deep-buried Mastodon, some fossil Megatherion, Ichthyosaurus, were to begin to speak from amid its rock-swathings, never so indistinctly ! The most extinct fossil species of Men or Monks can do, and does, this miracle,—thanks to the Letters of the Alphabet, Good for so many things.

Jocelin, we said, was somewhat of a Boswell ; but unfortunately, by Nature, he is none of the largest, and distance has now dwarfed him to an extreme degree. His light is most feeble, intermittent, and requires the intensest kindest inspection ; otherwise it will disclose mere vacant haze. It must be owned, the good Jocelin, spite of his beautiful child-like character, is but an altogether imperfect mirror of these old-world things ! The good man, he looks on us so clear and cheery, and in his neighbourly soft-smiling eyes we see so well our own shadow,—we have a longing always to cross-question him, to force from him an explanation of much. But no ; Jocelin, though he talks with such clear familiarity, like a next-door neighbour, will not answer any question : that is the peculiarity of him, dead these six hundred and fifty years, and quite deaf to us, though still so audible ' The good man, he cannot help it, nor can we.

But truly it is a strange consideration this simple one, as we go on with him, or indeed with any lucid simple-hearted soul like him : Behold therefore, this England of the year 1200 was no chimerical vacuity or dreamland, peopled with mere vaporous fantasm, Rymer's *Fœdera*, and Doctrines of the Constitution ; but a green solid place, that grew corn and several other things. The Sun shone on it ; the vicissitude of seasons and human fortunes. Cloth was woven and worn ; ditches were dug, furrow fields ploughed, and houses built. Day by day all men and cattle rose to labour, and night by night returned home weary to their several lairs. In wondrous Dualism, then as now, lived nations of breathing men ; alternating in all ways, between Light and Dark ; between joy and sorrow, between rest and toil,—between hope,

hope reaching high as Heaven, and fear deep as very Hell. Not vapour Fantasms, Rymer's *Fœdera* at all! *Cœur-de-Lion* was not a theatrical popinjay with greaves and steel cap on it, but a man living upon victuals,—not imported by Peel's Tariff. *Cœur-de-Lion* came palpably athwart this Jocelin at St. Edmundsbury; and had almost peeled the sacred gold Feretrum, or St. Edmund Shrine itself, to ransom him out of the Danube Jail.

These clear eyes of neighbour Jocelin looked on the bodily presence of King John; the very John Sansterre, or Lackland, who signed *Magna Carta* afterwards in Runnymede. Lackland, with a great retinue, boarded once for a matter of a fortnight, in St. Edmundsbury Convent; daily in the very eyesight, palpable to the very fingers of our Jocelin: O Jocelin, what did he say, what did he do; how looked he, lived he;—at the very lowest, what coat or breeches had he on? Jocelin is obstinately silent. Jocelin marks down what interests him; entirely deaf to us. With Jocelin's eyes we discern almost nothing of John Lackland. As through a glass darkly, we with our own eyes and appliances, intensely looking, discern at most: A blustering, dissipated human figure, with a kind of blackguard quality air, in cramoisy velvet, or other uncertain texture, uncertain cut, with much plumage and fringing; amid numerous other human figures of the like; riding abroad with hawks; talking noisy nonsense;—tearing out the bowels of St. Edmundsbury convent, its larders namely and cellars, in the most ruinous way, by living at rack and manger there. Jocelin notes only, with a slight subacidity of manner, that the King's Majesty, *Dominus Rex*, did leave, as a gift for our St. Edmund Shrine, a handsome enough silk cloak,—or rather pretended to leave, for one of his retinue borrowed it of us, and we never got sight of it again; and, on the whole, that the *Dominus Rex*, at departing, gave us thirteen sterlingii, one shilling and one penny, to say a mass for him; and so departed,—like a shabby Lackland as he was! Thirteen pence sterling, this was what the Convent got from Lackland, for all the victuals he and his had made away with. We of course said our mass for him, having covenanted to do it,—but let impartial posterity judge with what degree of fervour!

And in this manner vanishes King Lackland; traverses swiftly our strange intermittent magic mirror, jingling the shabby thirteen pence merely; and rides with his hawks into Egyptian night again. It is Jocelin's manner with all things; and it is men's

manner and men's necessity. How intermittent is our good Jocelin ; marking down, without eye to us, what he finds interesting ! How much in Jocelin, as in all History, and indeed in all Nature, is at once inscrutable and certain ; so dim, yet so indubitable ; exciting us to endless considerations. For King Lackland was there, verily he ; and did leave these tredecim sterlingii, if nothing more, and did live and look in one way or the other, and a whole world was living and looking along with him ! There we say is the grand peculiarity ; the immeasurable one distinguishing to a really infinite degree, the poorest historical Fact from all Fiction whatsoever. Fiction, Imagination, Imaginative Poetry, etc. etc., except as the vehicle for truth, or fact of some sort,—which surely a man should first try various other ways of vehiculating, and conveying safe,—what is it ? Let the Minerva and other Presses respond !

(From *Past and Present*.)

#### MAHOMET AND BENTHAM

BUT there is another thing to be said about the Mahometan Heaven and Hell. This namely, that, however gross and material they may be, they are an emblem of an everlasting truth, not always so well remembered elsewhere. That gross sensual Paradise of his ; that horrible flaming Hell ; the great enormous Day of Judgment he perpetually insists on : what is all this but a rude shadow, in the rude Bedouin imagination, of that grand spiritual Fact, and Beginning of Facts, which it is ill for us too if we do not all know and feel : the Infinite Nature of Duty ? That man's actions here are of infinite moment to him, and never die or end at all ; that man, with his little life, reaches upwards high as Heaven, downwards low as Hell, and in his threescore years of Time holds an Eternity fearfully and wonderfully hidden : all this had burnt itself, as in flame characters, into the wild Arab soul. As in flame and lightning, it stands written there ; awful, unspeakable, ever present to him. With bursting earnestness, with a fierce savage sincerity, half articulating, not able to articulate, he strives to speak it, bodies it forth in that Heaven and that Hell. Bodied forth in what way you will, it is the first of all truths. It is venerable under all embodiments. What is the chief end of

man here below? Mahomet has answered this question in a way that might put some of us to shame! He does not like a Benthan, a Paley, take Right and Wrong, and calculate the profit and loss, ultimate pleasure of the one and of the other; and summing all up by addition and subtraction into a net result, ask you, Whether on the whole the Right does not preponderate considerably? No, it is not better to do the one than the other; the one is to the other as life is to death,—as Heaven is to Hell. The one must in nowise be done the other in nowise left undone. You shall not measure them; they are incommensurable: the one is death eternal to a man, the other is life eternal. Benthamite Utility, virtue by Profit and Loss; reducing this God's world to a dead brute Steam-engine, the infinite celestial Soul of Man to a kind of Hay balance for weighing hay and thistles on, pleasures and pains on:—If you ask me which gives, Mahomet or they, the beggarlier and falser view of Man and his Destinies in this Universe, I will answer, It is not Mahomet!

On the whole, we will repeat that this Religion of Mahomet's is a kind of Christianity; has a genuine element of what is spiritually highest looking through it, not to be hidden by all its imperfections. The Scandinavian God, Wish, the god of all rude men,—this has been enlarged into a Heaven by Mahomet; but a Heaven symbolical of sacred Duty, and to be earned by faith and well-doing, by valiant action, and a divine patience which is still more valiant. It is Scandinavian Paganism, and a truly celestial element superadded to that. Call it not false; look not at the falsehood of it, look at the truth of it. For these twelve centuries it has been the religion and life guidance of the fifth part of the whole Kindred of Mankind. Above all things, it has been a religion heartily believed. These Arabs believe their religion, and try to live by it! No Christians, since the early ages, or only perhaps the English Puritans in modern times, have ever stood by their faith as the Moslem do by theirs,—believing it wholly, fronting Time with it, and Eternity with it. This night the watchman on the streets of Cairo when he cries, "Who goes?" will hear from the passenger, along with his answer, "There is no God but God." Allah akbar, Islam, sounds through the souls, and whole daily existence, of these dusky millions. Zealous missionaries preach it abroad among Malays, black Papuans, brutal Idolaters;—displacing what is worse, nothing that is better or good.



To the Arab Nation it was as a birth from darkness into light ; Arabia first became alive by means of it. A poor shepherd people, roaming unnoticed in its deserts since the creation of the world : a Hero Prophet was sent down to them with a word they could believe : see, the unnoticed becomes world-notable, the small has grown world-great ; within one century afterwards, Arabia is at Grenada on this hand, at Delhi on that ;—glancing in valour and splendour and the light of genius, Arabia shines through long ages over a great section of the world. Belief is great, life-giving. The history of a Nation becomes fruitful, soul-elevating, great, so soon as it believes. These Arabs, the man Mahomet, and that one century,—is it not as if a spark had fallen, one spark, on a world of what seemed black unnoticeable sand ; but lo, the sand proves explosive powder, blazes heaven-high from Delhi to Grenada ! I said the Great Man was always as lightning out of heaven ; the rest of men waited for him like fuel, and then they too would flame.

(From *On Heroes.*)

## THE DEVIL'S BARRACKS

ON the whole, what a beautiful Establishment here fitted up for the accommodation of the scoundrel world, male and female ! As I said, no Duke in England is, for all rational purposes which a human being can or ought to aim at, lodged, fed, tended, taken care of, with such perfection. Of poor craftsmen that pay rates and taxes from their day's wages, of the dim millions that toil and moil continually under the sun, we know what is the lodging and the tending. Of the Johnsons, Goldsmiths, lodged in their squalid garrets ; working often enough amid famine, darkness, tumult, dust, and desolation, what work they have to do :—of these as of spiritual backwoodsmen understood to be preappointed to such a life, and like the pigs to killing, quite used to it, I say nothing. But of Dukes, which Duke, I could ask, has cocoa, soup, meat, and food in general made ready, so fit for keeping him in health, in ability to do and to enjoy ? Which Duke has a house so thoroughly clean, pure, and airy ; lives in an element so wholesome, and perfectly adapted to the uses of soul and body as this same, which is provided here for the Devil's regiments of the line ? No Duke that I have ever known. Dukes are waited on

by deleterious French cooks, by perfunctory grooms of the chambers, and expensive crowds of eye servants, more imaginary than real : while here, Science, Human Intellect and Beneficence have searched and sat studious, eager to do their very best ; they have chosen a real Artist in Governing to see their best, in all details of it, done. Happy regiments of the line, what soldier to any earthly or celestial Power has such a lodging and attendance as you here ? No soldier or servant direct or indirect of God or of man, in this England at present. Joy to you, regiments of the line. Your Master, I am told, has his elect, and professes to be Prince of the Kingdoms of this World ; and truly I see he has power to do a good turn to those he loves, in England at least. Shall we say, May he, may the Devil give you good of it, ye Elect of Scoundrelism ? I will rather pass by, uttering no prayer at all ; musing rather in silence on the singular worship of God, or practical reverence done to Human Worth, which is the outcome and essence of all real worship whatsoever, among the Posterity of Adam at this day.

For all round this beautiful Establishment, or Oasis of Purity, intended for the Devil's regiments of the line, lay contingents of dingy poor and dirty dwellings, where the unfortunate not yet enlisted into that Force were struggling manifoldly,—in their workshops, in their marble yards, and timber yards, and tan yards, in their close cellars, cobbler stalls, hungry garrets, and poor dark-~~trades~~shops with red herrings and tobacco pipes crossed in the window,—to keep the Devil out of doors and not enlist with him. And it was by a tax on these that the Barracks for the regiments of the line were kept up. Visiting Magistrates, impelled by Exeter Hall, by Able Editors, and the Philanthropic Movement of the Age, had given orders to that effect. Rates on the poor servant of God and of her Majesty, who still serves both in his way, painfully selling red herrings ; rates on him and his red herrings to boil right soup for the Devil's declared Elect ! Never in my travels, in any age or clime, had I fallen in with such Visiting Magistrates before. Reserved they, I should suppose, for these ultimate or penultimate ages of the world, rich in all prodigies, political, spiritual,—ages surely with such a length of ears as was never paralleled before.

If I had a commonwealth to reform or to govern, certainly it should not be the Devil's regiments of the line that I would first of all concentrate my attention on ! With them I should be

apt to make rather brief work ; to them one would apply the besom, try to sweep them with some rapidity into the dust bin, and well out of one's road, I should rather say. Fill your thrashing floor with docks, ragweeds, mugworths, and ply your flail upon them,—that is not the method to obtain sacks of wheat. Away, you ; begone swiftly, ye regiments of the line : in the name of God and of His poor struggling servants, sore put to it to live in these bad days, I mean to rid myself of you with some degree of brevity. To feed you in palaces, to hire captains and schoolmasters and the choicest spiritual and material artificers to expend their industries on you.—No, by the Eternal ! I have quite other work for that class of artists ; Seven and twenty Millions of neglected mortals who have not yet quite declared for the Devil. Mark it, my diabolic friends, I mean to lay leather on the backs of you, collars round the necks of you ; and will teach you, after the example of the gods, that this world is not your inheritance, or glad to see you in it. You, ye diabolic canaille, what has a Governor much to do with you ? You, I think, he will rather swiftly dismiss from his thoughts, which have the whole celestial and terrestrial for their scope, and not the subterranean of scoundrelism alone. You, I consider, he will sweep pretty rapidly into some Norfolk Island, into some special Convict Colony or remote domestic Moorland, into some stone-walled Silent-System, under hard drill sergeants, just as Rhadamanthus, and inflexible as he, and there leave you to reap what you have sown ; he meanwhile turning his endeavours to the thousandfold immeasurable interests of men and gods,—dismissing the one extremely contemptible interest of scoundrels ; sweeping that into the cesspool, tumbling that over London Bridge, in a very brief manner, if needful ! Who are you, ye thriftless sweepings of Creation, that we should forever be pestered with you ? Have we no work to do but drilling Devil's regiments of the line ?

(From *Latter Day Pamphlets*.)

## SUFFRAGE

ALAS, if such, not in their loose tongues, but in their heart of hearts, is men's way of judging about social worth, what kind of new Aristocracy will the inconceivablest perfection of Spoken

Suffrage ever yield us? Suffrage, I perceive well, has quite other things in store for us; we need not torment poor Suffrage for this thing! Our Intermittent Friend says once:

"Men do not seem to be aware that this their universal ousting of unjust, incapable, and, in fact, imaginary Governors is to issue in the attainment of Governors who have a right and a capacity to govern. Far different from that is the issue merly contemplate in their present revolutionary operations. Their universal notion now is, that we shall henceforth do without Governors; that we have got to a new epoch in human progress, in which Governing is entirely a superfluity, and the attempt at doing it is an offence, think several. By that admirable invention of the Constitutional Parliament, first struck out in England, and now at length hotly striven for and zealously imitated in all European countries, the task of Governing, any task there may still be, is done to our hand. Perfect your Parliament, cry all men: apply the Ballot box and Universal Suffrage! the admirablest method ever imagined of counting heads and gathering indubitable votes: you will thus gather the vote, vox, or voice, of all the two-legged animals without feathers in your dominion; what they think is what the gods think,—is it not?—and this you shall go and do.

"Whereby, beyond dispute, your Governor's task is immensely simplified; and indeed the chief thing you can now require of your Governor is that he carefully preserves his good humour, and do in a handsome manner nothing, or some pleasant fugal motions only. Is not this a machine; marking new epochs in the progress of discovery? Machine for doing Government too, as we now do all things by machinery. Only keep your free presses, ballot boxes, upright shafts, and cogwork, in an oiled, unobstructed condition; motive power of popular wind will do the rest. Here, verily, is a mill that beats Birmingham hollow, and marks new epochs with a witness. What a hopper this! Reap from all fields whatsoever you find standing—thistledowns, dockseed, hemlockseed, wheat, rye; tumble all into the hopper, see in soft, blissful, continuous stream, meal shall daily issue for you, and the bread of life to mankind be sure!"

The aim of all reformers, parliamentary and other, is still defined by them as just legislation, just laws; with which definition who can quarrel? They will not have class legislation, which is a dreadfully bad thing; but all-classes legislation, I

suppose, which is the right thing. Sure enough, just laws are an excellent attainment, the first condition of all prosperity of human creatures; but few reflect how extremely difficult such attainment is! Alas, could we once get laws which were just, that is to say, which were the clear transcript of the Divine Laws of the Universe itself; so that each man were incessantly admonished, under strict penalties, by all men, to walk as the Eternal Maker had prescribed; and he alone received honour whom the Maker had made honourable, and whom the Maker had made disgraceful, disgrace: alas, were not here the very Aristocracy we seek? A new veritable Hierarchy of Heaven,—approximately such in very truth,—bringing Earth nearer and nearer to the blessed Law of Heaven. Heroic men, the Sent of Heaven, once more bore rule: and on the throne of kings there sat splendid, not King Hudson, or King Popinjay, but the Bravest of existing Men; and on the gibbet there swung as a tragic pendulum, admonitory to Earth in the name of Heaven,—not some insignificant, abject, necessitous outcast, who had violently, in his extreme misery and darkness, stolen a leg of mutton, but veritably the Supreme Scoundrel of the Commonwealth, who, in his insatiable greed and bottomless atrocity, had long, hoodwinking the poor world, gone himself, and led multitudes to go, in the ways of gilded human baseness; seeking temporary profit, scrip, first-class claret, social honour, and the like small ware, where only eternal loss was possible; and who now, stripped of all his gildings and cunningly devised speciosities, swung there an ignominious detected scoundrel; testifying aloud to all the earth: “Be not scoundrels, not even guilt scoundrels, any one of you; for God, and not the Devil, is verily king, and this is where it ends, if even this be the end of it!”

O Heaven, O Earth, what an attainment were here, could we but hope to see it! Reformed Parliament, People's League, Hume, Cobden agitation, tremendous cheers, new Battles of Naseby, French Revolution and Horrors of French Revolution—all things were cheap and light to the attainment of this. For this were in fact the millenium; and indeed nothing less than this can be it.

But I say it is dreadfully difficult to attain! And though class legislation is not it, yet, alas, neither is all-classes legislation in the least certain to be it. All classes, if they happen not to be wise, heroic classes,—how, by the commonest jumbling of them together, will you ever get a wisdom or heroism out of them?

Once more let me remind you, it is impossible for ever. Unwisdom, contradiction to the gods: how, from the mere vamping together of hostile voracities and opacities, never so dextrously or copiously combined, can or could you expect anything else? Can any man bring a clean thing out of an unclean? No man. Voracities and opacities, blended together in never so cunningly devised proportions, will not yield noblenesses and illuminations; they cannot do it. Parliamentary reform, extension of the suffrage? Good Heavens, how, by the mere enlargement of your circle of ingredients, by the mere flinging in of new opacities and voracities, will you have a better chance to distil a wisdom from that foul cauldron, which is mere bigger, not by hypothesis better? You will have a better chance to distil zero from it; evil elements from all sides, now more completely extinguishing one another, so that mutual destruction, like that of the Kilkenny cats, a Parliament which produces parliamentary eloquence, only, and no social guidance, either bad or good, will be the issue, as we now in these years sorrowfully see.

(From the Same.)

### THE LAST FIGHT OF OLAF TRYGGVESON

By such persuasions and reiterations, King Svein of Denmark, King Olaf of Sweden, and Jarl Eric, now a great man there, grown rich by prosperous sea robbery and other good management, were brought to take the matter up, and combine strenuously for destruction of King Olaf Tryggveson on this grand Wendland expedition of his. Fleets and forces were with best diligence got ready; and, withal a certain Jarl Sigwald, of Jomsburg, chieftain of the Yomsvikings, a powerful, plausible, and cunning man, was appointed to find means of joining himself to Tryggveson's grand voyage, of getting into Tryggveson's confidence, and keeping Svein Double Beard, Eric, and the Swedish king aware of all his movements.

King Olaf Tryggveson, unacquainted with all this, sailed away in summer, with his splendid fleet; went through the Belts with prosperous winds, under bright skies, to the admiration of both shores. Such a fleet with its shining Serpents, long and short, and perfection of equipment and appearance, the Baltic

never saw before. Jarl Sigwald joined with new ships by the way; "Had," he too, "a visit to King Burislav to pay; how could he ever do it in better company?" and studiously and skilfully ingratiated himself with King Olaf. Old Burislav, when they arrived, proved altogether courteous, handsome, and amenable; agreed at once to Olaf's claims for his new queen, did the rites of hospitality with a generous plenitude to Olaf; who cheerily renewed acquaintance with that country, known to him in early days, the cradle of his fortunes in the viking line, and found old friends there still surviving, joyful to meet him again. Jarl Sigwald encouraged these delays, King Svein and Co. not being yet quite ready. "Get ready!" Sigwald directed them, and they diligently did. Olaf's men, their business now done, were impatient to be home; and grudged every day of loitering there; but, till Sigwald pleased, such his power of flattering and cajoling Tryggveson, they could not get away.

At length, Sigwald's secret messengers reporting all ready on the part of Svein and Co., Olaf took farewell of Burislav and Wendland, and all gladly sailed away. Svein, Eric, and the Swedish king, with their combined fleets, lay in wait behind some cape in a safe little bay of some island, then called Svolde, but not in our time to be found; the Baltic tumults in the fourteenth century having swallowed it, as some think, and leaving us uncertain whether it was in the neighbourhood of Rügen Island, or in the Sound of Elsinore. There lay Svein, Eric, and Co., waiting till Tryggveson and his fleet came up, Sigwald's spy messengers daily reporting what progress he and it had made. At length, one bright summer morning, the fleet made appearance, sailing in loose order, Sigwald, as one acquainted with the shoal places, steering ahead, and showing them the way.

Snorro rises into one of his pictorial fits, seized with enthusiasm at the thought of such a fleet, and reports to us largely in what order Tryggveson's winged Coursers of the Deep, in long series, for perhaps an hour or more, came on, and what the three potentates, from their knoll of vantage, said of each as it hove in sight. Svein thrice over guessed this, and the other noble vessel to be the *Long Serpent*; Eric always correcting him, "No, that is not the *Long Serpent* yet," and aside always, "Nor shall you be lord of it, king, when it does come." The *Long Serpent* itself did make appearance. Eric, Svein, and the Swedish king hurried on board, and pushed out of their hiding-

place into the open sea. Treacherous Sigwald, at the beginning of all this, had suddenly doubled that cape of theirs, struck into the bay out of sight, leaving the foremost Tryggveson ships astonished, and uncertain what to do, if it were not simply to strike sail, and wait till Olaf himself with the *Long Serpent* arrived.

Olaf's chief captains, seeing the enemy's huge fleet come out, and how the matter lay, strongly advised King Olaf to elude this stroke of treachery, and, with all sail, hold on his course, fight being now on so unequal terms. Snorro says, the King, high on the quarter-deck where he stood, replied, "Strike the sails; never shall man of mine think of flight. I never fled from battle. Let God dispose of my life; but flight I will never take." And so the battle arrangements immediately began, and the battle with all fury went loose; and lasted hour after hour, till almost sunset, if I well recollect. "Olaf stood on the *Serpent's* quarter-deck," says Snorro, "high over the others. He had a gilt shield and a helmet inlaid with gold; over his armour he had a short red coat, and was easily distinguished from other men." Snorro's account of the battle is altogether animated, graphic, and so minute that antiquaries gather from it, if so disposed, which we but little are, what the methods of Norse sea fighting were; their shooting of arrows, casting of javelins, pitching of big stones, ultimate boarding, and mutual clashing and smashing, which it would not avail us to speak of here. Olaf stood conspicuous all day, throwing javelins, of deadly aim, with both hands at once; encouraging, fighting, and commanding like a highest sea-king.

The Danish fleet, the Swedish fleet, were, both of them, quickly dealt with, and successively withdrew out of shot range. And then Yarl Eric came up, and fiercely grappled with the *Long Serpent*, or, rather with her surrounding comrades; and gradually, as they were beaten empty of men, with the *Long Serpent* herself. The fight grew ever fiercer, more furious. Eric was supplied with new men from the Swedes and Danes; Olaf had no such resource, except from the crews of his own beaten ships, and at length this also failed him; all his ships, except the *Long Serpent*, being beaten and emptied. Olaf fought on unyielding. Eric twice boarded him, was twice repulsed. Olaf kept his quarter-deck; unconquerable, though left now more and more hopeless, fatally short of help. A tall young man,



called Einar Pamberskelver, very celebrated and important afterwards in Norway, and already the best archer known, kept busy with his bow. Twice he nearly shot Yarl Eric in his ship. "Shoot me that man," said Yarl Eric to a bowman near him; and, just as Pamberskelver was drawing his bow the third time, an arrow hit it in the middle and broke it in two. "What is this that has broken?" asked King Olaf. "Norway from thy hand, king," answered Pamberskelver. Tryggveson's men, he observed with surprise, were striking violently on Eric's; but to no purpose, nobody fell. "How is this?" asked Tryggveson. "Our swords are notched and blunted, king; they do not cut." Olaf stepped down to his arm chest; delivered out new swords, and it was observed as he did it, blood ran trickling from his wrist; but none knew where the wound was. Eric boarded a third time. Olaf, left with hardly more than one man, sprang overboard, one sees that red coat of his still glancing in the evening sun, and sank in the deep waters to his long rest.

(From *Early Kings of Norway*.)



# MACAULAY

[Thomas Babington Macaulay was born in 1800, the son of Zachary Macaulay; he was educated at Clapham and at private schools elsewhere, till the time of his residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was elected to a Fellowship in 1824. He was called to the bar in 1826; and in 1830 he entered the House of Commons as member for Calne. In 1823, with the publication of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* under Praed as editor, Macaulay's contributions to the reviews began: the series of essays in the *Edinburgh Review* began in 1825 and went on till 1844, when it was dropped for the sake of the *History of England*. Macaulay's public life was at first involved in the debates on the Reform Bill, where he distinguished himself as a vehement orator. Shortly after the passing of the Bill he was appointed to the Board of Control (constituted by Pitt's East India Act, in 1784), and in 1834, in order to restore the fortunes of his family, he went to India as member of the Supreme Council. In India his principal work was the framing of the Criminal Code; his notes for this purpose are included in his *Miscellaneous Works*. His stay in India did not interrupt his work for the *Review*. He returned in 1838 and was shortly afterwards elected member for Edinburgh. His position in the House of Commons was not injured by his five years' absence; he spoke with effect on many questions, especially on the policy of Lord Ellenborough in India in 1842. In the election of 1847, owing chiefly to Macaulay's want of interest in the ecclesiastical controversies of Scotland, he was rejected by the Edinburgh electors. He did not enter Parliament again till he was re-elected at Edinburgh in 1852, without coming forward as a candidate. The first two volumes of the *History* were published in 1849, volumes iii. and iv. in 1855. In the former year he delivered an *Inaugural Address* as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. In 1854 he published a corrected edition of his *Speeches*. Out of friendship for Mr. Adam Black, the publisher, he contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the short biographies of *Atterbury*, *Bunyan*, *Goldsmith*, *Johnson*, and *Pitt*, which are among his latest writings; the life of Pitt was finished in August 1858. In 1856 Macaulay resigned his seat on account of failing health. In 1857 he was created Baron Macaulay of Rothley. He died on the 28th of December 1859. The fifth volume of the *History* was published in 1861.

Macaulay's Essays appeared in the following order in the *Edinburgh Review*:—*Milton*, 1825; *Machiavelli*, 1827; *Dryden*, *History*, and *Hallam's Constitutional History*, 1828; the three controversial essays on *James Mill's Theory of Government*, 1829; *Southey's Colloquies*, *Robert Montgomery's*

*Poems*, 1830; *Sadler's Law of Population*, 1830 and 1831, *Civil Disabilities of the Jews*, *Byron, Croker's Boswell*, *Bunyan*, *Hampden*, 1831; *Burleigh*, *Mirabeau*, 1832; *War of the Succession in Spain*, *Horace Walpole*, 1833; *Lord Chatham*, 1834; *Mackintosh*, 1835; *Bacon*, 1837; *Sir William Temple*, 1838; *Gladstone on Church and State*, 1839; *Clive*, 1840; *Ranke*, 1840; *Comic Dramatists of the Restoration*, *Lord Holland*, *Warren Hastings*, 1841; *Frederick the Great*, 1842; *Madame d'Arblay*, *Addison*, 1843; *Barère*, and the second essay on *Chatham*, 1844. The *Lays of Ancient Rome* were published in 1842.]

THE popularity of Macaulay's writings is not due to any remote or hidden causes. It is rather idle to ascribe his influence and fame to his expression of popular sentiments and prejudices, or to lay emphasis on those passages in his works where he may have followed or accompanied the multitude in judging rashly. While no one can doubt the effect on his work of his conformity with popular standards of judgment, or question his right to be taken as a representative of the common sense of his time, it is not to that conformity that his influence is to be traced. His popularity was honestly won by the energy and capacity of his mind, and by an eloquence which, whatever its faults may be, at any rate was able to enliven the weight of his learning. By the resources and the quickness of his memory, by his erudition, and his command of his erudition, by his fluency and studied clearness, he has gained no more than the rank he deserves as an exponent of the matter of history, and as a critic of opinions. No amount of distaste for Whiggery or for common sense can with justice be allowed to detract from Macaulay's fame. He was a man who knew himself to be destined from his birth for literature, and who "followed his star" without wavering or regret to the end. His literary ambition was one of the noblest, and its fulfilment among the happiest, in the record of English authors. The weaknesses of his style were known to himself, but among them he had no cause to reckon the vices of pretence or vanity. He knew the things that he appeared to know, and much more; and his reputation is only a fair tribute paid to him by those who have learned from him.

Macaulay in his prose never succeeded in giving such unity of life to his compositions as he was able to give in some of his poems. There is no battle in his *History*, not even the relief of Londonderry, that has the impetuous and continuous energy of the Battle of Lake Regillus; no typical character or "humour" is delineated with the same unity of effect as Obadiah Bind-their-

kings-in-chains in his dramatic ballad ; no description of a character, no peroration, in the *Essays* or the *History* has any claim to be set beside the *Jacobite's Epitaph*, or represents the dignity of the old school of historical composition as those couplets represent the school of the *Vanity of Human Wishes*. The best of his poems however display the same mode of thought and imagination as the *Essays* and the *History*. If the action is livelier at the bridge of Tiber than at Boyne Water, still the way in which the two scenes are imagined is much the same ; and the spectacle of the trial of Warren Hastings is rendered with the same kind of selection and distribution of characteristic epithets, and the same spirit, as the "catalogue of forces sent into the field" in the ballads of Rome. No man ever did more than Macaulay by way of imaginative recollection in illustration of history ; no historian remembers at once so much and with so much vividness. It is always however, both at its best and at its worst, a vividness of illustration and commentary rather than of the central and creative imagination.

In the essay on *Byron*, in one of those passages of literary criticism which he unduly depreciated, Macaulay has described the difference between the personages of a drama and the characters in a satire : "a dramatist cannot commit a greater error than that of following those pointed descriptions of character in which satirists and historians indulge so much." The kind of narrative and description in which Macaulay himself excelled was more nearly related to the satire of Dryden or Pope, than to the more difficult and more imaginative order of invention which Macaulay recognised so well and honoured so unreservedly wherever he found it. There is something of the nature of *satura* in some of his finest passages, and some of his worst are those which he has described by anticipation in his notes on Byron's *Sardanapalus*. "By judicious selection and judicious exaggeration the intellect and the disposition of any human being might be described as being made up of startling contrasts." It is by this process that Macaulay's descriptions of Johnson, of Boswell, and of Horace Walpole have been composed ; not by a dramatic conception of their characters, but mainly by a collection of quotations strung together.

The variety and brilliance of details in Macaulay's writing make one of the chief distinctions between his manner and that of the preceding century. He kept the old standards of taste in

many things. His fondness for abrupt short sentences does not always conceal the old model on which they are formed. His short sentences are generally clauses in an old-fashioned antithetic period. Instead of the roll and volume of the periods of Gibbon, there is a succession of short waves ; but these are carried forward generally on the top of a swell, the rhythm of which is the rhythm of the older period, while this older periodic cadence reappears undisguised whenever Macaulay chooses to keep his sentences long. Though he had escaped with his contemporaries from the old dogmas of criticism, he had no hatred of the eighteenth century and its respectability, such as moved the more vehement spirits in his day. He had, however, in common with men as unlike him as Carlyle, an aversion to the colourless and abstract graces of the old polite literature. In the plan of his work he seldom chooses to vary much from the old conventions of literary architecture ; he does not envy the craft of Teufelsdröckh ; his building is ruled by the simplest principles of proportion. But while the outlines are thus conformable to the old fashions, there is a very much greater amount of picturesque detail than would have been admitted by the old masters. The outlines are filled up with crowds of particulars. That fondness for particulars in description which distinguished the poems and novels of the new age from the more generalised and abstract compositions of the old school was hardly less strong in Macaulay than in Carlyle or in Browning. Though even in this respect, where Macaulay seems to come nearest in his prose to the flamboyant varieties of romance and poetry, he invents no new procedure or method of handling, but keeps the old tools of illustrative rhetoric. Johnson could write that "no man can reasonably be thought a lover of his country for roasting an ox, or burning a boot, or attending the meeting at Mile-End, or registering his name in the lumber-troop." Macaulay's illustrations are introduced by the same familiar method of satirical elaboration. He goes to greater expense in this way than his predecessors had done, but he does not go out of his way to invent new devices like those of *Sartor Resartus* or the *Opium Eater*. Though he may be more extravagant and profuse in his variety of details than is consistent with the old "dignity of history," this variety is all supported by a structure of great plainness. Some of his decorations appear to have surprised "the judicious" almost as much as Carlyle's *French Revolution*, but there was nothing in Macaulay's

general plan of writing that was at all in sympathy with that new model.

The great fault of his style may be discovered in a want of harmony between his abstract foundations and his picturesque ornaments. In Gibbon there is an exact proportion between the form and the contents. The unity of no chapter is broken by excess of detail in particular parts of the subject. The rhythm of each sentence is adequate to the amount of matter it contains. In Macaulay's prose the continuity of the narrative or dissertation is frequently sacrificed for the sake of a number of small rhetorical points, which help to stimulate the attention at first, but may easily become monotonous or irritating. The cumulative effect of the story is not always secured; the short sentences, the strings of particulars, interfere with it. Thus the glories of the "wonderful year" of 1759 are proclaimed in a brisk staccato manner that leaves no clear impression of the significance of the events. "The year of 1759 opened with the conquest of Goree. Next fell Guadaloupe, then Ticonderoga, then Niagara. The Toulon squadron was completely defeated by Boscawen off Cape Lagos. But the greatest exploit of the year was the achievement of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham. The news of his glorious death reached London in the very week in which the Houses met. All was joy and triumph. Envy and faction were forced to join in the general applause." Here it is evident that the effect desired is that of variety, and that this variety has broken up a good rhetorical period and dissipated its strength. The ear has not recovered from Ticonderoga and Cape Lagos in time to appreciate the climax of the story at Quebec. It is all confused noise; "joy and triumph," "envy and faction" are discharged at the end in the same loud emphatic monotone as the names of the victories at the beginning.

The description of the battle of the Boyne is faulty in the same way. The author has not chosen to make use of any new method in arranging his details. He has more details on his hands than will easily go into the old framework; but in they must go. "During near half an hour the battle continued to rage along the southern shore of the river. All was smoke, dust, and din. *Old soldiers were heard to say that they had seldom seen sharper work in the Low Countries.* But just at this conjuncture William came up with the left wing. He had found much difficulty in crossing. The tide was running fast. His charger had been

forced to swim and had been almost lost in the mud. As soon as the king was on firm ground," etc. It is not hard to see how ill this has been planned, and how irrelevant the old soldiers are. Excessive details are thrust into a composition that requires much fewer particulars, and a longer sweep of the narrative sentence. It is something more than an historical statement; it is something less than epic.

Almost all the prose that was written by Macaulay before his *History*, belongs more or less to the literature of discussion, to the province of debatable opinions. It is not in discussion that Macaulay is strongest, though his strength is great; but it is certainly the case that without the provocation of something to discuss, his narrative is apt to languish. His strength in history and in the description of characters is closely dependent upon his interest in debated questions. The satirist who cannot trust himself to conduct a story of his own, or to describe a character for its own sake, must have his general moral thesis or his particular aversion, as a beginning, before he can bring forward his character of Sporus or Avidien.

Macaulay's passages of debating argument, whether in the *Edinburgh Review* or in the House of Commons, differ very greatly in their effective qualities. Perhaps he is at his best in his discussion of James Mill's theory of government in one kind, and in the speech on the gates of Somnauth in another. In the abstract and *a priori* political philosophy of the Utilitarians, he had the good fortune to find the direct opposite of his own intellectual habits, and exactly that form of sophistry, the antidote to which was provided by his reading of history and command of historical instances and historical judgment. In dealing with Lord Ellenborough's proclamation his luck was even better; his adversary's rhetoric was as ludicrous as Mr. Robert Montgomery's, while the questions involved in the proclamation of the Governor-General of India were serious enough to bring out Macaulay's utmost energy. Macaulay in 1842 was a champion of the honour of England, an advocate speaking with the authority of experience in a debate where the whole Indian Empire, and nothing less, was to be disposed of. And it was by a vice of rhetoric, an absurd defect of taste in the Governor-General, that the Empire was being endangered; so that Macaulay's rhetorical skill in operating on bloated metaphors was here put at the service of his deepest political hopes and convictions, and helped to save the State.



Macaulay's power in discussion is curiously uncertain and variable. His detachment from abstract principles and systems of philosophy, while it saves him from the fallacies of the pedants and formalists, the *Idola Theatri*, leaves him exposed to the many dangers of opportunism. Generally he was protected by the natural soundness of his disposition, and by his command of particular instances, from committing himself to fallacious positions. Sometimes, however, his wide knowledge of particulars and his rich and full appreciation of books and authors were not sufficient: the extent of his knowledge was not always enough to make up for the want of a philosophy.

His contention in the second part of his essay on *Bacon* remains almost inexplicable. The fallacy in it is one of imagination rather than of logic, a fallacy that may seem to be too deep-rooted in the nature of his mind to be cleared away by any process of apology or extenuation. It remains the most dangerous of all the pieces of evidence in the hands of the *advocatus diaboli* to disprove the greatness of Macaulay.

In the essay on *Bacon* Macaulay was victimised by his love of clearness and of sharp contrasts. The talent that was rightly and effectively spent in the debates with James Mill or Lord Ellenborough is here wasted in a futile charge at a cloud of dust. In debating with James Mill, Macaulay had the full use of his historical knowledge and good sense to controvert *a priori* arguments about historical subjects. In criticising Lord Ellenborough he had, besides, the advantage of having been at the centre of things in India: he was talking of things that were part of his life. In the essay on *Bacon* he becomes the upholder of a commonplace thesis: he is carried away, in a lapse of self-respect, by a movement of enthusiasm for things which his contemporaries were glad to see magnified out of all relation to their value. Some evil influence, like those which occasionally fetter and benumb the heroes in the *Iliad*, had impeded the movement of his mind, fixed him to one point of view, and made him argue for a single worthless conclusion without the power of changing his mental attitude or of getting round the question to see how it might look from the other side. It is unjust to take the essay on *Bacon* as representing Macaulay's theory of the value of knowledge. He had taken it into his head to match Bacon against the caricatures of ancient philosophers, the "budge doctors" of

the satirists. That Macaulay should have found any amusement in this degrading exercise is sufficiently perplexing. It is not necessary to believe that his praise of everything alien to science is an expression of his real judgment. No ancient philosopher ever spoke with more conviction of the worthlessness of material things in comparison with the things of the mind than Macaulay after his reverse of fortune in the Edinburgh election. The whole of his life is a proof of the sincerity of that profession of faith. What remains to be charged against him on the score of the essay on *Bacon* is not that the opinions are his own, but that by some preoccupation or by some obtuseness of sense he allowed himself to support opinions unworthy of him and at variance with his true character.

Macaulay was not proof against the infection of demagoguery. He had a sympathy with many popular opinions about the relative values of things, opinions which were flourishing and strong enough without his encouragement. He did not always remember his obligations as a student. He allowed himself sometimes to sink to the position on which he had looked down with contempt when it was made ridiculous by the editor of Sir James Mackintosh's *Remains*. A gross contentment with modern progress and respectability received in this case its proper measure of correction from Macaulay. In other places he gave his countenance, apparently without qualms or scruples, to the "march of intellect" and its dismal and pusillanimous watchwords. His style, as well as his character as a reasoner, has suffered from these indulgences. His style seems to lose all its vigour when it is employed in congratulating the age on its useful knowledge and its handbooks of learning.

Macaulay's weak places are those in which his memory fails to make up for the want of a philosophy. He did not feel the want of a theory of the universe, when he had his retentive and quick memory to supply him with images and ideas. There was no need for him to go burrowing and mining under the surface of phenomena; that painful work might be left to men who had not his range of vision on the whole field of history. He was not tempted to look for metaphysical explanations; he saw things framed in a large historical picture, and the picture was generally enough for

him. His style was the style of a man singularly at ease in his own mind and in the command of his knowledge. He shows little trace of the sordid business of study, of the mechanical and laborious part of literary work. The picture of the world comes of itself before his mind, and flashes into vividness in this corner and in that, showing the relations of things to one another before he has had time to grow weary in puzzling them out. He can look down from his point of vantage on the crowd of antiquarian sappers and miners, creeping from fact to fact. His style reflects the cheerfulness of the mind that has secured itself in a specular tower, and has no need to vex itself about its point of view, or its principles of criticism. His view is its own justification, because it is a view full of light and variety, and different from that of the historical pioneer in his gallery underground.

A mind of this sort, relying on extent of view, without special science, is not out of danger of fallacies. The wide view and the long memory are wonderful and glorious; but if ever a mist comes over them, or the telescopic sight is accidentally blurred or hindered, then the failure is more hopeless and absolute than the errors of duller men who without genius rely on their training and scientific instruments. In his discussion of Bacon's theory of knowledge, Macaulay had neglected to provide himself with any other than his ordinary methods of work, and unhappily in this case his ordinary methods failed him.

Wherever Macaulay's view is restricted or prejudiced, it loses all light: there is no spiritual zeal in his argument, such as enlivens the judgment of Carlyle, even when its historical soundness is questionable. No writer is placed at such a disadvantage as Macaulay, when his worst passages are taken up and criticised minutely. With no writer is criticism so apt to be unjust, simply because it is impossible to represent in detail a genius which was great by the extent of its empire, rather than by any mystery of its inner shrines. To remember particular bits of Macaulay's prose is not always as satisfactory as to remember his heroic ballads. But in the variegated mass of his writings, and in the impression of life and zest in all that he wrote, the particular faults and fallacies may easily and rightly pass out of notice. In the works that he wrote, as in his courageous and fortunate life, there is little claim to

any deeper source or higher standard of knowledge than is recognised in the market place. For all that, his works and his life command the respect that is only paid to clearer sight and stronger wills than those of the general multitude.

W. P. KER.

## MACHIAVELLI

WE doubt whether any name in literary history be so generally odious as that of the man whose character and writings we now propose to consider. The terms in which he is commonly described would seem to import that he was the Tempter, the Evil Principle, the discoverer of ambition and revenge, the original inventor of perjury, and that before the publication of his fatal *Prince*, there had never been a hypocrite, a tyrant, or a traitor, a simulated virtue, or a convenient crime. One writer gravely assures us that Maurice of Saxony learned all his fraudulent policy from that execrable volume. Another remarks that since it was translated into Turkish, the Sultans have been more addicted than formerly to the custom of strangling their brothers. Lord Lyttleton charges the poor Florentine with the manifold treasons of the house of Guise, and with the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Several authors have hinted that the Gunpowder Plot is to be primarily attributed to his doctrines, and seem to think that his effigy ought to be substituted for that of Guy Faux in those processions by which the ingenuous youth of England annually commemorate the preservation of the Three Estates. The Church of Rome has pronounced his works accursed things. Nor have our own countrymen been backward in testifying their opinion of his merits. Out of his surname they have coined an epithet for a knave, and out of his Christian name a synonyme for the devil.

It is indeed scarcely possible for any person, not well acquainted with the history and literature of Italy, to read without horror and amazement the celebrated treatise which has brought so much obloquy on the name of Machiavelli. Such a display of wickedness, naked yet not ashamed, such cool, judicious, scientific atrocity, seemed rather to belong to a fiend, than to the most depraved of men. Principles which the most hardened

ruffian would scarcely hint to his most trusted accomplice, or avow, without the disguise of some palliating sophism, even to his own mind, are professed without the slightest circumlocution, and assumed as the fundamental axioms of all political science.

It is not strange that ordinary readers should regard the author of such a book as the most depraved and shameless of human beings. Wise men, however, have always been inclined to look with great suspicion on the angels and demons of the multitude; and in the present instance, several circumstances have led even superficial observers to question the justice of the vulgar decision. It is notorious that Machiavelli was through life a zealous republican. In the same year in which he composed his *Manual of King-craft*, he suffered imprisonment and torture in the cause of public liberty. It seems inconceivable that the martyr of freedom should have designedly acted as the apostle of tyranny. Several eminent writers have, therefore, endeavoured to detect in this unfortunate performance some concealed meaning, more consistent with the character and conduct of the author, than that which appears at the first glance.

One hypothesis is that Machiavelli intended to practise on the young Lorenzo de Medici a fraud similar to that which Sunderland is said to have employed against our James the Second, and that he urged his pupil to violent and perfidious measures, as the surest means of accelerating the moment of deliverance and revenge. Another supposition which Lord Bacon seems to countenance, is that the treatise was merely a piece of grave irony, intended to warn nations against the arts of ambitious men. It would be easy to show that neither of these solutions is consistent with many passages in *The Prince* itself. But the most decisive refutation is that which is furnished by the other works of Machiavelli. In all the writings which he gave to the public, and in all those which the research of editors has, in the course of three centuries, discovered, in his *Comedies*, designed for the entertainment of the multitude, in his *Comments on Livy*, intended for the perusal of the most enthusiastic patriots of Florence, in his *History*, inscribed to one of the most amiable and estimable of the Popes, in his public dispatches, in his private memoranda, the same obliquity of moral principle for which *The Prince* is so severely censured is more or less discernible. We doubt whether it would be possible to find in all the many

volumes of his compositions, a single expression indicating that dissimulation and treachery had ever struck him as discreditable.

After this, it may seem ridiculous to say that we are acquainted with few writings which exhibit so much elevation of sentiment, so pure and warm a zeal for the public good, or so just a view of the duties and rights of citizens, as those of Machiavelli. Yet so it is. And even from *The Prince* itself we could select many passages in support of this remark. To a reader of our age and country this inconsistency is, at first, perfectly bewildering. The whole man seems to be an enigma, a grotesque assemblage of incongruous qualities—selfishness and generosity, cruelty and benevolence, craft and simplicity, abject villany and romantic heroism. One sentence is such as a veteran diplomatist would scarcely write in cipher for the direction of his most confidential spy; the next seems to be extracted from a theme composed by an ardent school-boy on the death of Leonidas. An act of dexterous perfidy, and an act of patriotic self-devotion, call forth the same kind and the same degree of respectful admiration. The moral sensibility of the writer seems at once to be morbidly obtuse and morbidly acute. Two characters altogether dissimilar, are united in him. They are not merely joined, but interwoven. They are the warp and the woof of his mind; and their combination, like that of the variegated threads in shot silk, gives to the whole texture a glancing and ever-changing appearance. The explanation might have been easy, if he had been a very weak or a very affected man. But he was evidently neither the one nor the other. His works prove, beyond all contradiction, that his understanding was strong, his taste pure, and his sense of the ridiculous exquisitely keen.

This is strange: and yet the strangest is behind. There is no reason whatever to think that those amongst whom he lived saw anything shocking or incongruous in his writings. Abundant proofs remain of the high estimation in which both his works and his person were held by the most respectable among his contemporaries. Clement the Seventh patronised the publication of those very books which the Council of Trent, in the following generation, pronounced unfit for the perusal of Christians. Some members of the democratical party censured the secretary for dedicating *The Prince* to a patron who bore the unpopular name of Medici. But to those immoral doctrines which have since called forth such severe reprehensions, no exception appears to

have been taken. The cry against them was first raised beyond the Alps, and seems to have been heard with amazement in Italy. The earliest assailant, as far as we are aware, was a countryman of our own, Cardinal Pole. The author of the *Anti-Machiavelli* was a French Protestant.

(From *Essays*, "Machiavelli," March 1827.)

### MILL ON GOVERNMENT

"THAT one human being will desire to render the person and property of another subservient to his pleasures, notwithstanding the pain or loss of pleasure which it may occasion to that other individual, is," according to Mr. Mill, "the foundation of government." That the property of the rich minority can be made subservient to the pleasures of the poor majority will scarcely be denied. But Mr. Mill proposes to give the poor majority power over the rich minority. Is it possible to doubt to what, on his own principles, such an arrangement must lead?

It may perhaps be said that, in the long run, it is for the interest of the people that property should be secure, and that therefore they will respect it. We answer thus: It cannot be pretended that it is not for the immediate interest of the people to plunder the rich. Therefore, even if it were quite certain that, in the long run the people would, as a body, lose by doing so, it would not necessarily follow that the fear of remote ill-consequences would overcome the desire of immediate acquisitions. Every individual might flatter himself that the punishment would not fall on him. Mr. Mill himself tells us, in his essay on Jurisprudence, that no quantity of evil which is remote and uncertain will suffice to prevent crime.

But we are rather inclined to think that it would, on the whole, be for the interest of the majority to plunder the rich. If so, the Utilitarians will say that the rich ought to be plundered. We deny the inference. For, in the first place, if the object of government be the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the intensity of the suffering which a measure inflicts must be taken into consideration, as well as the number of the sufferers. In the next place, we have to notice one most important distinction which Mr. Mill has altogether overlooked. Throughout



his essay, he confounds the community with the species. He talks of the greatest happiness of the greatest number; but, when we examine his reasonings, we find that he thinks only of the greatest number of a single generation.

Therefore, even if we were to concede that all those arguments of which we have exposed the fallacy are unanswerable, we might still deny the conclusion at which the essayist arrives. Even if we were to grant that he had found out the form of government which is best for the majority of the people now living on the face of the earth, we might still without inconsistency maintain that form of government to be pernicious to mankind. It would still be incumbent on Mr. Mill to prove that the interest of every generation is identical with the interest of all succeeding generations. And how on his own principles he could do this we are at a loss to conceive.

The case, indeed, is strictly analogous to that of an aristocratic government. In an aristocracy, says Mr. Mill, the few, being invested with the powers of government, can take the objects of their desires from the people. In the same manner, every generation in turn can gratify itself at the expense of posterity—priority of time, in the latter case, giving an advantage exactly corresponding to that which superiority of station gives in the former. That an aristocracy will abuse its advantage is, according to Mr. Mill, matter of demonstration. Is it not equally certain that the whole people will do the same; that, if they have the power, they will commit waste of every sort on the estate of mankind, and transmit it to posterity impoverished and desolated?

How is it possible for any person who holds the doctrines of Mr. Mill to doubt that the rich, in a democracy such as that which he recommends, would be pillaged as unmercifully as under a Turkish Pacha? It is, no doubt, for the interest of the next generation, and it may be for the remote interest of the present generation, that property should be held sacred. And so no doubt it will be for the interest of the next Pacha, and even for that of the present Pacha, if he should hold office long, that the inhabitants of his Pachalic should be encouraged to accumulate wealth. Scarcely any despotic sovereign has plundered his subjects to a large extent without having reason before the end of his reign to regret it. Everybody knows how bitterly Louis the Fourteenth, towards the close of his life, lamented his former extravagance. If that magnificent prince had not expended

millions on Marli and Versailles, and tens of millions on the aggrandisement of his grandson, he would not have been compelled at last to pay servile court to low-born money-lenders, to humble himself before men on whom, in the days of his pride, he would not have vouchsafed to look, for the means of supporting even his own household. Examples to the same effect might easily be multiplied. But despots, we see, do plunder their subjects, though history and experience tell them that, by prematurely exacting the means of profusion, they are in fact devouring the seed corn from which the future harvest of revenue is to spring. Why then should we suppose that the people will be deterred from procuring immediate relief and enjoyment by the fear of distant calamities, of calamities which perhaps may not be fully felt till the times of their grandchildren?

These conclusions are strictly drawn from Mr. Mill's own principles; and, unlike most of the conclusions which he has himself drawn from those principles, they are not, as far as we know, contradicted by facts. The case of the United States is not in point. In a country where the necessities of life are cheap and the wages of labour high, where a man who has no capital but his legs and arms may expect to become rich by industry and frugality, it is not very decidedly even for the immediate advantage of the poor to plunder the rich; and the punishment of doing so would very speedily follow the offence. But in countries in which the great majority live from hand to mouth, and in which vast masses of wealth have been accumulated by a comparatively small number, the case is widely different. The immediate want is, at particular seasons, craving, imperious, irresistible. In our own time it has steeled men to the fear of the gallows, and urged them on the point of the bayonet. And, if these men had at their command that gallows and those bayonets which now scarcely restrain them, what is to be expected? Nor is this state of things one which can exist only under a bad government. If there be the least truth in the doctrines of the school to which Mr. Mill belongs, the increase of population will necessarily produce it everywhere. The increase of population is accelerated by good and cheap government. Therefore the better the government the greater is the inequality of conditions; and the greater the inequality of conditions, the stronger are the motives which impel the population to spoliation. As for America, we appeal to the twentieth century.

It is scarcely necessary to discuss the effects which a general spoliation of the rich would produce. It may, indeed, happen that, where a legal and political system full of abuses is inseparably bound up with the institution of property, a nation may gain by a single convulsion, in which both perish together. The price is fearful. But, if, when the shock is over, a new order of things should arise, under which property may enjoy security, the industry of individuals will soon repair the devastation. Thus we entertain no doubt that the Revolution was, on the whole, a most salutary event for France. But would France have gained if, ever since the year 1793, she had been governed by a democratic convention? If Mr. Mill's principles be sound, we say that almost her whole capital would by this time have been annihilated. As soon as the first explosion was beginning to be forgotten, as soon as wealth again began to germinate, as soon as the poor again began to compare their cottages and salads with the hotels and banquets of the rich, there would have been another scramble for property, another maximum, another general confiscation, another reign of terror. Four or five such convulsions following each other, at intervals of ten or twelve years, would reduce the most flourishing countries of Europe to the state of Barbary or the Morea.

The civilised part of the world has now nothing to fear from the hostility of savage nations. Once the deluge of barbarism has passed over it, to destroy and to fertilise; and in the present state of mankind we enjoy a full security against that calamity. That flood will no more return to cover the earth. But is it possible that in the bosom of civilisation itself may be engendered the malady which shall destroy it? Is it possible that institutions may be established which, without the help of earthquake, of famine, of pestilence, or of the foreign sword, may undo the work of so many ages of wisdom and glory, and gradually sweep away taste, literature, science, commerce, manufactures, everything but the rude arts necessary to the support of animal life? Is it possible that, in two or three hundred years, a few lean and half-naked fishermen may divide with owls and foxes the ruins of the greatest European cities—may wash their nets amidst the relics of her gigantic docks, and build their huts out of the capitals of her stately cathedrals? If the principles of Mr. Mill be sound, we say, without hesitation, that the form of government which he recommends will assuredly produce all this. But, if these prin-

ciples be unsound, if the reasonings by which we have opposed them be just, the higher and middling orders are the natural representatives of the human race. Their interest may be opposed in some things to that of their poorer contemporaries; but it is identical with that of the innumerable generations which are to follow.

(From *Miscellaneous Writings*, "Review of Mill's Essay on Government," March 1829.)

## BYRON

THERE can be no doubt that this remarkable man owed the vast influence which he exercised over his contemporaries at least as much to his gloomy egotism as to the real power of his poetry. We never could very clearly understand how it is that egotism, so unpopular in conversation, should be so popular in writing; or how it is that men who affect in their compositions qualities and feelings they have not, impose so much more easily on their contemporaries than on posterity. The interest which the loves of Petrarch excited in his own time, and the pitying fondness with which half Europe looked upon Rousseau are well known. To readers of our age, the love of Petrarch seems to have been love of that kind which breaks no hearts, and the sufferings of Rousseau to have deserved laughter rather than pity, to have been partly counterfeited, and partly the consequences of his own perverseness and vanity.

What our grandchildren may think of the character of Lord Byron, as exhibited in his poetry, we will not pretend to guess. It is certain that the interest which he excited during his life is without a parallel in literary history. The feeling with which young readers of poetry regarded him can be conceived only by those who have experienced it. To people who are unacquainted with real calamity, "nothing is so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy." This faint image of sorrow has in all ages been considered by young gentlemen as an agreeable excitement. Old gentlemen and middle-aged gentlemen have so many real causes of sadness that they are rarely inclined "to be as sad as night only for wantonness." Indeed they want the power almost as much as the inclination. We know very few persons engaged in active life who, even if they were to procure stools to be melancholy

upon, and were to sit down with all the premeditation of Master Stephen, would be able to enjoy much of what somebody calls "the ecstasy of woe."

Among that large class of young persons whose reading is almost entirely confined to works of imagination, the popularity of Byron was unbounded. They bought pictures of him; they treasured up the smallest relics of him; they learned his poems by heart, and did their best to write like him, and to look like him. Many of them practised at the glass in the hope of catching the curl of the upper lip, and the scowl of the brow, which appear in some of his portraits. A few discarded their neck-cloths in imitation of their great leader. For some years the Minerva press sent forth no novel without a mysterious, unhappy, Lara-like peer. The number of hopeful undergraduates and medical students who became things of dark imaginings, on whom the freshness of the heart ceased to fall like dew, whose passions had consumed themselves to dust, and to whom the relief of tears was denied, passes all calculation. This was not the worst. There was created in the minds of many of these enthusiasts a pernicious and absurd association between intellectual power and moral depravity. From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics, compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, a system in which the two great commandments were, to hate your neighbour, and to love your neighbour's wife.

This affectation has passed away; and a few more years will destroy whatever remains of that magical potency which once belonged to the name of Byron. To us he is still a man, young, noble, and unhappy. To our children he will be merely a writer; and their impartial judgment will appoint his place among writers; without regard to his rank or to his private history. That his poetry will undergo a severe sifting, that much of what has been admired by his contemporaries will be rejected as worthless, we have little doubt. But we have as little doubt that, after the closest scrutiny, there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language.

(From *Essays*, "Moore's Life of Lord Byron," June 1830.)

danger of being speared by the Thebans. We are not quizzed in *The Knights*. To us the importance of both events consists in the value of the general truth which is to be learned from them. What general truth do we learn from the accounts which have come down to us of the battle of Delium? Very little more than this, that when two armies fight, it is not improbable that one of them will be very soundly beaten, a truth which it would not, we apprehend, be difficult to establish, even if all memory of the battle of Delium were lost among men. But a man who becomes acquainted with the comedy of *The Knights*, and with the history of that comedy, at once feels his mind enlarged. Society is presented to him under a new aspect. He may have read and travelled much. He may have visited all the countries of Europe, and the civilised nations of the East. He may have observed the manners of many barbarous races. But here is something altogether different from everything which he has seen, either among polished men or among savages. Here is a community politically, intellectually, and morally unlike any other community of which he has the means of forming an opinion. This is the really precious part of history, the corn which some threshers carefully sever from the chaff, for the purpose of gathering the chaff into the garner, and flinging the corn into the fire.

(From *Essays*, "Sir William Temple," October 1838.)

## THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

THE place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter-King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred

and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl-Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself,

had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The Serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*; such was the aspect with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised, by their talents and learning, to the highest posts in their profession, the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer who, near twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact and his urbanity. But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of



speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent, of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in parliament. No advantage of fortune or connexion was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British Nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigour of life, he is now the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those, who within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his

hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered, by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

(From *Essays*, "Warren Hastings," October 1841.)

### LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S PROCLAMATION

So much for the serious side of this business; and now for the ludicrous side. Even in our mirth, however, there is sadness; for it is no light thing that he who represents the British nation in India should be a jest to the people of India. We have sometimes sent them governors whom they loved, and sometimes governors whom they feared; but they never before had a governor at whom they laughed. Now, however, they laugh, and how can we blame them for laughing, when all Europe and all America are laughing too? You see, sir, that the gentlemen opposite cannot keep their countenances. And no wonder. Was

such a state paper ever seen in our language before? And what is the plea set up for all this bombast? Why, the honourable gentleman, the Secretary of the Board of Control, brings down to the House some translations of Persian letters from native princes. Such letters, as everybody knows, are written in a most absurd and turgid style. The honourable gentleman forces us to hear a good deal of this detestable rhetoric; and then he asks why, if the secretaries of the Nizam and of the King of Oude use all these tropes and hyperboles, Lord Ellenborough should not indulge in the same sort of eloquence? The honourable gentleman might as well ask why Lord Ellenborough should not sit cross-legged, why he should not let his beard grow to his waist, why he should not wear a turban, why he should not hang trinkets all about his person, why he should not ride about Calcutta on a horse jingling with bells and glittering with false pearls. The native princes do these things; and why should not he? Why, sir, simply because he is not a native prince but an English Governor-General. When the people of India see a Nabob or a Rajah in all his gaudy finery, they bow to him with a certain respect. They know that the splendour of his garb indicates superior rank and wealth. But if Sir Charles Metcalfe had so bedizened himself, they would have thought that he was out of his wits. They are not such fools as the honourable gentleman takes them for. Simplicity is not their fashion. But they understand and respect the simplicity of our fashions. Our plain clothing commands far more reverence than all the jewels which the most tawdry Zemindar wears; and our plain language carries with it far more weight than the florid diction of the most ingenious Persian scribe. The plain language and the plain clothing are inseparably associated in the minds of our subjects with superior knowledge, with superior energy, with superior veracity, with all the high and commanding qualities which erected, and which still uphold our empire. Sir, if, as the speech of the honourable gentleman, the Secretary of the Board of Control, seems to indicate, Lord Ellenborough has adopted this style on principle, if it be his lordship's deliberate intention to mimic, in his State papers, the Asiatic modes of thought and expression, that alone would be a reason for recalling him. But the honourable gentleman is mistaken in thinking that this proclamation is in the Oriental taste. It bears no resemblance to the very bad Oriental compositions which he has read to us, nor to any other Oriental compositions that I ever saw.

It is neither English nor Indian. It is not original, however ; and I will tell the House where the Governor-General found his models. He has apparently been studying the rants of the French Jacobins during the period of their ascendancy, the Carmagnoles of the Convention, the proclamations issued by the Directory and its Proconsuls ; and he has been seized with a desire to imitate those compositions. The pattern which he seems to have especially proposed to himself is the rodomontade in which it was announced that the modern Gauls were marching to Rome in order to avenge the fate of Dumnorix and Vercingetorix. Everybody remembers those lines in which revolutionary justice is described by Mr. Canning :—

“ Not she in British courts who takes her stand,  
The dawdling balance dangling in her hand ;  
But firm, erect, with keen reverted glance,  
The avenging angel of regenerate France,  
Who visits ancient sins on modern times,  
And punishes the Pope for Caesar's crimes.”

In the same spirit and in the same style our Governor-General has proclaimed his intention to retaliate on the Mussulmans beyond the mountains the insults which their ancestors, eight hundred years ago, offered to the idolatry of the Hindoos. To do justice to the Jacobins, however, I must say that they had an excuse that was wanting to the noble lord. The revolution had made almost as great a change in literary tastes as in political institutions. The old masters of French eloquence had shared the fate of the old states and of the old parliaments. The highest posts in the administration were filled by persons who had no experience of affairs, who in the general confusion had raised themselves by audacity and quickness of natural parts ; uneducated or half educated men, who had no notion that the style in which they had heard the heroes and villains of tragedies declaim on the stage was not the style of real warriors and statesmen. But it was for an English gentleman, a man of distinguished abilities and cultivated mind, a man who had sate many years in parliament, and filled some of the highest posts in the state, to copy the productions of such a school.

(From *Speech*, “The Gates of Somnauth,” 1843.)

## HIGHWAYMEN

WHATEVER might be the way in which a journey was performed, the travellers, unless they were numerous and well armed, ran considerable risk of being stopped and plundered. The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. The waste tracts which lay on the great routes near London were especially haunted by plunderers of this class. Hounslow Heath on the Great Western Road, and Finchley Common, on the Great Northern Road, were perhaps the most celebrated of these spots. The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping Forest, even in broad daylight. Seamen who had just been paid off at Chatham were often compelled to deliver their purses on Gadshill, celebrated near a hundred years earlier by the greatest of poets as the scene of the depredations of Falstaff. The public authorities seem to have been often at a loss how to deal with the plunderers. At one time it was announced in the Gazette that several persons, who were strongly suspected of being highwaymen, but against whom there was not sufficient evidence, would be paraded at Newgate in riding dresses; their horses would also be shown; and all gentlemen who had been robbed were invited to inspect this singular exhibition. On another occasion a pardon was publicly offered to a robber if he would give up some rough diamonds, of immense value, which he had taken when he stopped the Harwich mail. A short time after appeared another proclamation, warning the inn-keepers that the eye of the government was upon them. Their criminal connivance, it was affirmed, enabled banditti to infest the roads with impunity. That these suspicions were not without foundation is proved by the dying speeches of some penitent robbers of that age, who appeared to have received from the inn-keepers services much resembling those which Farquhar's Boniface rendered to Gibbet.

It was necessary to the success and even to the safety of the highwayman that he should be a bold and skilful rider, and that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee-houses and gaming-houses, and betted with men of quality on the race-

ground. Sometimes, indeed, he was a man of good family and education. A romantic interest therefore attached, and perhaps still attaches, to the names of freebooters of this class. The vulgar eagerly drank in tales of their ferocity and audacity, of their occasional acts of generosity and good nature, of their amours, of their miraculous escapes, of their desperate struggles, and of their manly bearing at the bar and in the cart. Thus it was related of William Nevison, the great robber of Yorkshire, that he levied a quarterly tribute on all the northern drovers, and, in return, not only spared them himself, but protected them against all other thieves ; that he demanded purses in the most courteous manner ; that he gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich ; that his life was once spared by the royal clemency, but that he again tempted his fate, and at length died, in 1685, on the gallows of York. It was related how Claude Duval, the French page of the Duke of Richmond, took to the road, became captain of a formidable gang, and had the honour to be named first in a royal proclamation against notorious offenders ; how at the head of his troop he stopped a lady's coach, in which there was a booty of four hundred pounds ; how he took only one hundred, and suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath ; how his vivacious gallantry stole away the hearts of all women ; how his dexterity at sword and pistol made him a terror to all men ; how, at length, in the year 1670, he was seized when overcome by wine ; how dames of high rank visited him in prison, and with tears interceded for his life ; how the king would have granted a pardon, but for the interference of Judge Morton, the terror of highwaymen, who threatened to resign his office unless the law were carried into full effect, and how, after the execution, the corpse lay in state with all the pomp of scutcheons, wax lights, black hangings, and mutes, till the same cruel judge, who had intercepted the mercy of the crown, sent officers to disturb the obsequies. In these anecdotes there is doubtless a large mixture of fable ; but they are not on that account unworthy of being recorded ; for it is both an authentic and an important fact that such tales, whether false or true, were heard by our ancestors with eagerness and faith.

(From *History*, chapter iii.)

## THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY

By this time July was far advanced ; and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in ; one of the bastions was laid in ruins ; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled. But the fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five shillings and sixpence. Nine horses were still alive, and but barely alive. They were so lean that little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast that it was impossible for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. A small fish, caught in the river, was not to be purchased with money. The only price for which such a treasure could be obtained was some handfuls of oatmeal. Leprosies, such as strange and unwholesome diet engenders, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and of the half dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was revelling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined ; his innocence was fully proved ; he regained his popularity, and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went

forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirit still unsubdued. There were, indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure traitors opened communications with the enemy. But it was necessary that all such dealings should be carefully concealed. None dared to utter publicly any words save words of defiance and stubborn resolution. Even in that extremity the general cry was "No Surrender." And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, "First the horses and hides, and then the prisoners, and then each other." It was afterwards related, half in jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the streets.

It was no slight aggravation of the sufferings of the garrison that all this time the English ships were seen far off in Lough Foyle. Communication between the fleet and the city was almost impossible. One diver who had attempted to pass the boom was drowned. Another was hanged. The language of signals was hardly intelligible. On the 13th of July, however, a piece of paper sewed up in a cloth button came to Walker's hands. It was a letter from Kirke, and contained assurances of speedy relief. But more than a fortnight of intense misery had since elapsed, and the hearts of the most sanguine were sick with deferred hope. By no art could the provisions which were left be made to hold out two days more.

Just at this time Kirke received from England a despatch, which contained positive orders that Londonderry should be relieved. He accordingly determined to make an attempt which, as far as appears, he might have made, with at least an equally fair prospect of success, six weeks earlier.

Among the merchant ships which had come to Lough Foyle under his convoy was one called the *Mountjoy*. The master, Micaiah Browning, a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large cargo of provisions. He had, it is said, repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the armament. He now eagerly volunteered to take the first risk of succouring his fellow citizens, and his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the *Phoenix*, who had on board a great quantity of meal from Scotland, was willing to share the danger and the honour.



The two merchantmen were to be escorted by the *Dartmouth*, a frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain John Leake, afterwards an admiral of great fame.

It was the 28th of July. The sun had just set; the evening sermon in the cathedral was over, and the heart-broken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril, for the river was low, and the only navigable channel very near to the left bank, where the headquarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the *Mountjoy* took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way, but the shock was such that the *Mountjoy* rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks; the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board, but the *Dartmouth* poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the *Phoenix* dashed at the breach which the *Mountjoy* had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The *Mountjoy* began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him, and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began, but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the *Mountjoy* grounded, and when the shouts of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half-hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to

protect the landing-place from the batteries on the other side of the river; and the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night, and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the three following days the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, on the third night, flames were seen arising from the camp; and when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers; and the citizens saw far off the long column of spikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

So ended this great siege, the most memorable in the annals of the British Isles. It had lasted a hundred and five days. The garrison had been reduced from about seven thousand effective men to about three thousand. The loss of the besiegers cannot be precisely ascertained. Walker estimated it at eight thousand men. It is certain from the despatches of Avaux, that the regiments which returned from the blockade had been so thinned that many of them were not much more than two hundred strong. Of thirty-six French gunners who had superintended the cannonading thirty-one had been killed or disabled. The means both of attack and of defence had undoubtedly been such as would have moved the great warriors of the Continent to laughter; and this is the very circumstance which gives so peculiar an interest to the history of the contest. It was a contest, not between engineers, but between nations; and the victory remained with the nation which, though inferior in numbers, was superior in civilisation, in capacity for self-government, and in stubbornness of resolution.

(From the *Same*, chapter xii.)



## JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

[John Henry Newman, son of John Newman, a banker, belonging to a Cambridgeshire family said to be of Dutch extraction, was born in London, 21st February 1801. He went to school at Ealing, and when sixteen years old to Trinity College, Oxford, where he gained an open scholarship, but graduated without distinction. In 1822 he made amends by his election to an Oriel fellowship. F. B. Pusey was elected the year following, and R. H. Froude in 1826; Keble, the author of *The Christian Year*, was already a Fellow. To this knot of friends was due that revival of Church principles which is usually known as the *Oxford Movement*. Newman's contributions to it were briefly as follows:—1. Poems in the *Lyra Apostolica*, written for the most part during a Mediterranean voyage (1832-3); 2. Sermons preached as Vicar of St. Mary's Church (1828-63) and before the University, published in eight vols.; 3. Some third of the ninety *Tracts for the Times*, and articles in the *British Critic* and elsewhere; 4. Various works in apologetic theology, the most important of which were—*The Prophetical Office of the Church viewed relatively to Romanism and Popular Protestantism* (1837); *Lectures on Justification* (1838); and an *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* (1845). He joined the Roman Communion, 9th October 1845, and two years later introduced into England a branch of the "Oratorians," a religious society founded in the 16th century by St. Philip Neri. In 1878 he was made Cardinal by Leo XIII. His chief writings after his conversion were:—*Discourses to Mixed Congregations* (1849); *Lectures upon Anglican Difficulties* (1850); a volume of lectures upon the *Idea of a University*, delivered as rector of the new Catholic University at Dublin (1854); the *Apologia pro vita sua* (1864), his most popular work, originally the last tract in a controversy with the Rev. C. Kingsley, who had charged him with a disregard for truth; and an *Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent* (1870). Besides these must be mentioned his two tales, *Loss and Gain* (1848), and *Callista* (1856), and his most considerable poem, *The Dream of Gerontius* (1865). Two volumes of his correspondence were published in 1891. His home for the last forty years of his life was the Oratory at Edgbaston, near Birmingham, where he died 11th August 1890.]

NEWMAN'S prose style may be compared in its distinguishing quality to the atmosphere. It is at once simple and subtle; it has vigour and elasticity; it penetrates into every recess of its subject; and it is transparent, allowing each object it touches to

display its own proper colour. The comparison holds also in two further points, the apparent effortlessness of its successes, and the fact that, in consequence, its virtue attracts little notice. That this appearance of inevitableness and spontaneity is nevertheless not entirely a result of chance or happy instinct we may learn, if we need the lesson, from a letter of Newman's (ii. 477) in which he says—

"It is simply the fact that I have been obliged to take great pains with everything I have written, and I often write chapters over and over again, besides innumerable corrections and inter-linear additions. I am not stating this as a merit, only that some persons write their best first, and I never do. . . . However, I may truly say that I have never been in the practice, since I was a boy, of attempting to write well, or to form an elegant style. I think I have never written for writing's sake, but my one and single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult, viz., to explain clearly and exactly my meaning; this has been the whole principle of all my corrections and re-writings."

It is a passing fashion to speak of the seventeenth-century manner, with its stiff brocades and "gorgeous embroidery," as more artistic than that of the century that followed; but to do so is unjustifiable. The two styles pursued different ideals, but with equal pains and equivalent success. While the one aims at producing a picture so life-like that it gives a single vivid impression, the other works in mosaic, where it is allowable to be attracted by the parts as much as the whole, for the whole is seldom more than an aggregate of parts. But apart from this difference in aim, which manifests itself also among the writers of our own age, who are heirs of old traditions rather than originators of new ones, there has manifested itself from the first dawn of literature in England a distinction among writers in regard to the ease of their movement, some elect spirits both in verse and prose possessing as by birthright a certain exquisite flow and limpidity which others lack. Among the poets Chaucer has it pre-eminently; Shakespeare has it, but not Milton; Collins, but not Gray; Shelley, but not Keats. Among prose writers of the century Thackeray has it and Newman in double portion.

Newman's style being in its lowest terms an effort after a clear and exact representation of his thought, it follows that not a little of the fascination it exercises is the influence of the writer's beautiful and subtle mind, which it clothes in light and transparent

vesture. It is beyond dispute the personal note in the sermons that constitutes their charm, and where this is present it is made more effective by their studious reticence which is more than dignity or good taste, by the baldness of the language in many places, and the restriction of illustrative quotation to Scripture, and by a general lowness of key; so that at their best they are unlike anything that the English Church has ever produced, though in their intensity they sometimes recall Donne without his quaintness. Where, however, the personal note is wanting, as it occasionally is for nearly a whole sermon, they sink to the level of Tillotson. By the presence of a personal note is not meant that the author is speaking of himself, which he very rarely does; even when the experience is plainly the preacher's own, he follows the convention of giving it as his hearers'; what is meant is that he lets you see through his eyes, and see things as no one else could show them to you. It is this personal note, this sense of a personal experience which, when the experience is familiar, redeems it from commonplace. Take, for example, a few lines in which Newman treats that familiar topic with preachers—the vanity of the world—

“The world in which our duties lie is as waste as the wilderness, as restless and turbulent as the ocean, as inconstant as the wind and weather. It has no substance in it, but is like a shade or phantom; when you pursue it, when you try to grasp it, it escapes from you, or it is malicious, and does you a mischief” (iv. 215).

That sentence has the indescribable touch of style, and of Newman's style. Or, take the following, in which he speaks of the certainty, yet the delay, of the end of all things:—

“As, when a man is given over, he may die any moment, yet lingers; as an implement of war may any moment explode, and must at some time; as we listen for a clock to strike, and at length it surprises us; as a crumbling arch hangs, we know not how, yet is not safe to pass under; so creeps on this feeble, weary world, and one day, before we know where we are, it will end” (vi. 262).

Among the more obvious features of his preaching method may be mentioned a way he has of accumulating homely illustration, as in the passage last quoted; a careful discrimination of states of mind superficially alike; and a very effective caution not to overstate his case, which reminds one of William Law. Very

rarely does he allow himself what would be called a poetical image, but occasionally his imagination works in a very poetical way. One instance will show what is meant :—

“There will be no need of shutting your eyes to this world when this world has vanished from you, and you have nothing before you but the throne of God, *and the slow but continual movements about it in preparation for the judgment*” (iv. 106).

Above all must be noted in the Anglican sermons what Matthew Arnold called their “religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful.”

In passing to the Roman sermons we find the personal note changed. It is no longer “sweet” or “mournful”; it is no longer reticent; and the literary charm has evaporated. One must, of course, remember that Newman’s audience at Birmingham was a very different one from that at St. Mary’s; and his weapons to be effective needed to be less delicate; but when the compositions are judged, not as sermons, but as literature, they must take a much lower place. They present the spectacle of a reserved mind flinging off reserve, of a poetical mind revelling in the crudest colours; even at the best their over-blown elaborateness and forced fervour are distressing to anyone who comes to them from the Oxford volumes. We may admire both George Herbert and Crashaw, but not Herbert masquerading as Crashaw.

As an essayist Newman impresses the reader with the versatility of his mind. He sees all sides of a subject, and lets you see that he sees them, without obscuring the one side which it is his immediate purpose to present. In one paragraph are sometimes collected a number of loose clauses, some no doubt being the interlineations of which he tells us, all pointing in different directions, which, when the paragraph has been traversed, are seen to meet in a single point. Perhaps his most remarkable merit as a man of letters is this clear and exhaustive presentation of a mood or a position; and the ease and directness with which he puts into words “what oft was thought but ne’er so well exprest.” A sentence or two from the well-known definition of a “gentleman” in the *Idea of a University* will supply a good illustration :—

“It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. . . . He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is

speaking ; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate ; he is seldom prominent in conversation and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort ; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out" (p. 204).

As a controversialist Newman's success has perhaps been exaggerated. The success of the *Apologia*, for instance, was very little due to its merits as a contribution to the question immediately at issue in the Kingsley dispute ; those who were interested in that question knew that there were stronger invectives to be found against the unscrupulousness of Roman methods in Newman's own writings than in the offending words of Kingsley ; nor again was its success in any degree theological—probably no single person of average intellect was ever converted by reading it ; it was a purely literary success, due in the first place to its engaging frankness, when the public mind was anticipating vulgar subterfuge ; and secondly to the lucidity with which it set forth the writer's two positions as a member, first of the English, and afterwards of the Roman communion. The two points of view are admirably portrayed, but the passage from one to other has about as much controversial value as the passage from one picture to another in a dissolving view. Newman once spoke of himself disparagingly as a rhetorician, rather than a thinker ; and there is this much truth in the charge, that he seems to choose his positions in the first place largely by the imagination, and only afterwards brings up his logical forces to defend them. When once, however, he has determined upon his principles, no one is more ready to push them further without compromise, and no one more adroit in exposing whatever in those on the other side there may lurk of popular prejudice, which cannot give an intelligible account of itself.

One book of Newman's—*The Present Position of Catholics in England*—stands by itself as the expression of a passing mood. The lectures were delivered soon after his conversion, and they are written with all the reckless zeal and something too of the bad



taste of a neophyte. They require mention here for the very remarkable powers of humour and irony, mordant wit and broad farce that they display, an illustration of which will be given. In regard to the specimen passages generally, it should be said that few authors fare so ill in selection as Newman. He does not patch with purple. The bearing of a paragraph may depend a good deal on what has gone before, and (especially in the sermons) the whole virtue of a passage may seem to lie in a particular sentence, which when it is isolated loses all force and colour.

H. C. BEECHING.

## MUSIC A SYMBOL OF THE UNSEEN

LET us take another instance, of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they are the voice of angels, or the *Magnificat* of saints, or the living laws of divine governance, or the divine attributes; something are they besides themselves,

which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter,—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them.

(From *Sermons before the University.*)

### UNREAL WORDS

OF course it is very common in all matters, not only in religion, to speak in an unreal way; viz., when we speak on a subject with which our minds are not familiar. If you were to hear a person who knew nothing about military matters, giving directions how soldiers on service should conduct themselves, or how their food and lodging, or their marching, was to be duly arranged, you would be sure that his mistakes would be such as to excite the ridicule and contempt of men experienced in warfare. If a foreigner were to come to one of our cities, and without hesitation offer plans for the supply of our markets, or the management of our police, it is so certain that he would expose himself, that the very attempt would argue a great want of good sense and modesty. We should feel that he did not understand us, and that when he spoke about us, he would be using words without meaning. If a dim-sighted man were to attempt to decide questions of proportion and colour, or a man without ear to judge of musical compositions, we should feel that he spoke on and from general principles, on fancy, or by deduction and argument, not from a real apprehension of the matters which he discussed. His remarks would be theoretical and unreal.

Another still more common form of the same fault, and yet without any definite pretence or effort, is the mode in which people speak of the shortness and vanity of life, the certainty of death, and the joys of heaven. They have commonplaces in their mouths, which they bring forth upon occasions for the good of others, or to console them, or as a proper and becoming mark of attention towards them. Thus they speak to clergymen in a professedly serious way, making remarks true and sound, and in themselves deep, yet unmeaning in their mouths; or they give advice to children or young men; or perhaps, in low spirits or sickness they are led to speak in a religious strain as if it was spontaneous. Or when they fall into sin, they speak of man

being frail, of the deceitfulness of the human heart, of God's mercy, and so on ;—all these great words, heaven, hell, judgment, mercy, repentance, works, the world that now is, the world to come, being little more than "lifeless sounds, whether of pipe or harp," in their mouths and ears, as the "very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument,"—as the proprieties of conversation, or the civilities of good breeding.

(From *Sermons*.)

## WARFARE THE CONDITION OF LIFE

THE whole Church, all elect souls, each in its turn is called to this necessary work. Once it was the turn of others, now it is our turn. Once it was the Apostles' turn. It was St. Paul's turn once. He had all cares on him all at once ; covered from head to foot with cares, as Job with sores. And, as if all this were not enough, he had a thorn in the flesh added,—some personal discomfort ever with him. Yet he did his part well, — he was as a strong and bold wrestler in his day, and at the close of it was able to say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." And, after him, the excellent of the earth, the white-robed army of martyrs, and the cheerful company of confessors, each in his turn, each in his day, have likewise played the man. And so down to this very time, when faith has well-nigh failed, first one and then another have been called out to exhibit before the Great King. It is as though all of us were allowed to stand around His throne at once, and He called on first this man, and then that, to take up the chant by himself, each in his turn having to repeat the melody which his brethren have before gone through. Or as if we held a solemn dance to His honour in the courts of heaven, and each had by himself to perform some one and the same solemn and graceful movement at a signal given. Or as if it were some trial of strength, or of agility, and, while the ring of bystanders beheld and applauded, we in succession, one by one, were actors in the pageant. Such is our state ; angels are looking on, Christ has gone before,—Christ has given us an example, that we may follow His steps. He went through far more, infinitely more, than we can be called to suffer. Our brethren have gone through

much more ; and they seem to encourage us by their success, and to sympathise in our essay. Now it is our turn ; and all ministering spirits keep silence and look on. O let not your foot slip, or your eye be false, or your ear dull, or your attention flagging ! Be not dispirited ; be not afraid ; keep a good heart ; be bold ; draw not back ;—you will be carried through. Whatever troubles come on you, of mind, body, or estate ; from within or from without, from chance or from intent ; from friends or foes ; whatever your trouble be, though you be lonely, O children of a heavenly Father, be not afraid ! quit you like men in your day ; and when it is over, Christ will receive you to Himself, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.

Christ is already in that place of peace, which is all in all. He is on the right hand of God. He is hidden in the brightness of the radiance which issues from the everlasting Throne. He is in the very abyss of peace, where there is no voice of tumult or distress, but a deep stillness,—stillness, that greatest and most awful of all goods which we can fancy,—that most perfect of joys, the utter, profound, ineffable tranquillity of the divine essence. He has entered into His rest.

(From the Same.)

## PARTING OF FRIENDS

WHAT are all these instances but memorials and tokens of the Son of Man, when His work and His labour were coming to an end ? Like Jacob, like Ishmael, like Elisha, like the Evangelist whose day is just passed, He kept feast before His departure ; and, like David, He was persecuted by the rulers in Israel ; and, like Naomi, He was deserted by His friends ; and, like Ishmael, He cried out, “ I thirst ” in a barren and dry land ; and at length, like Jacob, He went to sleep with a stone for His pillow in the evening. And, like St. Paul, He had “ finished the work which God gave Him to do,” and had “ witnessed a good confession ” ; and, beyond St. Paul, “ the Prince of this World had come, and had nothing in Him.” “ He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not.” Heavily did He leave, tenderly did He mourn over the country and city which rejected Him. “ When He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept

over it, saying, if thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. And again, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

A lesson surely, and a warning to us all, in every place where He puts His name, to the end of time; lest we be cold towards His gifts, or unbelieving towards His words, or jealous of His workings, or heartless towards His mercies. . . . O mother of saints! O school of the wise! O nurse of the heroic! of whom went forth, in whom have dwelt, memorable names of old, to spread the truth abroad, or to cherish and illustrate it at home! O thou from whom surrounding nations lit their lamps! O virgin of Israel! wherefore dost thou now sit on the ground and keep silence, like one of the foolish women who were without oil on the coming of the Bridegroom? Where is now the ruler in Sion, and the doctor in the Temple, and the ascetic on Carmel, and the herald in the wilderness, and the preacher in the market-place? where are thy "effectual fervent prayers," offered in secret, and thy alms and good works coming up as a memorial before God? How is it, O once holy place, that "the land mourneth, for the corn is wasted, the new wine is dried up, the oil languisheth, . . . because joy is withered away from the sons of men?" "Alas for the day! . . . how do the beasts groan! the herds of cattle are perplexed, because they have no pasture, yea, the flocks of sheep are made desolate." "Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down; Sharon is like a wilderness, and Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits. O my mother, whence is this unto thee, that thou hast good things poured upon thee and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet darest not own them? Why hast thou not the skill to use their services, nor the heart to rejoice in their love? how is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise, falls from thy bosom and finds no home within thine arms? Who hath put this note upon thee, to have "a miscarrying womb, and dry breasts," to be strange to thine own flesh, and thine eye cruel to thy little ones? Thine own offspring, the fruit of thy womb, who love thee and would toil for thee, thou dost gaze upon with fear, as though a portent, or thou dost loathe as an offence;—at best thou dost

but endure, as if they had no claim but on thy patience, self-possession, and vigilance, to be rid of them as easily as thou mayest. Thou makest them "stand all the day idle," as the very condition of thy bearing with them ; or thou biddest them be gone where they will be more welcome ; or thou sellest them for nought to the stranger that passes by. And what wilt thou do in the end thereof. . . . (From *Sermons on Subjects of the Day.*)

## NOTES OF THE TRUE CHURCH

ON the whole then I conclude as follows :—if there is a form of Christianity now in the world which is accused of gross superstition, of borrowing its rites and customs from the heathen, and of ascribing to forms and ceremonies an occult virtue ;—a religion which is considered to burden and enslave the mind by its requisitions, to address itself to the weak-minded and ignorant, to be supported by sophistry and imposture, and to contradict reason and exalt mere irrational faith ;—a religion which impresses on the serious mind very distressing views of the guilt and consequences of sin, sets upon the minute acts of the day, one by one, their definite value of praise or blame, and thus casts a grave shadow over the future ;—a religion which holds up to admiration the surrender of wealth, and disables serious persons from enjoying it if they would ;—a religion, the doctrines of which, be they good or bad, are to the generality of men unknown, which is considered to bear on its very surface signs of folly and falsehood so distinct that a glance suffices to judge of it, and that careful examination is preposterous, which is felt to be so simply bad, that it may be calumniated at hazard and at pleasure, it being nothing but absurdity to stand upon the accurate distribution of its guilt among its particular acts, or painfully to determine how far this or that story concerning it is literally true, or what has to be allowed in candour, or what is improbable or what cuts two ways, or what is not proved, or what may be plausibly defended ;—a religion such that men look at a convert to it with a feeling which no other denomination raises except Judaism, Socialism, or Mormonism, viz. with curiosity, suspicion, fear, disgust, as the case may be, as if something strange had befallen him, as if he had had an initiation into a mystery, and had come into communion with

dreadful influences, as if he were now one of a confederacy which claimed him, absorbed him, stripped him of his personality, reduced him to a mere organ or instrument of a whole ;—a religion which men hate as proselytising, anti-social, revolutionary, as dividing families, separating chief friends, corrupting the maxims of government, making a mock at law, dissolving the empire, the enemy of human nature, and a “conspirator against its rights and privileges” ;—a religion which they consider the champion and instrument of darkness, and a pollution calling down upon the land the anger of heaven ;—a religion which they associate with intrigue and conspiracy, which they speak about in whispers, which they detect by anticipation in whatever goes wrong, and to which they impute whatever is unaccountable ;—a religion, the very name of which they cast out as evil, and use simply as a bad epithet, and which from the impulse of self-preservation they would persecute if they could ; —if there be such a religion now in the world, it is not unlike Christianity as the same world viewed it, when first it came forth from its divine author.

(From *Essay on Development*.)

## THE CLASSICS

LET us consider, too, how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, such as Homer or Horace. Passages, which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply, which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks, successfully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him, when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him, as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after generation, for thousands of years with a power over the mind, and a charm which the current literature of his own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival. Perhaps this is the reason of the mediæval opinion about Virgil, as of a prophet or a magician ; his single words and phrases, his pathetic half lines,



giving utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time.

(From *Grammar of Assent*.)

## A PARODY OF POPULAR ANTI-ROMAN RHETORIC

GENTLEMEN, can it surprise you to be told, after such an exposition of the blasphemies of England, that, astonishing to say, Queen Victoria is distinctly pointed out in the Book of Revelation as having the number of the beast! You may recollect that number is 666; now, she came to the throne in the year thirty-seven, at which date she was eighteen years old. Multiply then 37 by 18, and you have the very number 666, which is the mystical emblem of the lawless King!!!

No wonder, then, with such monstrous pretensions, and such awful auguries, that John-Bullism is in act and deed, as savage and profligate, as in profession it is saintly and innocent. Its annals are marked with blood and corruption. The historian Hallam, though one of the ultra-bullist party, in his *Constitutional History* admits that the English tribunals are "disgraced by the brutal manners and the iniquitous partiality of the bench." "The general behaviour of the bench," he says elsewhere, "had covered it with infamy." Soon after, he tells us that the dominant faction inflicted on the High Church Clergy "the disgrace and remorse of perjury!" The English kings have been the curse and shame of human nature. Richard the First boasted that the evil spirit was the father of his family; of Henry the Second St. Bernard said, "From the devil he came, and to the devil he will go;" William the Second was killed by the enemy of man, to whom he had sold himself, while hunting in one of his forests; Henry the First died of eating lampreys; John died of eating peaches; Clarence, a king's brother, was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine; Richard the Third put to death his sovereign, his sovereign's son, his two brothers, his wife, two nephews, and half a dozen friends. Henry the Eighth successively married and murdered no less than 600 women. I quote the words of the *Edinburgh Review*, that according to Hollinshed, no less than 70,000 persons died under the hand of the executioner in his reign. Sir John Fortescue tells us that in his day there were

more persons executed for robbery in England in one year than in France in seven." Four hundred persons a year were executed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Even so late as the last century, in spite of the continued protests of foreign nations, in the course of seven years there were 428 capital convictions in London alone. Burning of children, too, is a favourite punishment with John Bull, as may be seen in this same Blackstone, who notices the burning of a girl of thirteen given by Sir Matthew Hale. The valets always assassinate their masters; lovers uniformly strangle their sweethearts; the farmers and the farmers' wives universally beat their apprentices to death; and their lawyers in the Inns of Court strip and starve their servants, as has appeared from remarkable investigations in the law courts during the last year. Husbands sell their wives by public auction with a rope round their necks. An intelligent Frenchman, M. Pellet, who visited London in 1815, deposes that he saw a number of skulls on each side of the river Thames, and he was told they were found especially thick at the landing-places among the watermen. But why multiply instances when the names of those two-legged tigers Rush, Thistlewood, Thurtell, the Mannings, Colonel Kirke, Claverhouse, Simon de Montforte, Strafford, the Duke of Cumberland, Warren Hastings, and Judge Jeffries, are household words all over the earth? John-Bullism, through a space of 800 years, is *semper idem*, unchangeable in evil. One hundred and sixty offences are punishable with death. It is death to live with gipsies for a month; and Lord Hale mentions thirteen persons as having, in his day, suffered death thereon at one assize. It is death to steal a sheep, death to rob a warren, death to steal a letter, death to steal a handkerchief, death to cut down a cherry-tree. And, after all, the excesses of John-Bullism at home are mere child's play to the oceans of blood it has shed abroad. It has been the origin of all the wars which have desolated Europe; it has fomented national jealousy, and the antipathy of castes in every part of the world; it has plunged flourishing states into the abyss of revolution. The Crusades, the Sicilian Vespers, the wars of the Reformation, the thirty years' war, the war of succession, the seven years' war, the American war, the French Revolution, all are simply owing to John-Bull ideas; and to take one definite instance in the course of the last war, the deaths of two millions of the human race lie at his door: for the Whigs themselves, from first to last, and down to this day, admit and

proclaim without any hesitation or limitation, that that war was simply and entirely the work of John-Bullism, and needed not, and would not have been, but for its influence, and its alone.

And, now, gentlemen, your destiny is in your own hands. If you are willing to succumb to a power which has never been contented with what she was, but has been for centuries extending her conquests in both hemispheres, then the humble individual who has addressed you will submit to the necessary consequence; will resume his military dress, and return to the Caucasus; but if, on the other hand, as I believe, you are resolved to resist unflinchingly this flood of satanical imposture and foul ambition, and force it back into the ocean; if, not from hatred to the English—far from it—from *love* to them for a distinction must ever be drawn between the nation and its dominant John-Bullism); if, I say, from love to them as brothers, from a generous determination to fight their battles, from an intimate consciousness that they are in their secret hearts *Russians*, that they are champing the bit of their iron lot, and are longing for you as their deliverers: if, from these lofty notions, as well as from a burning patriotism, you will form the high resolve to annihilate this dishonour of humanity; if you loathe its sophisms *De minimis non curat lex*, and *Malitia supplet aetatem*, and *Tres faciunt collegium*, and *Impotentia excusat legem*, and “Possession is nine points of the law,” and “The greater the truth, the greater the libel”—principles which sap the very foundations of morals; if you wage war to the knife with its blighting superstitions of primogeniture, gavelkind, mortmain, and contingent remainders; if you detest, abhor, and abjure the tortuous maxims and perfidious provisions of its *habeas corpus*, *quare impedit*, and *qui tam* (hear, hear); if you scorn the mummeries of its wigs, and bands, and coifs, and ermine (vehement cheering); if you trample and spit upon its accursed fee simple and fee tail, villanage, and free soccage, fiefs, heriots, seizins, feuds (a burst of cheers, the whole meeting in commotion); its shares, its premiums, its post-obits, its percentages, its tariffs, its broad and narrow gauge—Here the cheers became frantic, and drowned the speaker’s voice, and a most extraordinary scene of enthusiasm followed. One half the meeting was seen embracing the other half; till as if by the force of a sudden resolution, they all poured out of the square, and proceeded to break the windows of all the British residents. They then formed into procession,

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and directed their course to the great square before the Kremlin, they dragged through the mud, and then solemnly burnt, an effigy of John Bull which had been provided beforehand by the managing committee, a lion and unicorn, and a Queen Victoria. These being fully consumed, they dispersed quietly; and by ten o'clock at night the streets were profoundly still, and the silver moon looked down in untroubled lustre on the city of the Czars.

(From *Catholics in England*.)



## HARRIET MARTINEAU

[Harriet Martineau was born at Norwich, 12th June 1802. Her family were Unitarians, and belonged to the literary coterie of William Taylor. Delicate and nervous as a child, she was left, by her father's death in 1826, to a severe struggle for maintenance, and first attained a literary success in a series of stories illustrating the principles of political economy in 1832.]

She visited America (1834-1836), and on her return published *Society in America* (1837), *Retrospect of Western Travel* (1838), and *Deerbrook, A Novel* (1839). She also did some work for Charles Knight, but she broke down in 1841, and led the life of a confirmed invalid at Tynemouth for about two years, until cured by mesmerism.

A journey through Egypt and Palestine, described in *Eastern Life, Past and Present* (1848), occupied the years 1846 and 1847, and on her return she completed a *History of the Peace* (1849), translated and condensed *Comte's Philosophie Positive* (1853), and became an active contributor to the daily press. She died on 27th June 1876.]

To many readers Harriet Martineau's *Autobiography* is probably the most attractive of her numerous productions, and, in a sense, almost everything she wrote was intensely autobiographical. The charming *Life in a Sick Room*, despised as crude and morbid by its author in later life, *Society in America*, *Retrospect of Western Travel*, and *Eastern Life*, are practically journals, but even in works of fiction and history she reveals the stern common sense and the desire to be always reasonable, which in her were so strangely mingled with a tenderness for simple sentiment, and a feminine susceptibility to pose. Such was the effect upon a mind naturally fearless and independent of sudden popularity following a childhood of suppression. With generous and self-sacrificing instincts she believed herself to be the servant of humanity, and, in accordance with the tendencies of her age, endeavoured to save souls by the diffusion of a little knowledge.

"After long and mature consideration," she wrote, at the age of twenty-seven, "I have determined that my chief subordinate

object in life shall be the cultivation of my intellectual powers, with a view to the instruction of others by my writings," and the object assumed still higher importance when, from the teachings of Mr. Atkinson, she came to believe that "all moral evil, and much, and possibly all, physical evil arises from intellectual imperfection,—from ignorance and consequent error."

Her writings were naturally coloured by her varying religious opinions, which were most personal when she fancied them most philosophic, and never materially modified a strongly devotional nature for whom faith, either in God or man, was a necessity. She was brought up as a strict Unitarian, and in her school-days came under the influence of Lant Carpenter, and through him of Hartley and Priestley; but the great talks with her brother Dr. James Martineau on things spiritual, supplemented by travel and diligent study of the theologies, led her gradually, through necessitarianism and a denial of revelation, to become a disciple of positive philosophy,—that is, of Mr. Henry G. Atkinson, "the only person of the multitude she had known who clearly apprehended the central truth, the grand conception, the inestimable recognition, that science (or the knowledge of fact, inducing the discovery of laws) is the sole and the eternal basis of wisdom,—and therefore of human morality and peace." Under this influence she maintained that "the form of the constitution of the human mind requires the supposition of a First Cause," and that it cannot "signify whether the one human faculty of consciousness of identity be preserved and carried forward" after death, "when all the rest of the organisation is gone to dust, or so changed as to be in no respect properly the same." Mr. Atkinson, doubtless, was a clear-headed and thoroughly sincere thinker; but his philosophy, much influenced by that of Comte, was not particularly original or profound. His pupil was more sensitive to the magnetism of a strong and upright personality than to vigour of intellect, however remarkable.

Miss Martineau was herself, indeed, in no sense of the word a scholar. In the strangely frank biography of herself, which she prepared for the *Daily News*, she confessed that "her original power was nothing more than was due to earnestness and intellectual clearness within a certain range. With small imaginative and suggestive powers, and therefore nothing approaching to genius, she could see clearly what she did see, and give a clear expression to what she had to say. In short, she could popularise, while

she could neither discover nor invent. She could sympathise with other people's views, and was too facile in doing so ; and she could obtain and keep a firm grasp of her own, and, moreover, she could make them understood." Her talents were those of a first-class journalist and, without obtaining a thorough grasp or profound knowledge of any subject, she completely satisfied the demand for information at any price just then so prevalent.

She could tell her readers what they ought to think and know without troubling them to go through any process of reasoning for themselves, and thus it was that philosophers welcomed her abstracts or illustrative tales, that politicians requested her to write up their projected measures, that newspaper editors continually "asked for more," and that nations entreated her to justify them in the eyes of the English people. She had a phenomenal capacity for hard work, and a marvellous power of rapidly assimilating impressions ; so that her most hasty digests have an air of lucidity and completeness. Her style is admirable of its kind, clear, rapid, and concise ; the phrases pithy and suggestive, the sentences well modulated, the thoughts definite and sincere. Her facility increased with practice, and the *Biographical Sketches* have been justly called "masterpieces in the style of the vignette." They are, indeed, telling portraits of character, but it must be admitted that, in manner at least, Miss Martineau's judgments are sometimes over-confident and pugnacious, partly perhaps because she knew herself to be, as a woman, in advance of her contemporaries, and had suffered from the fact.

*The Hour and the Man* is a clever historical romance, some of the characters in *Deerbrook* are well drawn, and all right-minded children must love the *Playfellow* series, but, as she herself admits, "the artistic aim and qualifications were absent ; she had no power of dramatic construction ; nor the poetic inspiration on the one hand, nor critical calculation on the other, without which no work of the imagination can live . . . none of her novels or tales have, or ever had, in the eyes of good judges or in her own, any character of permanence." Her gift to literature was for her own generation. She is the exponent of the infant century in many branches of thought :—its eager and sanguine philanthropy, its awakening interest in history and science, its rigid and prosaic philosophy.

But her genuine humanity and real moral earnestness give a value to her more personal utterances, which do not lose their



charm with the lapse of time. After stating that we have no right to crave for personal immortality, she adds :—"The real and justifiable and honourable subject of interest to human beings, living or dying, is the welfare of their fellows, surrounding them or surviving them. About this I do care and supremely." Her care for men included a care for "faith, the noblest of human faculties." However persistently she might run counter to the orthodoxies of her day, the most striking characteristic of that admirable book of travel, *Eastern Life: Past and Present*, for instance, is its reverence—its reverence for what has made men noble in the past, and is therefore, to her mind, permanently worthy of honour. Her hatred of slavery and of other social evils nearer home enabled her to join hands with some whom the world called fanatics, while her "own idea of an innocent and happy life was a home of her own among poor improvable neighbours, with young servants whom she might train and attach to herself." The postman who scribbled "try Miss Martineau" on an envelope addressed to "The Queen of modern Philanthropists" was not deceived in his estimate.

Her nature was, in fact, essentially affectionate, and the busy woman, whose independence of thought and action made her the victim alternately of pity and of abuse, enjoyed many pleasant memories of life-long friendships as she paced her favourite terrace in front of "The Knoll," dreaming of "the magnificent coast of Massachusetts in autumn, the blue Nile, the brown Sinai, or the gorgeous Petra, the grand canal under a Venetian sunset, or Malta in the glow of noon," and gazing in imagination upon "the imagery of the glorious hierarchy of the sciences."

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

## CAIRO

AFTER an early cup of coffee, we usually mounted our donkeys for a ride of two hours before the table-d'hôte breakfast. I like donkey-riding in Cairo. I never tried it out of Egypt, except for a few miles in Palestine; but I do not suppose it is the same thing anywhere else. The creatures are full of activity; and their amble is a pleasant pace in the streets. Side saddles, more or less tattered, may be hired with Cairo donkeys now. Mrs. Y. took her saddle from England; and I was fortunate enough to buy one, in good repair, on my arrival at Cairo, which would serve for either horse or donkey. The little rogues of donkey-boys were always ready and eager, close by the hotel,—hustling each other to get the preference,—one displaying his English with “(God save the Queen ros bif” ; another smiling amiably in one’s face; and others kicking and cuffing, as people who had a prior right, and must relieve us of encroachers. Then off we went briskly through the Ezbekeeyeh, under the acacias, past the water-carriers, with their full skins on their left shoulder, and the left hand holding the orifice of the neck, from which they could squirt water into the road, or quietly fill a jar at pleasure;—past the silent smoking party, with their long chibouques or serpentine nargeelehs;—past the barber, shaving the head of a man kneeling and resting his crown on the barber’s lap;—past the veiled woman with her tray of bread,—thin, round cakes;—past the red and white striped mosque, where we looked up to the gallery of the minaret, in the hope of the muezzin coming out to call the men to prayer;—past a handsome house or two, with its rich lattices, its elaborate gateway, and its shade of trees in front, or of shrubs within the court, of which we might obtain a tempting glimpse;—past Shepherd’s hotel, where English gentlemen might be seen going in and out, or chatting before the door;—past a row of artisan dwellings, where the joiner, the weaver, and the

maker of slippers were at work, with their oriental tools, and in their graceful oriental postures ;—and then into the bazaars. But before I had reached the bazaars, I was generally in a state of vexation with myself for my carelessness about surrounding objects. I hardly know what it is in these Eastern countries which disposes one to reverie ; but I verily thought, the whole journey through, and especially at Cairo, that I was losing my observing faculties,—so often had I to rouse myself, or to be roused by others, to heed what was before my eyes. I did not find it so on our route to Egypt, nor in crossing France on our return ; so my own experience would lead me to suppose that there is something in the aspect of Oriental life and scenery which meets and stimulates some of one's earliest and deepest associations, and engages some of one's higher mental faculties too much to leave the lower free. The conflict was not agreeable, however ;—the longing to have for one's own for ever every exquisite feature of the scene ; and presently, the discovery that one had passed through half a dozen alleys without seeing anything at all ;—and all for pondering something which might be as well thought over at home ! By dint of incessant self-flapping and endless rides, however, I arrived at last at knowing and remembering almost every peculiar object at Cairo ;—of such, I mean, as offer themselves to the eye in the streets. I really do not know how I can convey my own impression of what I saw so well as in the words of my memoranda put down at the time. "Cairo streets are wholly indescribable ; their narrowness, antiquity, sharp lights, and arcades of gloom, carved lattices, mat awnings, mixture of hubbub and fatalist quietude in the people, to whom loss of sight appears a matter of course ; the modes of buying and selling ;—all are in my mind, but cannot be set down." Again : "Went with my party to shop : a most amusing affair. I bought a Tuscan straw hat for 4s. 6d., while a common and not large saucepan, copper tinned, was priced 12s. It was awkward waiting while Mr. E. bought brown shoes,—the way was so narrow, and our donkeys were five, and horses and laden camels were continually passing, thrusting us among the very merchandise : and then there was the smart and repeated crack of the courbash, which gives warning that a carriage is coming, and that we must plunge into the nearest alley : and then there was a cart or two ; and all the while there was some staring, though not much, and clouds of flies from a fruiterer's shop."

The tranquil slowness with which the tradespeople (who all looked, to my eyes, like kings and princes in fairy tales) served any of us gave all the rest many such opportunities of observation. One of the drollest incidents of this kind befel when the gentlemen were in search of some eastern garments for their desert ride. We ladies, with the aid of our dragoman, made our purchases, and returned to the tailor's,—stood, sat, inquired into the meaning of everything within sight, and wondered at the long delay. It ended in the amusement of finding that the gentlemen had obtained nothing but a lesson, and some practice in trying on eastern garments. After a world of effort, and of tying and hooking, and inquiring of prices, it came out that the clothes were second-hand; and they were pulled off much more quickly than they were put on.

Carriages are quite alarming in Cairo, which was not built for the passage of anything so large. They are very peremptory, having no idea of stopping for anybody. Notice of their approach is given by the crack of the courbash of the outrider who precedes them; any one who does not get out of the way on that signal must take the consequences. On comes the vehicle, jolting and rocking, and filling the narrow way; and young and old, blind and seeing, must squeeze themselves up against the bazaar front; and a loaded camel must meet the shock as it may. It is worse, however, to ride in one than to meet it. In our drive to the hareem which we visited, we were kept in a continual agony, so many were the people we drove against. The keeping of carriages was much on the increase before there was any provision for them. A friend of mine found one in his street when he went to live there, four years and a half before my visit; and now there are twenty-four or twenty-five, making the passage of the street very hazardous. Since I left Cairo, a wide street has been begun, extending from the Ezbekeeyeh to the Citadel: a great convenience to the Pasha and the Franks, but a ruinous innovation upon the oriental appearance of the city. The Frank residents, however, now give up the orientalism of Cairo, and I was perpetually told by them that I was looking at a half-European city; but my own impression is that it is as like as possible to the pictures in the Arabian Nights: so that, of all the cities that I have seen, Cairo is the one which may be the most easily imagined at a distance, in a superficial way,—provided the notions of a mosque, a bazaar, and an eastern house are once obtained

from pictures. The one unimaginable circumstance is the atmosphere. No conception of the light, shade, and colour can be conveyed ; and they are an hourly surprise to the stranger in Cairo, to the last.

(From *Eastern Life, Past and Present*.)

### SAMUEL ROGERS

THE author of *The Pleasures of Memory* has died at his house in St. James's Place, in the ninety-sixth year of his age.

Samuel Rogers has been spoken of, ever since anybody can remember, as *Rogers the Poet*. It is less as a poet, however, that his name will live than as a patron of literature—probably the last of that class, who will in England be called a Maccenas. His life was a remarkable one, from the great age he attained during a critical period of civilisation ; and his function was a remarkable one—that of representing the bridge over which literature had passed from the old condition of patronage to the new one of independence. He heard “the talk of the town” (recorded by Dr. Adams) on Johnson’s Letter to Lord Chesterfield ; and he lived to see the improvement of the copyright law, the removal of most of the taxes on knowledge, and so vast an increase of the reading public as has rendered the function of patron of authorship obsolete. No patron could now help an author to fame ; and every author who has anything genuine to say can say it without dreaming of any application to a rich man. Samuel Rogers lived through the whole period when the publishers were the patrons, and witnessed the complete success of Mr. Dickens’s plan of independence of the publishers themselves. He was a youth of fifteen or thereabouts when half “the town” was scandalised at Dr. Johnson’s audacity in saying what he did to Lord Chesterfield ; and the other half was delighted at the courage of the rebuke. It was not long before that the *Letters of Junius* had burst upon the political world ; and Rogers was quite old enough to understand the nature of the triumph when the prosecution of Woodfall failed, and the press preserved its liberty under the assaults of royal and ministerial displeasure. His connections in life fixed his attention full on the persecution of Priestley and other vindicators of liberty of speech ; while he saw, in curious combination with

this phase, that kind of patronage which even the Priestleys of those days accepted as a matter of course :—Dr. Priestley living with Lord Shelburne, without office ; and afterwards, his being provided with an income by the subscriptions of friends, to enable him to carry on his philosophical researches. Then came the new aspect of things, when the Byrons, the Moores, Campbells, and Scotts, were the clients of the Murrays, the Longmans, and the Constables—that remarkable but rather short transition stage when, as Moore said, the patrons learned perforce, through interest, the taste which had not been formed by education. Those were the days of bookselling monopoly, when the publisher decided what the reading public should have to read, and at what price. Rogers saw that monopoly virtually destroyed ; the greatness of the great houses passing away, or reduced to that of trade eminence simply ; and authors and the public brought face to face, or certain to be so presently. His own function, all the while, was a mixed one, in accordance with the changes of the time. He was in the course of his long life both client and patron ; and for a great part of it he was both at once. His purse was open to the poor author, and his influence with the great publishers was at his service, while he himself sat at great men's tables as a poet and a wit, more even than as a connoisseur in art ; and certainly much more than as a rich banker. The last character he kept out of sight as much as possible. When, some years since, his bank was robbed to so enormous an amount by the pillage of a safe that everybody supposed it must stop payment ; and when it did not stop, and all his great friends testified their sympathy first, and then their joy, it was a curious thing to observe the old poet's bearing, and to hear the remarks upon it. He was wonderfully reserved, and passed off the whole with a few quiet jokes, through which was plainly seen his mortification at being recognised as a banker, in a sphere where he hoped he was known as the associate of the great, and the first connoisseur in pictures in England.

His was not a case of early determination of the course of life. In his early youth, his father one evening asked all his boys what they would be. Sam would not tell unless he might write it down, for nobody but his father to see. What he wrote was, "A Unitarian minister." He was destined for business, however ; but his love of literature was not thwarted by it. We have seen Moore die in decrepit old age ; yet did Moore, in his boyhood

(when he was fourteen) delight in Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory*—the poem being then so common as to have found its way into schools in class-books and collections. When young Horner came to London to begin his career, he found Rogers a member of the King of Clubs, the intimate of Mackintosh (who was his junior), Scarlett, Sharpe, and others—long gone to the grave as old men—and one, Maltby, who was a twin wonder with himself as to years. The last evening that Mackintosh spent in London before his departure to India was at Rogers's. "Somewhat a melancholy evening" we are told it was; and the host, then between forty and fifty, must have felt the uncertainty of the party reassembling, to spend more such evenings as those that were gone. And some were dead before Mackintosh returned; but the host lived to tell, half a century afterwards, of the sober sadness of that parting converse. It was Rogers who "blabbed" about the duel between Jeffrey and Moore, and was the cause of their folly being rendered harmless; and it was he who bailed Moore: it was he who negotiated a treaty of peace between them; and it was at his house that they met and became friends. Such were his services of one kind to literature—using his dignity of seniority to keep these young wits in order. He must have been lively in those days—"the Batchelor," as his name was among his friends; and he never married. Moore names him as one "of those agreeable rattles who seem to think life such a treat that they never can get enough of it." One wonders whether he had had enough of it fifty years later, when Sydney Smith (one of "the agreeable rattles") had long laid down his, after having for some time told his comrades that he thought life "a very middling affair," and should not be sorry when he had done with it. There was much to render life agreeable to a man of Rogers's tastes, it must be owned. He saw Garrick, and watched the entire career of every good actor since. All the Kembles fell within his span. He heard the first remarks on *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and read, damp from the press, all the fiction that has appeared since from the Burneys, the Edgeworths, the Scotts, the Dickenses, and the Thackerays. As for poetry, he was aghast at the rapidity with which the Scotts, Byrons, and Moores poured out their works; and even Campbell was too quick for him—he, with all his leisure, and being always at it, producing to the amount of two octavo volumes in his whole life. The charge of haste and incompleteness alleged against his "Columbus" in the *Edinburgh Review*,

forty years since, was very exasperating to him, and so absurd that one cannot but suspect Sydney Smith to have been the author of it, for the sake of contrast with his conversational description of Rogers's method of composition. Somebody asked, one day, whether Rogers had written anything lately. "Only a couplet," was the reply (the couplet being his celebrated epigram on Lord Dudley). "Only a couplet!" exclaimed Sydney Smith, "Why, what would you have? When Rogers produces a couplet, he goes to bed, and the knocker is tied,—and straw is laid down,—and caudle is made,—and the answer to inquiries is, that Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected." Thus, while he was cogitating his few pages of verse, "daily adding couplets," as Moore said, showing a forthcoming poem in boards, "but still making alterations," he was now and then seeing a whole new world of poetical subject and treatment laid open; and not seldom helping to facilitate the disclosure. Moore always said that he owed to Rogers the idea of "Lalla Rookh." Rogers had lingered so long over his story of the "Foscari," that Byron did it first, to his great distress; but he received the drama with a very good grace. Meantime, he was always substantially helping poor poets. Besides the innumerable instances, known only to his intimates, of the attention bestowed, as well as the money, in the case of poetical basket-makers, poetical footmen, and other such hopeless sons of the muse, his deeds of munificence towards men of genius were too great to be concealed. His aids to Moore have been recently made known by the publication of Moore's Diaries. It was Rogers who secured to Crabbe the £3000 from Murray, which were in jeopardy before. He advanced £500 to Campbell to purchase a share of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, and refused security. And he gave thought, took trouble, used influence, and adventured advice. This was the conduct and the method of the last of the patrons of literature in England.

All honour to him for this! But not the less must the drawbacks be brought into the account. In recording the last of any social phase, it is dishonest to present the bright parts without the shadows; and Rogers's remarkable position was due almost as much to his faults as his virtues. He was, plainly speaking, at once a flatterer and a cynic. It was impossible for those who knew him best to say, at any moment, whether he was in earnest or covert jest. Whether he ever was in earnest, there is no sort of evidence but his acts; and the consequence was that his



flattery went for nothing, except with novices, while his causticity bit as deep as he intended. He would begin with a series of outrageous compliments, in a measured style which forbade interruption; and if he was allowed to finish would go away and boast how much he had made a victim swallow. He would accept a constant seat at a great man's table, flatter his host to the top of his bent, and then, as is upon record, go away and say that the company there was got up by conscription—that there were two parties before whom everybody must appear, his host and the police. Where it was safe, he would try his sarcasms on the victims themselves. A multitude of his sayings are rankling in people's memories which could not possibly have had any other origin than the love of giving pain. Some were so atrocious as to suggest the idea that he had a sort of psychological curiosity to see how people could bear such inflictions. Those who could bear them, and especially those who despised them, stood well with him. In that case, there was something more like reality in the tone of his subsequent intercourse than in ordinary cases. The relation which this propensity of his bore to his position was direct. It placed him at great men's tables and kept him there, more than any other of his qualifications. His poetry alone would not have done it. His love and knowledge of art would not have done it; and much less his wealth. His causticity was his pass-key everywhere. Except the worship paid to the Railway King for his wealth, we know of nothing in modern society so extraordinary and humiliating as the deference paid to Rogers for his ill-nature. It became a sort of public apprehension, increasing with his years, till it ceased to be disgraceful in the eyes of the coteries, and the flatterer was flattered, and the backbiter was propitiated, almost without disguise or shame, on account of his bitter wit. "Rogers amusing and sarcastic as usual";—this note of Moore's may stand as the general description of him by those who hoped, each for himself, to propitiate the cynic. As age advanced upon him, the admixture of the generous and the malignant in him became more singular. A footman robbed him of a large quantity of plate; and of a kind which was inestimable to him. He was incensed, and desired never to hear of the fellow more,—the man having absconded. Not many months afterwards, Rogers was paying the passage to New York of the man's wife and family—somebody having told him that that family junction might afford a chance of the man's reformation.

Such were his deeds at the very time that his tongue was dropping verjuice, and his wit was sneering behind backs at a whole circle of old friends and hospitable entertainers. Such was the curious human problem offered to the analyst of character, and such is the needful explanation of the mixed character of client and patron which Rogers sustained to the last.

His celebrated literary breakfasts will not be forgotten during the generation of those who enjoyed them. They became at last painful when the aged man's memory failed while his causticity remained. His hold on life was very strong. He who was an authority on the incidents of the Hastings' trial, and who was in Fox's room when he was dying,—he who saw George III. a young man, and was growing into manhood when Johnson went to the Hebrides, survived for several years being run over by a cab of the construction of the middle of the nineteenth century. His poetry could scarcely be said to live so long as himself, as it was rather the illustrations with which it was graced than the verse itself that kept his volumes on sale and within view. The elegance and correctness of his verse are beyond question; but the higher and more substantial qualities of true poetry will hardly be recognised there. It should be remembered that there is a piece of prose writing of his of which Mackintosh said that "Hume could not improve the thoughts nor Addison the language." That gem is the piece on Assassination in his *Italy*. In it may be clearly traced the influence of his early nonconformist education. When he wrote it, half a lifetime ago, worldliness had not quite choked the good seed of early-sown philosophy; and the natural magnanimity of the man was not extinguished by the passions—as strong as any in their way—which spring from the soil of conventionalism. If Rogers is to be judged by his writings, let it be by such fragments as that little essay; if further, by his deeds rather than his words. So may the world retain the fairest remembrance of the last English Mæcenas, and the only man among us, perhaps, who has illustrated in his own person the position at once of patron and of client.

(From *Biographical Sketches*.)



## HUGH MILLER

[Hugh Miller was born in 1802, at Cromarty, in Sutherlandshire. His father, after an adventurous life, lost his life at sea when Hugh was a child, and the care of his education fell to his mother. Miller learned little at the Parish School, and it was only after he had become a stone-mason, at 17, that he began to pursue scientific observation with energy. In 1834 he obtained an appointment in a bank at Cromarty, and published *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland* in 1835. Taking an active part in ecclesiastical controversies, he became editor of *The Witness*, a newspaper started in the interest of those who resisted what they believed to be the Erastian tendencies of the Scottish Established Church. In 1840 he published *The Old Red Sandstone*, a book which marked an epoch in geological science; in 1847 *The Footprints of the Creator*; and in 1852 *My Schools and Schoolmasters*. His health and nervous system, overstrained by early labour, failed him, and he died by his own hand in 1856. After his death *The Testimony of the Rocks* was published in 1857.]

IT is not perhaps so much from anything which he actually achieved either in science or literature that Hugh Miller merits a place in any collection which endeavours to give the salient features in the development of English prose, as from the unique position which he occupies in both. Of education, in the ordinary sense of the term, he had little, and of that little he, on his own confession, took small advantage. But his was one of those rare minds that can go through a course of self-teaching without coming under the influence of its frequent concomitants, self-satisfaction and narrowness of range. If he learned little in the common school, there was a wider school of nature, at which his attendance was compulsory, and which forced its teaching upon him with an imperiousness of command that made him her obedient and submissive scholar. And along with that schooling of nature, he had singularly good opportunities of studying humanity, at once from his family and from his neighbours, in some of its most picturesque and impressive forms. His early

experiences gave him the chance of studying side by side the Highland and the Lowland character—the native of Sutherlandshire untouched by any outside influences, and the more varied products of a life of foreign service and of seafaring. The accidents of his surroundings gave him a training and experience which bore far richer fruit than any ordinary education could have yielded.

The absence, however, of thorough and exact scholastic discipline, deprived Miller of that faculty of trained observation, and that accurate mental habit, which might have made his work of permanent scientific value. His attempts to reconcile even the detailed description of Revelation with recent scientific discoveries might not, at the present day, command complete assent, either from professed theologians or from professed men of science. The deep and almost stern piety which formed the largest part of the content of his mind and penetrated his whole character, undoubtedly held him back from speculations which would have interfered with the definite tenets to which he clung, and perhaps the authority of these tenets sometimes supplied a solution which strict logic would scarcely have endorsed. But we must not forget the circumstances under which he wrote, nor underrate the boldness—for such it was then held to be—with which he ridiculed the older bigotry which regarded all geological inquiry as a form of impiety and unbelief. The arguments, from what was then held to be the school of orthodoxy, which he reproduces in order solemnly to demolish them, would now raise nothing but a smile; but in Miller's day, and amidst those for whom he wrote, those arguments were accepted as the only defence of religion, and he who combated them had to do so at the risk of being held an infidel and sceptic.

But whatever the scientific value of Miller's geological discoveries, and whatever the equipment of exact science which he brought to their elucidation, he had two qualities which make him almost unique as a scientific writer—a wealth of imagination, and a marvellous power of picturesque description, instinct with moral feeling. No writer has treated geological discoveries with more of that artistic skill which is rarely applied to any but the outward and obvious aspects of nature; and no writer can more readily make his descriptions serve as vehicles of moral emotion, and of deep human sympathy. That his art, however natural, was perfect in its kind, is seen in the entire absence of anything that is akin to fine writing orrodomontade. There is no tawdriness

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of ornament, and its absence gives that force and dignity which must surely prevent Miller's writing, however limited on its scientific side, from being altogether forgotten or neglected. The books in which he deals more specially with science show how strong were his imagination and sense of the picturesque, and yet how he could combine these with a force of clear-sighted and vigorous thought that preserved them against any trait of sentimentalism ; and in *My Schools and Schoolmasters* he showed also how strongly he could grasp the dramatic elements in human life.

THE EDITOR.

## THE READING OF NATURE'S ENIGMA

THE readings already given, the conclusions already deduced, are as various as the hopes and fears, the habits of thought, and the cast of intellect, of the several interpreters who have set themselves—some, alas! with but little preparation and very imperfect knowledge—to declare in their order the details of this marvellous dream-like vision, and, with the dream, the “interpretation thereof.” One class of interpreters may well remind us of the dim-eyed old man—the genius of unbelief so poetically described by Coleridge—who, sitting in his cold and dreary cave, “talked much and vehemently concerning an infinite series of causes and effects, which he explained to be a string of blind men, the last of whom caught hold of the skirt of the one before him, he of the next, and so on, till they were all out of sight, and that they all walked infallibly straight, without making one false step, though they were all alike blind.” With these I must class those assertors of the development hypothesis who can see in the upward progress of being only the operation of an incomprehending and incomprehensible law, through which, in the course of unreckoned ages, the lower tribes and families have risen into the higher, and inferior into superior natures, and in virtue of which, in short, the animal creation has grown, in at least its nobler specimens, rather unwittingly, without thought or care on its own part, and without intelligence on the part of the operating law, from irrational to rational, and risen in the scale from the mere promptings of instinct to the highest exercise of reason,—from apes and baboons to Bacons and Newtons. The blind lead the blind;—the unseeing law operates on the unperceiving creatures; and they go, not together into the ditch, but direct onwards, straight as an arrow, and higher and higher at every step.

Another class look with profound melancholy on that great city of the dead,—the burial-place of all that ever lived in the

past,—which occupies with its ever-extending pavements of grave-stones, and its ever-lengthening streets of tombs and sepulchres, every region opened up by the geologist. They see the onward procession of being as if but tipped with life, and nought but inanimate carcasses all behind,—dead individuals, dead species, dead genera, dead creations,—a universe of death; and ask whether the same annihilation which overtook in turn all the races of all the past, shall not one day overtake our own race also, and a time come when men and their works shall have no existence save stone-pervaded fossils locked up in the rock for ever. Nowhere do we find the doubts and fears of this class more admirably portrayed than in the words of perhaps the most thoughtful and suggestive of living poets :—

Are God and Nature then at strife,  
That Nature lends such evil dreams?  
So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life ;

\*            \*            \*            \*

“So careful of the type?” but no,  
From scarped cliff and quarried stone  
She cries, “A thousand types are gone :  
I care for nothing, all shall go.

“Thou makest thine appeal to me :  
I bring to life, I bring to death :  
The spirit does but mean the breath :  
I know no more.” And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,  
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,  
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,  
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed,  
And love Creation's final law—  
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw  
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,  
Who battled for the True, the Just,  
Be blown about the desert dust,  
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,  
A discord. Dragons of the prime,  
That tare each other in their slime,  
Were mellow music matched with him.



O life as futile, then, as frail !  
O for thy voice to soothe and bless !  
What hope of answer, or redress ?  
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

The sagacity of the poet here—that strange sagacity which seems so nearly akin to the prophetic spirit—suggests in this noble passage the true reading of the enigma. The appearance of man upon the scene of being constitutes a new era in creation ; the operations of a new *instinct* come into play—that *instinct* which anticipates a life after the grave, and reposes in implicit faith upon a God alike just and good, who is the pledged “rewarder of all who diligently seek Him.” And in looking along the long line of being—ever rising in the scale from higher to yet higher manifestations, or abroad on the lower animals, whom instinct never deceives—can we hold that man, immeasurably higher in his place, and infinitely higher in his hopes and aspirations, than all that ever went before him, should be, notwithstanding, the one grand error in creation,—the one painful worker, in the midst of present trouble, for a state into which he is never to enter,—the befooled expectant of a happy future, which he is never to see ? Assuredly no. He who keeps faith with all His humbler creatures—who gives to even the bee and the dormouse the winter for which they prepare—will to a certainty not break faith with man,—with man, alike the deputed lord of the present creation, and the chosen heir of all the future. We have been looking abroad on the old geologic burying-grounds, and deciphering the strange inscriptions on their tombs ; but there are other burying-grounds, and other tombs—solitary churchyards among the hills, where the dust of the martyrs lie, and tombs that rise over the ashes of the wise and good ; nor are there awaiting, on even the monuments of the perished races, frequent hieroglyphics and symbols of high meaning, which darkly intimate to us that, while *their* burial-yards contain but the debris of the past, we are to regard the others as charged with the sown seed of the future.

(From *Testimony of the Rocks*.)

### A HIGHLAND SCENE

I ROSE to a little window which opened upon a dreary moor, and commanded a view, in the distance, of a ruinous chapel and

solitary burying-ground, famous in the traditions of the district as the chapel and burying-ground of Gillie-christ. Dr. Johnson relates, in his "Journey," that when eating, on one occasion, his dinner in Skye to the music of the bagpipe, he was informed by a gentleman, "that in some remote time, the Macdonalds of Glengarry having been injured or offended by the inhabitants of Culloden, and resolving to have justice, or vengeance, they came to Culloden on a Sunday, when, finding their enemies at worship, they shut them up in the church, which they set on fire; and this, said he, is the tune that the piper played while they were burning." Culloden, however, was not the scene of the atrocity: it was the Mackenzies of Ord that their fellow-Christians and brother-Churchmen, the Macdonalds of Glengarry, succeeded in converting into animal charcoal, when the poor people were engaged, like good Catholics, in attending mass; and in this old chapel of Gillie-christ was the experiment performed. The Macdonalds, after setting fire to the building, held fast the doors until the last of the Mackenzies of Ord had perished in the flames; and then, pursued by the Mackenzies of Brahan, they fled into their own country, to glory ever after in the greatness of the feat. The evening was calm and still, but dark for the season, for it was now near midsummer; and every object had disappeared in the gloom, save the outlines of a ridge of low hills that rose beyond the moor; but I could determine where the chapel and churchyard lay; and great was my astonishment to see a light flickering amid the grave-stones and the ruins. At one time seen, at another hid, like the revolving lantern of a lighthouse, it seemed to be passing round and round the building; and, as I listened, I could hear distinctly what appeared to be a continuous screaming of most unearthly sound, proceeding from evidently the same spot as the twinkle of the light. What could be the meaning of such an apparition, with such accompaniments—the time of its appearance midnight, the place a solitary burying-ground? I was in the Highlands: was there truth, after all, in the many floating Highland stories of spectral dead-lights and wild supernatural sounds, seen and heard by nights in lonely places of sepulture, when some sudden death was near? I did feel my blood run somewhat cold, for I had not yet passed the credulous time of life—and had some thoughts of stealing down to my master's bedside, to be within reach of the human voice, when I saw the light quitting the churchyard, and coming downwards

across the moor in a straight line, though tossed about in the dead calm, in many a wave and flourish; and further, I could ascertain, that what I had deemed a persistent screaming was in reality a continuous singing, carried on at the pitch of a powerful though somewhat cracked voice. In a moment after, one of the servant-girls of the mansion-house came rushing out half-dressed to the door of an outer-building in which the workmen and the farm-servants lay, and summoned them immediately to rise. Mad Bell had again broken out, she said, and would set them on fire a second time.

The men rose, and as they appeared at the door, I joined them; but on striking out a few yards into the moor, we found the maniac already in the custody of two men, who had seized and were dragging her towards the cottage, a miserable hovel, about half a mile away. She never once spoke to us, but continued singing, though in a lower and more subdued tone of voice than before, a Gaelic song. We reached her hut, and, making use of her own light, we entered. A chain of considerable length, attached by a stopple in one of the Highland *couples* of the erection, showed that her neighbours had been compelled on former occasions to abridge her liberty; and one of the men, in now making use of it, so wound it round her person as to bind her down, instead of giving her the scope of the apartment, to the damp uneven floor. A very damp and uneven floor it was. There were crevices in the roof above, which gave free access to the elements; and the turf walls, perilously bulged by the leakage in several places, were green with mould. One of the masons and I simultaneously interfered. It would never do, we said, to pin down a human creature in that way to the damp earth. Why not give her what the length of the chain permitted—the full range of the room? If we did that, replied the man, she would be sure to set herself free before morning, and we would just have to rise and bind her again. But we resolved, we rejoined, whatever might happen, that she should *not* be tied down in that way to the filthy floor; and ultimately we succeeded in carrying our point. The song ceased for a moment: the maniac turned round, presenting full to the light the strongly-marked, energetic features of a woman of about fifty-five; and surveying us with a keen, scrutinising glance, altogether unlike that of the idiot, she emphatically repeated the sacred text, “Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.” She then began singing, in a low, mournful tone, an old Scotch

ballad ; and, as we left the cottage, we could hear her voice gradually heightening as we retired, until it had at length attained to its former pitch and wildness of tone.

(From *My Schools and Schoolmasters.*)

## THE MEASURE OF INTELLECT

PARTLY through my friend, but in part also from the circumstance that I retained a measure of intimacy with such of my school-fellows as had subsequently prosecuted their education at college, I was acquainted, during the later years in which I wrought as a mason, with a good many university-taught lads ; and I sometimes could not avoid comparing them in my mind with working men of, as nearly as I could guess, the same original calibre. I did not always find that general superiority on the side of the scholar which the scholar himself usually took for granted. What he had specially studied he knew, save in rare and exceptional cases, better than the working man ; but while the student had been mastering his Greek and Latin, and expatiating in Natural Philosophy and the Mathematics, the working man, if of an enquiring mind, had been doing something else ; and it is at least a fact, that all the great readers of my acquaintance at this time—the men most extensively acquainted with English literature—were not the men who had received the classical education. On the other hand, in framing an argument, the advantage lay with the scholars. In that common sense, however, which reasons but does not argue, and which enables men to pick their stepping prudently through the journey of life, I found that the classical education gave no superiority whatever ; nor did it appear to form so fitting an introduction to the realities of business as that course of dealing with things tangible and actual in which the working man has to exercise his faculties, and from which he derives his experience. One cause of the over-low estimate which the classical scholar so often forms of the intelligence of that class of the people to which our skilled mechanics belong, arises very much from the forwardness of a set of blockheads who are always sure to obtrude themselves upon his notice, and who come to be regarded by him as average specimens of their order. I never yet knew a truly intelligent mechanic obtrusive. Men of the

stamp of my two uncles, and of my friend William Ross, never press themselves on the notice of the classes above them. A minister newly settled in a charge, for instance, often finds that it is the dolts of his flock that first force themselves upon his acquaintance. I have heard the late Mr. Stewart of Cromarty remark that the humbler dunderheads of the parish had all introduced themselves to his acquaintance long ere he found out its clever fellows. "And hence often sad mistakes on the part of a clergyman in dealing with the people. It seems never to strike him that there may be among them men of his own calibre, and, in certain practical departments, even better taught than he, and that this superior class is always sure to lead the others. And in preaching down to the level of the men of the humbler capacity, he fails often to preach to men of any capacity at all, and is of no use. Some of the clerical contemporaries of Mr. Stewart used to allege that, in exercising his admirable faculties in the theological field, he sometimes forgot to lower himself to his people, and so preached over their heads. And at times, when they themselves came to occupy his pulpit, as occasionally happened, they addressed to the congregation sermons quite simple enough for even children to comprehend. I taught at the time a class of boys in the Cromarty Sabbath School, and invariably found on these occasions that while the memories of my pupils were charged to the full with the striking thoughts and graphic illustrations of the very elaborate discourses deemed too high for them, they remembered of the very simple ones, specially lowered to suit narrow capacities, not a single word or note. All the attempts at originating a cheap literature that have failed, have been attempts pitched too low: the higher-toned efforts have usually succeeded. If the writer of these chapters has been in any degree successful in addressing himself as a journalist to the Presbyterian people of Scotland, it has always been, not by writing *down* to them, but by doing his best on all occasions to write *up* to them. He has ever thought of them as represented by his friend William, his uncles and his cousin George—by shrewd old John Fraser, and his reckless though very intelligent acquaintance Cha; and by addressing to them on every occasion as good sense and as solid information as he could possibly muster, he has at times succeeded in catching their ear, and perhaps, in some degree, in influencing their judgment.

(From the Same.)

## LORD BEACONSFIELD

[Benjamin Disraeli, son of Isaac Disraeli (vol. iv. p. 605), was born in London in 1804, and was privately educated. His first novel, *Vivian Grey*, appeared in 1826. After a few years spent in travelling, he returned to literature, and published *The Young Duke* in 1831, *Contarini Fleming* in 1832, and *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy* in 1833. In 1837, after several previous failures, he obtained a seat in Parliament, and in the same year were published *Venetia* and *Henrietta Temple*. In 1844 he published *Coningsby*; in 1845, *Sybil*; and in 1847, *Tancred*. In 1848 he became leader of the Conservative party, and in 1852 he published *Lord George Bentinck. a Political Biography*. In 1852, in 1858, and in 1866 he was Chancellor of the Exchequer; became Prime Minister for the first time in 1867, and was again Prime Minister from 1874 to 1880. He died on the 19th of April 1881.]

THERE are some men whose prominence in other spheres has unduly enhanced their literary reputation. There are others—and of these Lord Beaconsfield was one—whose literary fame has been somewhat obscured by their greatness in action. The anger and jealousy of partisanship which his career aroused extended to the criticism of his books. To men of smaller mould his versatility might well seem unnatural; and some of the distinctive peculiarities of his work undoubtedly ran counter to the instincts of our national taste. But Disraeli's genius has emerged from the mists which partisanship would fain raise around it. Time has certainly not, so far, diminished his fame as a statesman, or banished him from the special niche which he occupies in the national regard. In spite of the adverse verdict of what claimed, with whatever modicum of authority, to be the serious criticism of the day, which in this case had the benefit, such as it was, of the alliance of political partisanship, the works of Disraeli first captured an astonished and entranced audience by the exuberant boldness of their fancy and the luxuriance of their descriptions, and then were discovered to carry a deeper meaning, and to bear a weightier portent under their fantastic dress. As his personality recedes

into the distance, the astonishing brilliancy of his career will probably appear all the more luminous ; and assuredly the respect now accorded to his literary gifts shows no signs of waning. It is noteworthy that the most recent and perhaps the most important estimate of his work—that of Professor Froude—is also the most appreciative.

It is easy to detect faults, which stand out on the very surface of his work, and are, indeed, an essential part of the methods by which he produced his effect. The imagination is often fantastic, the ornament is unduly lavish, the gilding is sometimes tawdry and overdone, the sentiment often inflated. Mediocrity will satisfy itself by calling this vulgarity and pretentiousness. But in truth it was only the natural result of an imagination singularly luxuriant, combined with a far-reaching sarcasm, and an undercurrent of deep thought and brooding melancholy. That his characters should often live in a world of faerie, surrounded by a luxury that was idealised out of all reality ; that he should paint an aristocracy living in palaces, and endowed with almost impossible gifts of mind and body ; that their adventures should be clothed with a sort of glamour, and their actions and utterances have all the artistic pose of actors on a distinguished stage—this was only one method by which he produced his effect. He puzzles and dazzles his readers, but never himself. The subtle humour, the brooding melancholy, the grasp of human aims, the absolute clearness of mental vision—these are never absent. No man could ever convey a sarcasm more surely under a veil of rich description, and what might at first sight seem exaggerated admiration. The most marked feature of the generation in which he lived was the close alliance between the pedantic doctrinaire and the political economist. He had no sympathy with either. His keenness of vision pierced through the mist of their theories. The seeming satisfaction of popular Whiggism—admirably adapted for the half-educated complacency of a prosperous *bourgeoisie*—was to him a sham and a pretence, and all the more so because it was inclined to denounce as sham all that it did not understand, and to classify as exaggeration all that was beyond the range of its own vision. To his party Disraeli gave the benefit of something higher than the maxims of a clique ; and in his literary work he proved that, in the most prosaic of generations, lavish wealth of imagination and audacious boldness of fancy might be united with keen sarcasm and profound thought. His place in

literature will not with posterity be less because he gave a free rein to his genius, and bid defiance to rule.

His first work, *Vivian Grey*, was produced when he was little more than a boy, being published when he was only twenty-one. That it was immature, incomplete, and imperfect—that it had all the omniscience and all the affectation of youth, is no matter of surprise. What surprises rather is its astonishing wealth of knowledge and boldness of thought, the reckless audacity of its treatment of things which the author only knew by his imagination. He himself felt that he had not yet learned to guide his genius, that his resources were too much for him, and that his Pegasus had yet to be subdued. “I have too much,” he says in closing the book, which he does in a sort of hurricane of confusion—“I have too much presumed upon an attention which I am not able to command. I am, as yet, but standing without the gate of the garden of romance. True it is, that as I gaze through the ivory bars of its golden portal, I would fain believe that, following my roving fancy, I might arrive at some green retreats hitherto unexplored, and loiter among some leafy bowers where none have lingered before me. But these expectations may be as vain as those dreams of youth over which all have mourned. The disappointment of manhood succeeds to the delusion of youth: let us hope that the heritage of old age is not despair.”

These words are strange indeed in the mouth of one who had scarcely emerged from boyhood. His achievements were to be far different from those at which he then aspired. But the mood is the same as that which endured with him to the end—when his generation had been conquered and had brought him as a tribute all the honours and all the fame which it had to bestow.

In the preface to *Lothair*, Disraeli speaks of himself as “born in a library, and trained from early childhood by learned men who did not share the passions and the prejudices of our political and social life.” Extravagant and immature as they often are, these early novels have more of literary finish, and bear more evidence of literary training and of wide reading than those which came after his thoughts were directed into other channels. After *Vivian Grey*, he was silent for a time; and although his next novel, *Alroy*, was begun just after *Vivian Grey*, it was not completed until 1832, when *Contarini Fleming* also appeared. By that time, Disraeli's fancy had been still further stimulated by travelling in the East; and what he saw there supplied just the colouring and the glow



which struck a sympathetic chord in his own fancy. The result is fully seen in *Contarini Fleming*, which has the merits as well as the defects of a poem in prose. However overcharged with ornament it may appear, its author could long afterwards recall with satisfaction and pride the tribute of admiration paid to it by Goethe and by Heine; and in his letters at the time, he reports that "the staunchest admirer he had in London, and the most discerning appreciator of *Contarini* is old Madame d'Arbly."

*Henrietta Temple* and *Venetia* appeared in 1837, when Disraeli entered Parliament. From this time his pen was stopped until in 1844 appeared *Coningsby*, the first of the trilogy completed by *Sybil* and *Tancred*. It is evident that Disraeli himself looked upon these three books as the chief monuments of his literary fame; and although they have the common defect of being written with a purpose, they probably represent his literary gifts at their best. In *Coningsby* much of the early exaggeration has disappeared. The characters are drawn with strength and insight. In no other novel has he used the weapon of satire so openly as in the picture of Rigby. Much as he still dwells on what is picturesque, or rather pictorial, in English life, he yet shows a masculine keenness of judgment, and a practical aim, which were absent from his previous books, and which his experience of parliamentary life had now supplied. *Sybil* showed that the gorgeous pictures of an extravagant imagination did not wholly enthrall him, and that he could bring industry and attention to study, and a graphic pen to describe, the sordid details of life in the manufacturing districts. The story is very slight, and is at most a framework on which to hang his thoughts upon the deeper mysteries of national life. The style is correct—sometimes even unduly formal; but the effects of the education of the library were evidently passing away, and Disraeli was deliberately making his literary gift subservient to the political part that he was now to play. In *Tancred*, the third of the trilogy, a new vein was touched, that of racial sympathies, which lay very deep in his nature. He takes his hero to the Holy Land, and in his descriptions of it, the old richness of ornament breaks out, and the imagination again indulges in all its wealth of half-poetical rhapsody. The story is left incomplete, as if the author's aim was accomplished when he had painted the home of his race, and vindicated its place in history; and with this book his romances ceased for nearly a quarter of a century.

Before he became leader of the Conservative party, Disraeli published, in 1852, *Lord George Bentinck: a Political Biography*. As the name seems partly to imply, the book is not a biography, but a political pamphlet; and although the author's personal part in the events of which it treats is minimised as far as possible, yet it is in many aspects a manifesto issued to his party. The principles he sets forth are essentially the same as those enunciated in the "trilogy"; but they are here regarded from the point of view of the party politician, and stripped of the rhetorical and imaginative dress in which he had clothed them in the novels. There is exceeding skill in the presentation; and above all there is boldness and originality in the treatment of the question of Jewish disabilities, which was a stumbling block to many of his party. With regard to style the habit of the debater is often distinctly felt. Disraeli seems to be throwing off his former style without definitely adopting a new one. Skilfully as the book is fitted to its purpose, it is not on the whole happy in its style. It is often heavy; we miss his epigrammatic force; and the sentences are often long and cumbrous. There are signs—such as the use of unusual words, e.g. *scrutinous*, *judicative*, etc.—which show that Disraeli gave some attention to the style, and he seems to have aimed at a sort of historical diction, midway between his novels and his oratory. If he did so, the attempt was a failure; because, interesting as the book is for other reasons, and especially as a specimen of a party pamphlet without any bitterness, pettiness, or spite, it is not a good example of Disraeli's literary style.

It was only in his later years that Disraeli resumed the pen. After his first premiership he wrote *Lothair*; and in 1880, after his final retirement from office, *Endymion*. In both there is a lavish profusion of scenic machinery, which is perhaps overdone, and which at least roused the easy gibes of the critics. In style they show, often at its perfection, the characteristic of polished epigram which distinguished his oratory. The wit never fails, and often when the diction is most inflated, it is redeemed by the satire that his rotund periods veil. But it is evident that the pen had long ceased to be his chief instrument. He often permits himself slipshod phrases and solecisms from which his education "in a library" would have preserved him in earlier days. None the less both books—and *Lothair* especially—are full of interest, as showing the same habit of mind in relation to the problems of

the day, modified but not transformed by the long responsibilities of power in the affairs of men. Superficial critics decried them as pieces of tawdry tinsel ; posterity may more likely recognise, with Professor Froude, "the mellow and impartial wisdom which raises *Lothair* from an ephemeral novel into a work of enduring value."

H. CRAIK.

## MAN AND CIRCUMSTANCE

"I WISH I could think as you do," said Vivian; "but the experience of my life forbids me. Within only these last two years my career has, in so many instances, indicated that I am not the master of my own conduct; that, no longer able to resist the conviction which is hourly impressed on me, I recognise in every contingency the pre-ordination of my fate."

"A delusion of the brain!" said Beckendorff, quickly. "Fate, destiny, chance, particular and special providence; idle words! Dismiss them all, sir! A man's fate is his own temper; and according to that will be his opinion as to the particular manner in which the course of events is regulated. A consistent man believes in destiny, a capricious man in chance."

"But, sir, what is a man's temper? It may be changed every hour. I started in life with very different feelings from those which I profess at this moment. With great deference to you, I imagine that you mistake the effect for the cause; for surely temper is not the origin, but the result of those circumstances of which we are all the creatures."

"Sir, I deny it. Man is not the creature of circumstances. Circumstances are the creatures of men. We are free agents, and man is more powerful than matter. I recognise no intervening influence between that of the established course of nature and my own mind. Truth may be distorted, may be stifled, be suppressed. The invention of cunning deceits may, and in most instances does, prevent man from exercising his own powers. They have made him responsible to a realm of shadows, and a suitor in a court of shades. He is ever dreading authority which does not exist, and fearing the occurrence of penalties which there are none to enforce. But the mind that dares to extricate itself from these vulgar prejudices, that proves its loyalty to its Creator by devoting all its adoration to His glory; such a spirit as this becomes a master

mind, and that master mind will invariably find that circumstances are its slaves."

"Mr. Beckendorff, yours is a bold philosophy, of which I was once a votary. How successful in my service you may judge by finding me a wanderer."

"Sir! your present age is the age of error; your whole system is founded on a fallacy: you believe that a man's temper can change. I deny it. If you have ever seriously entertained the views which I profess; if, as you lead me to suppose, you have dared to act upon them, and failed; sooner or later, whatever may be your present conviction and your present feelings, you will recur to your original wishes and your original pursuits. With a mind experienced and matured, you may in all probability be successful; and then I suppose, stretching your legs in your easy chair, you will at the same moment be convinced of your own genius, and recognise your own destiny!"

"With regard to myself, Mr. Beckendorff, I am convinced of the erroneousness of your views. It is my opinion that no one who has dared to think can look upon this world in any other than a mournful spirit. Young as I am, nearly two years have elapsed since, disgusted with the world of politics, I retired to a foreign solitude. At length, with passions subdued, and, as I flatter myself, with a mind matured, convinced of the vanity of all human affairs, I felt emboldened once more partially to mingle with my species. Bitter as my lot had been, I had discovered the origin of my misery in my own unbridled passions; and, tranquil and subdued, I now trusted to pass through life as certain of no fresh sorrows as I was of no fresh joys. And yet, sir, I am at this moment sinking under the infliction of unparalleled misery; misery which I feel I have a right to believe was undeserved. But why expatiate to a stranger on sorrow which must be secret? I deliver myself up to my remorseless fate."

"What is grief?" said Mr. Beckendorff; "if it be excited by the fear of some contingency, instead of grieving, a man should exert his energies and prevent its occurrence. If, on the contrary, it be caused by an event; that which has been occasioned by anything human, by the co-operation of human circumstances, can be, and invariably is removed by the same means. Grief is the agony of an instant; the indulgence of grief the blunder of a life. Mix in the world, and in a month's time you will speak to me very differently. A young man, you meet with disappointment;

in spite of all your exalted notions of your own powers, you immediately sink under it. If your belief of your powers were sincere, you should have proved it by the manner in which you have struggled against adversity, not merely by the mode in which you laboured for advancement. The latter is but a very inferior merit. If, in fact, you wish to succeed, success, I repeat, is at your command. You talk to me of your experience ; and do you think that my sentiments are the crude opinions of an unpractised man? Sir! I am not fond of conversing with any person, and therefore far from being inclined to maintain an argument in a spirit of insincerity merely for the sake of a victory of words."

"Mark what I say: it is truth. No minister ever yet fell but from his own inefficiency. If his downfall be occasioned, as it generally is, by the intrigues of one of his own creatures, his downfall is merited for having been the dupe of a tool which, in all probability, he should never have employed. If he fall through the open attacks of his political opponents, his downfall is equally deserved for having occasioned by his impolicy the formation of a party, for having allowed it to be formed, or for not having crushed it when formed. No conjuncture can possibly occur, however fearful, however tremendous it may appear, from which a man, by his own energy, may not extricate himself, as a mariner by the rattling of his cannon can dissipate the impending waterspout!'

(From *Vivian Grey*.)

## HOPES DISPELLED

GRATITUDE to Lord Grey was the hustings cry at the end of 1832, the pretext that was to return to the new-modelled House of Commons none but men devoted to the Whig cause. The successful simulation, like everything that is false, carried within it the seeds of its own dissolution. Ingratitude to Lord Grey was more the fashion at the commencement of 1834, and before the close of that eventful year, the once popular Reform Ministry was upset, and the eagerly sought Reformed Parliament dissolved!

It can scarcely be alleged that the public was altogether unprepared for this catastrophe. Many deemed it inevitable; few

thought it imminent. The career of the ministry, and the existence of the parliament had indeed from the first been turbulent and fitful. It was known from authority that there were dissensions in the cabinet, while a House of Commons which passed votes on subjects not less important than the repeal of a tax or the impeachment of a judge, on one night, and rescinded its resolutions on the following, certainly established no increased claims to the confidence of its constituents in its discretion. Nevertheless, there existed at this period a prevalent conviction that the Whig party, by a great stroke of state, similar in magnitude and effect to that which in the preceding century had changed the dynasty, had secured to themselves the government of this country for, at least, the lives of the present generation. And even the well informed in such matters were inclined to look upon the perplexing circumstances to which we have alluded rather as symptoms of a want of discipline in a new system of tactics, than as evidences of any essential and deeply-rooted disorder.

The startling rapidity, however, of the strange incidents of 1834; the indignant, soon to become vituperative secession of a considerable section of the cabinet, some of them esteemed, too, at that time among its most efficient members; the piteous deprecation of pressure from without, from lips hitherto deemed too stately for entreaty, followed by the Trades' Union, thirty thousand strong, parading in procession to Downing Street; the Irish negotiations of Lord Hatherton, strange blending of complex intrigue and almost infantile ingenuousness; the still inexplicable resignation of Lord Althorpe, hurriedly followed by his still more mysterious resumption of power, the only result of his precipitate movements being the fall of Lord Grey himself, attended by circumstances which even a friendly historian could scarcely describe as honourable to his party or dignified to himself; latterly, the extemporaneous address of King William to the bishops; the vagrant and grotesque apocalypse of the Lord Chancellor; and the fierce recrimination and memorable defiance of the Edinburgh banquet—all these impressive instances of public affairs and public conduct had combined to create a predominant opinion that, whatever might be the consequences, the prolonged continuance of the present party in power was a clear impossibility.

It is evident that the suicidal career of what was then styled

the Liberal party had been occasioned and stimulated by its unnatural excess of strength. The apoplectic plethora of 1834 was not less fatal than the paralytic tenuity of 1841. It was not feasible to gratify so many ambitions, or to satisfy so many expectations. Every man had his double; the heels of every placeman were dogged by friendly rivals ready to trip them up. There were even two cabinets: the one that met in council, and the one that met in cabal. The consequence of destroying the legitimate opposition of the country was that a moiety of the supporters of Government had to discharge the duties of Opposition.

Herein, then, we detect the real cause of all that irregular and unsettled carriage of public men which so perplexed the nation after the passing of the Reform Act. No government can be long secure without a formidable opposition. It reduces their supporters to that tractable number which can be managed by the joint influences of fruition and of hope. It offers vengeance to the discontented and distinction to the ambitious, and employs the energies of aspiring spirits who otherwise may prove traitors in a division or assassins in a debate.

The general election of 1832 abrogated the parliamentary opposition of England, which had practically existed for more than a century and a half. And what a series of equivocal transactions and mortifying adventures did the withdrawal of this salutary restraint entail on the party which then so loudly congratulated themselves and the country that they were at length relieved from its odious repression! In the hurry of existence one is apt too generally to pass over the political history of the times in which we ourselves live. The two years that followed the Reform of the House of Commons are full of instruction, on which a young man would do well to ponder. It is hardly possible that he could rise from the study of these annals without a confirmed disgust for political intrigue; a dazzling practice apt at first to fascinate youth, for it appeals at once to our invention and our courage, but one which really should only be the resource of the second-rate. Great minds must trust to great truths and great talents for their rise, and nothing else.

(From *Coningsby*.)



## GLEAMS OF LIGHT

THERE are some books, when we close them,—one or two in the course of our life,—difficult as it may be to analyse or ascertain the cause, our minds seem to have made a great leap. A thousand obscure things receive light; a multitude of indefinite feelings are determined. Our intellect grasps and grapples with all subjects with a capacity, a flexibility, and a vigour, before unknown to us. It masters questions hitherto perplexing, which are not even touched or referred to in the volume just closed. What is the magic? Is it the spirit of the supreme author, by a magnetic influence blending with our sympathising intelligence that directs and inspires it. By that mysterious sensibility we extend to questions which he has not treated, the same intellectual force which he has exercised over those which he has expounded. His genius for a time remains in us. 'Tis the same with human beings as with books. All of us encounter, at least once in our life, some individual who utters words that make us think for ever. There are men whose phrases are oracles; who condense in a sentence the secrets of life; who blurt out an aphorism that forms a character or illustrates an existence. A great thing is a great book; but greater than all is the talk of a great man.

And what is a great man? Is it a minister of state? Is it a victorious general? A gentleman in the Windsor uniform? A field marshal covered with stars? Is it a prelate or a prince? A king, even an emperor? It may be all these; yet these, as we must all daily feel, are not necessarily great men. A great man is one who affects the mind of his generation, whether he be a monk in his cloister agitating Christendom, or a monarch crossing the Granicus, and giving a new character to the Pagan world.

(From the Same.)

## THE GLORIES OF THE JEWS

“BUT so favoured by nature, why has not your race produced great poets, great orators, great writers?”

“Favoured by nature and by nature's God, we produced the lyre of David; we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel; they are our

Olynthians, our Philippics. Favoured by nature we still remain ; but in exact proportion as we have been favoured by nature we have been persecuted by man. After a thousand struggles ; after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled ; deeds of divine patriotism that Athens and Sparta and Carthage have never excelled ; we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery, during which, every device that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public ; we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sung more than two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon and wept. They record our triumphs ; they solace our affliction. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies ; we were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples. And as for great writers, the catalogue is not blank. What are all the schoolmen, Aquinas himself, to Maimonides ? And as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza.

“ But the passionate and creative genius, that is the nearest link to divinity, and which no human tyranny can destroy, though it can divert it ; that should have stirred the heart of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence ; has found a medium for its expression, to which in spite of your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy teeming with combinations, the imagination fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Caucasus, and which we have preserved unpolluted, have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of music ; that science of harmonious sounds, which the ancients recognised as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past ; though were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that is not crowded with our children under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains,

springs from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, are of Hebrew race ; and little do your men of fashion, your muscadins of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi, little do they suspect that they are offering their homage 'to the sweet singers of Israel !' "

(From the Same.)

### A REGION OF GLOOM

THE last rays of the sun, contending with clouds of smoke that drifted across the country, partially illumined a peculiar landscape. Far as the eye could reach, and the region was level, except where a range of limestone hills formed its distant limit, a wilderness of cottages, or tenements that were hardly entitled to a higher name, were scattered for many miles over the land ; some detached, some connected in little rows, some clustering in groups, yet rarely forming continuous streets, but interspersed with blazing furnaces, heaps of burning coal, and piles of smouldering ironstone ; while forges and engine chimneys roared and puffed in all directions, and indicated the frequent presence of the mouth of the mine, and the bank of the coal pit. Notwithstanding the whole country might be compared to a vast rabbit warren, it was nevertheless intersected with canals, crossing each other at various levels ; and though the subterranean operations were prosecuted with so much avidity that it was not uncommon to observe whole rows of houses awry, from the shifting and hollow nature of the land, still, intermingled with heaps of mineral refuse, or of metallic dross, patches of the surface might here and there be recognised, covered, as if in mockery, with grass and corn, looking very much like those gentlemen's sons that we used to read of in our youth, stolen by the chimney sweeps, and giving some intimations of their breeding beneath their grimy livery. But a tree or a shrub, such an existence was unknown in this dingy rather than dreary region.

It was the twilight hour ; the hour at which in southern climes

the peasant kneels before the sunset image of the blessed Hebrew maiden ; when caravans halt in their long course over vast deserts, and the turbaned traveller, bending in the sand, pays his homage to the sacred stone and the sacred city ; the hour, not less holy, that announces the cessation of English toil, and sends forth the miner and the collier to breathe the air of earth, and gaze on the light of heaven.

They come forth ; the mine delivers its gang and the pit its bondsmen ; the forge is silent and the engine is still. The plain is covered with the swarming multitude ; bands of stalwart men, broad-chested and muscular, wet with toil, and black as the children of the tropics ; troops of youth, alas ! of both sexes, though neither their raiment nor their language indicates the difference ; all are clad in male attire ; and oaths that men might shudder at, issue from lips born to breathe words of sweetness. Yet these are to be, some are, the mothers of England ! But can we wonder at the hideous coarseness of their language, when we remember the savage rudeness of their lives ? Naked to the waist, an iron chain fastened to a belt of leather runs between their legs clad in canvas trousers, while on hands and feet an English girl, for twelve, sometimes for sixteen hours a day, hauls and hurries tubs of coals up subterranean roads, dark, precipitous, and plashy ; circumstances that seem to have escaped the notice of the Society for the Abolition of Negro Slavery. Those worthy gentlemen too appear to have been singularly unconscious of the sufferings of the little trappers, which was remarkable, as many of them were in their own employ.

See, too, these emerge from the bowels of the earth ! Infants of four and five years of age, many of them girls, pretty and still soft and timid ; entrusted with the fulfilment of responsible duties, and the nature of which entails on them the necessity of being the earliest to enter the mine and the latest to leave it. Their labour indeed is not severe, for that would be impossible, but it is passed in darkness and in solitude. They endure that punishment which philosophical philanthropy has invented for the direst criminals, and which those criminals deem more terrible than the death for which it is substituted. Hour after hour elapses, and all that reminds the infant trappers of the world they have quitted and that which they have joined is the passage of the coal waggons for which they open the air doors of the galleries, and on keeping which doors constantly closed, except at this moment

of passage, the safety of the mine and the lives of the persons employed in it entirely depend.

(From *Sybil*.)

### NIL DESPERANDUM

AND thus I conclude the last page of a work which, though its form be light and unpretending, would yet aspire to suggest to its readers some considerations of a very opposite character. A year ago, I presumed to offer to the public some volumes that aimed at calling their attention to the state of our political parties; their origin, their history, their present position. In an age of political infidelity, of mean passions, and petty thoughts, I would have impressed upon the rising race not to despair, but to seek in a right understanding of the history of their country, and in the energies of heroic youth, the elements of national welfare. The present work advances another step in the same emprise. From the state of parties it would now draw public thought to the state of the people whom those parties for two centuries have governed. The comprehension and the cure of this greater theme depend upon the same agencies as the first; it is the past alone that can explain the present, and it is youth that alone can mould the remedial future. The written history of our country for the last ten reigns has been a mere phantasma, giving to the origin and consequence of public transactions a character and colour in every respect dissimilar to their natural form and hue. In this mighty mystery all thoughts and things have assumed an aspect and title contrary to their real quality and style: oligarchy has been called liberty, an exclusive priesthood has been christened a national church, sovereignty has been the title of something that has had no dominion, while absolute power has been wielded by those who profess themselves the servants of the people. In the selfish strife of factions, two great existences have been blotted out of the history of England, the monarch and the multitude, as the power of the crown has diminished, the privileges of the people have disappeared, till at length the sceptre has become a pageant, and its subject has degenerated again into a serf.

It is nearly fourteen years ago, in the popular frenzy of a

mean and selfish revolution which emancipated neither the crown nor the people, that I first took the occasion to intimate, and then to develop to the first assembly of my countrymen that I ever had the honour to address, these convictions. They have been misunderstood, as is ever for a season the fate of truth, and they have obtained for their promulgator much misrepresentation, as must ever be the lot of those who will not follow the beaten track of a fallacious custom. But time, that brings all things, has brought also to the mind of England some suspicion that the idols they have so long worshipped, and the oracles that have so long deluded them, are not the true ones. There is a whisper rising in this country that loyalty is not a phrase, faith not a delusion, and popular liberty something more diffusive and substantial than the profane exercise of the sacred rights of sovereignty by political classes.

That we may live to see England once more possess a free monarchy, and a privileged and prosperous people, is my prayer; that these great consequences can only be brought about by the energy and devotion of our youth is my persuasion. We live in an age when to be young and to be indifferent can be no longer synonymous. We must prepare for the coming hour. The claims of the future are represented by suffering millions; and the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity.

(From the Same.)

## JERUSALEM BY MOONLIGHT

THE broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendour, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills, far more famous than those of Rome; for all Europe has heard of Sion and of Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian and the tribes and nations beyond are as ignorant of the Capitolian and Aventine mounts as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern Hills.

The broad steep of Sion crowned with the tower of David ; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built alas ! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one ; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool ; farther on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary ; called the Street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human, as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine son of the most favoured of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame, which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honour ; passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedek built his mystic citadel ; and still remains the hill of Scopus, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital ; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob is now worshipped before every altar in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight ! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape, magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail ; and while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land.

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea ?

Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the

city that they could not save? their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city. There might be counted heroes and sages who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher whose doctrines have modelled civilised Europe, the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers; what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these?

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind, a white film spreads over the purple sky, the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity, no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar, Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopus can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

(From *Tancred.*)

### SIR ROBERT PEEL

As an orator, Sir Robert Peel had, perhaps, the most available talent that has ever been brought to bear in the House of Commons. We have mentioned that both in exposition and in reply he was equally eminent. His statements were perspicuous, complete, and dignified; when he combated the objections or criticised the propositions of an opponent he was adroit and acute; no speaker ever sustained a process of argumentation in a public assembly more lucidly, and none as debaters have united in so conspicuous a degree prudence with promptness. In the higher efforts of oratory he was not successful. His vocabulary was ample, and never mean; but it was neither rich nor rare. His



speeches will afford no sentiment of surpassing grandeur or beauty that will linger in the ears of coming generations. He embalmed no great political truth in immortal words. His flights were ponderous ; he soared with the wing of the vulture rather than the plume of the eagle ; and his perorations when most elaborate were most unwieldy. In pathos he was quite deficient ; when he attempted to touch the tender passions, it was painful. His face became distorted, like that of a woman who wants to cry but cannot succeed. Orators certainly should not shed tears, but there are moments when, as the Italians say, the voice should weep. The taste of Sir Robert Peel was highly cultivated, but it was not originally fine ; he had no wit, but he had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and an abundant vein of genuine humour. Notwithstanding his artificial reserve, he had a hearty and merry laugh ; and sometimes his mirth was uncontrollable. He was gifted with an admirable organ ; perhaps the finest that has been heard in the House in our days, unless we except the thrilling tones of O'Connell. Sir Robert Peel also modulated his voice with great skill. His enunciation was very clear, though somewhat marred by provincialisms. His great deficiency was want of nature, which made him often appear even with a good cause more plausible than persuasive, and more specious than convincing. He may be said to have gradually introduced a new style into the House of Commons, which was suited to the age in which he chiefly flourished, and to the novel elements of the assembly which he had to guide. He had to deal with greater details than his predecessors, and he had in many instances to address those who were deficient in previous knowledge. Something of the lecture, therefore, entered into his displays, and his style may be called the didactic.

(From *Lord George Bentinck (Life)*.)

### A SINCERE ADVISER

It is proverbial to what drowning men will cling. Lothair, in his utter hopelessness, made a distinction between the Cardinal and the conspirators. The Cardinal had been absent from Rome during the greater portion of the residence of Lothair in that city. The Cardinal was his father's friend, an English gentleman, with an English education, once an Anglican, a man of the world, a

man of honour, a good kind-hearted man. Lothair explained the apparent and occasional co-operation of his Eminence with the others, by their making use of him without due consciousness of their purpose on his part. Lothair remembered how delicately his former guardian had always treated the subject of religion in their conversations. The announcement of his visit, instead of aggravating the distresses of Lothair, seemed, as all these considerations rapidly occurred to him, almost to impart a ray of hope.

"I see," said the Cardinal, as he entered, serene and graceful as usual, and glancing at the table, "that you have been reading the account of our great act of yesterday."

"Yes; and I have been reading it," said Lothair reddening, "with indignation; with alarm; I should add, with disgust."

"How is this?" said the Cardinal, feeling or affecting surprise.

"It is a tissue of falsehood and imposture," continued Lothair; "and I will take care that my opinion is known of it."

"Do nothing rashly," said the Cardinal. "This is an official journal, and I have reason to believe that nothing appears in it which is not drawn up, or well considered, by truly pious men!"

"You yourself, sir, must know," continued Lothair, "that the whole of this statement is founded on falsehood."

"Indeed, I should be sorry to believe," said the Cardinal, "that there was a particle of misstatement, or even exaggeration, either in the base or the superstructure of the narrative."

"Good God!" exclaimed Lothair. "Why! take the very first allegation, that I fell at Mentana fighting in the ranks of the Holy Father. Every one knows that I fell fighting against him, and that I was almost slain by one of his chassepots. It is notorious; and though as a matter of taste, I have not obtruded the fact in the society in which I have been recently living, I have never attempted to conceal it, and have not the slightest doubt that it must be as familiar to every member of that society as to your Eminence."

"I know there are two narratives of your relations with the battle of Mentana," observed the Cardinal quietly. "The one accepted as authentic is that which appears in this journal; the other account, which can only be traced to yourself, bears no doubt a somewhat different character; but, considering that it is in the highest degree improbable, and that there is not a tittle of confirmatory or collateral evidence to extenuate its absolute unlikelihood, I hardly think you are justified in using with refer-

ence to the statement in this article, the harsh expression which I am persuaded, on reflection, you will feel you have hastily used."

"I think," said Lothair with a kindling eye and a burning cheek, "that I am the best judge of what I did at Mentana."

"Well, well," said the Cardinal with dulcet calmness, "you naturally think so, but you must remember you have been very ill, my dear young friend, and labouring under much excitement. If I were you, and I speak as your friend, I hope your best one, I would not dwell too much on this fancy of yours about the battle of Mentana. I would myself always deal tenderly with a fixed idea; harsh attempts to terminate hallucination are seldom successful. Nevertheless, in the case of a public event, a matter of fact, if a man finds that he is of one opinion and all orders of society of another, he should not be encouraged to dwell on a perverted view; he should be gradually weaned from it."

"You amaze me!" said Lothair.

"Not at all," said the Cardinal, "I am sure you will benefit by my advice. And you must already perceive that, assuming the interpretation which the world without exception places on your conduct in the field to be the just one, there really is not a single circumstance in the whole of this interesting and important statement, the accuracy of which you yourself would for a moment dispute."

"What is there said about me at Mentana makes me doubt of all the rest," said Lothair.

"Well, we will not dwell on Mentana," said the Cardinal with a sweet smile. "I have treated of that point. Your case is by no means an uncommon one. It will wear off with returning health. King George IV. believed that he was at the battle of Waterloo, and indeed commanded there; and his friends were at one time a little alarmed; but Knighton, who was a sensible man, said 'His Majesty has only to leave off Curaçoa, and rest assured he will gain no more victories.' The rest of this statement, which is to-day officially communicated to the whole world, and which in its results will probably be not less important even than the celebration of the centenary of St. Peter, is established by evidence so incontestable, by witnesses so numerous, so various, in all the circumstances and accidents of testimony so satisfactory, I may say so irresistible, that controversy on this head would be a mere impertinence and waste of time."

"I am not convinced," said Lothair.

"Hush!" said the Cardinal, "the freaks of your own mind about personal incidents, however lamentable, may be viewed with indulgence, at least for a time. But you cannot be permitted to doubt of the rest. You must be convinced, and on reflection you will be convinced. Remember, sir, where you are. You are in the centre of Christendom, where truth, and where alone truth resides. Divine authority has perused this paper and approved it. It is published for the joy and satisfaction of two hundred millions of Christians, and for the salvation of all those who unhappily for themselves are not yet converted to the faith. It records the most memorable event of this century. Our Blessed Lady has personally appeared to her votaries before during that period, but never at Rome. Wisely and well she has worked in villages and among the illiterate, as at the beginning did her Divine Son. But the time is now ripe for terminating the infidelity of the world. In the eternal city, amid all its matchless learning and profound theology, in the sight of thousands, this great act has been accomplished, in a manner which can admit of no doubt, and which can lead to no controversy. Some of the most notorious atheists of Rome have already solicited to be admitted to the offices of the Church; the secret societies have received their deathblow; I look to the alienation of England as virtually over. I am panting to see you return to the home of your fathers, and reconquer it for the Church in the name of the Lord God of Sabaoth. Never was a man in a greater position since Godfrey or Ignatius. The eyes of all Christendom are upon you as the most favoured of men, and you stand there like Saint Thomas."

"Perhaps he was as bewildered as I am," said Lothair.

"Well, his bewilderment ended in his becoming an apostle, as yours will. I am glad we have had this conversation, and that we agree: I knew we should. But now I wish to speak to you on business, and very grave. The world assumes that being the favoured of heaven you are naturally and necessarily a member of the Church. I, your late guardian, know that is not the case, and sometimes I blame myself that it is not so. But I have ever scrupulously refrained from attempting to control your convictions; and the result has justified me. Heaven has directed your life, and I have now to impart to you the most gratifying intelligence that can be communicated by man, and that the Holy Father will

to-morrow himself receive you into the bosom of that Church of which he is the divine head. Christendom will then hail you as its champion and regenerator, and thus will be realised the divine dream with which you were inspired in our morning walk in the park at Vauxe.”

(From *Lothair*.)

## JOHN STUART MILL

[John Stuart Mill was born in 1806. His father, James Mill, was a hard-headed Scotch "Utilitarian," who wrote a history of British India, and "never was a great admirer of Shakespeare." How John Mill began to learn Greek (as he was told, for he had no remembrance of it) at three years of age, how he had read a great deal of Plato by the time he was seven, how he was schoolmaster to his brothers and sisters at eight, how he began the study of logic with the *Organon*, the *Analytics*, and the *Posterior Analytics* at twelve, how he had been through a complete course of political economy by thirteen, how, with all this, mathematics and natural science had been duly attended to, and how he had thus started in life "with an advantage of a quarter of a century over his contemporaries," though he was "rather under than above the average in quickness, accuracy, and retentiveness of memory, and activity and energy of character,"—all this shocking story is set forth in his *Autobiography* with the utmost composure and satisfaction. In his very teens he began to be an industrious contributor to periodical literature; and the four volumes of his *Dissertations and Discussions* are principally composed of a selection from the articles he supplied to the *Westminster, London and Westminster*, and *Edinburgh* Reviews, as well as to other magazines. The *System of Logic*, his first great work, appeared in 1843, and immediately won for him that position in the field of philosophical speculation which his *Political Economy*, five years later, did but confirm and secure. Mr. Mill is, in truth, the most typical and the best accredited representative of the utilitarian or empirical school, which flourished in England during the third quarter of the century; and valiant was the testimony he lifted up on its behalf in his *Utilitarianism*, in his tract on *Liberty*, in his essays on *Representative Government* and the *Subjection of Women*, and in his elaborate *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*. For these and for all his literary lucubrations his employment in the service of the East India Company—which terminated perforce with the Company in 1858—left abundant leisure, while the emoluments of his post placed him in circumstances which were easy if not affluent. His brief appearance in active politics was scarcely a success; but such failures are perhaps more enviable than the triumphs of many other men. Mr. Mill died in 1873.]

IT has been said in praise of Mr. Mill that upon all questions he had an open mind; and the description is a just one, subject to the qualification that his mind was never more than half-open

upon any. In the works of no philosopher of equal eminence and weight can so many gross inconsistencies be so readily detected. No other hedonist enters cheerfully upon a defence of his system of ethics with the postulate that pleasure must be judged of as well according to its kind as according to its degree. No other metaphysician of his school would coolly allow that, while the mind is but a series of sensations, that series is aware of itself as past and future. But Mr. Mill's native penetration, having compelled these admissions, there stopped short, and remained curiously blind to their absolutely fatal effect upon the theories of empiricism. Most enquirers have been content to display their candour by pushing their premises to conclusions the most remote and the most repellent; Mr. Mill preferred to discover his by manfully giving up the essential principles upon which his scheme depended for very existence. While, then, it were ungracious, as it is impossible, to deny, or to make light of, the frankness which blurted out that our confidence in memory is intuitive, or the enthusiastic devotion to morality which was at the bottom of his nervous solicitude to restore to virtue the peculiar sanctity and charm which it is the primary concern of the Utilitarian to destroy, it must, nevertheless, be contended that those truly admirable moral qualities subsisted at the expense of his intellectual faculties, and that applause can only be justly bestowed upon the former in so far as it is justly withheld from the latter. If he really thought that an early practical familiarity with the scholastic logic had made of him "an exact thinker" who attached "a precise meaning to words and propositions," and was not "imposed on by vague, loose, or ambiguous terms," the opinion was only less curiously incorrect than the estimate of his mental qualifications which has been quoted above.

Mr. Mill's early compositions were confessedly jejune; but the assiduous study of writers "who combined, in a remarkable degree, ease with force," such as Goldsmith and Fielding, Pascal and Voltaire, rendered his style (so he tells us) "at times lively and almost light." It may be safely asserted that liveliness and lightness are the two last qualities which any critic would venture to predicate of Mr. Mill's writings. Throughout the considerable bulk of his work, nothing, perhaps, is more striking than the almost total absence of humour; and to the scarcity of that element in his composition every line of the *Autobiography* bears

eloquent witness. He permitted himself, indeed, to indulge in a mild species of jocosity. "What," he asks, for example, "prevents the population of hares and rabbits from overstocking the earth? Not want of fecundity, but causes very different: many enemies and insufficient subsistence; not enough to eat, and liability to being eaten." But even these measured and unexciting pleasantries are rare. Satire and invective he uses sparingly, nor altogether without success. But he works up to them so elaborately, he is so obviously oppressed by the thought of the tremendous thunderbolt he is about to launch, and he finally hurls it with such conscientious solemnity, that its force is too frequently spent before it leaves his hands. That he was a man of exceptionally strong feelings and prejudices, and that he was often very angry, are indisputable facts. But, whether he was afraid of giving the rein to his passion, or whether he was unable to call the resources of art to his aid, the expression which he contrives to give to his sentiments is as often as not disappointing and inadequate. The more probable explanation seems to be that his education had produced its inevitable results, and had substituted effort and depression in the work of his maturer years for spontaneity and animation. Certain it is that, on the one topic in treating of which he habitually throws aside all repression and self-control, he produces an effect the very reverse of that at which he aimed, by a glaringly inartistic employment of hyperbole.

Wherein, then, lies the secret of Mr. Mill's charm?—for charm his style unquestionably possesses. The answer may perhaps be found in two distinct and apparently contradictory characteristics: his extreme simplicity, and his careful affectation of a precision amounting not unfrequently to primness, if not to pedantry. He strives laboriously, and with success, to make his meaning quite plain. His chain of reasoning may be confused, but it is never more confused to the reader than to himself. Though he does not avoid technical language when that is necessary, his drift may be caught by any man of average intelligence who will take the trouble to study his books. On the other hand, he is never for a single moment familiar or colloquial. The man of average intelligence, whom we have figured as applying to his works, will not be tempted into the belief that speculation is all plain-sailing. Rather will he have an agreeable and flattering consciousness that he is grappling with problems of no ordinary



magnitude and solemnity. And this pleasing impression all Mr. Mill's artifices—his long sentences, his long words (of which he is extremely fond), even his turns and tricks of phrase, such as the habitual use of “needs” for “need” in the third person singular—will only deepen and confirm. It is in his political enquiries that this combination of qualities—this admixture of the popular with the severe—is most effective ; but in all he wrote, it was this which, combined with his moral fervour, raised him so high in the esteem of his own generation, and it is this which is destined, possibly, to atone for the want of many more solid and more brilliant literary excellences in the judgment of generations yet to come.

J. H. MILLAR.

## HUMAN NATURE A SCIENCE

THE phenomena with which this science is conversant being the thoughts, feelings, and actions of human beings, it would have attained the ideal perfection of a science if it enabled us to foretell how an individual would think, feel, or act, throughout life, with the same certainty with which astronomy enables us to predict the places and the occultations of the heavenly bodies. It needs scarcely be stated that nothing approaching to this can be done. The actions of individuals could not be predicted with scientific accuracy, were it only because we cannot foresee the whole of the circumstances in which those individuals will be placed. But further, even in any given combination of (present) circumstances, no assertion, which is both precise and universally true, can be made respecting the manner in which human beings will think, feel, or act. This is not, however, because every person's modes of thinking, feeling, and acting, do not depend on causes ; nor can we doubt that if, in the case of any individual, our data could be complete, we even now know enough of the ultimate laws by which mental phenomena are determined, to enable us in many cases to predict, with tolerable certainty, what, in the greater number of supposable combinations of circumstances, his conduct or sentiments would be. But the impressions and actions of human beings are not solely the result of their present circumstances, but the joint result of those circumstances and of the characters of the individuals ; and the agencies which determine human character are so numerous and diversified (nothing which has happened to the person throughout life being without its portion of influence), that in the aggregate they are never in any two cases exactly similar. Hence, even if our science of human nature were theoretically perfect,—that is, if we could calculate any character as we can calculate the orbit of any planet, *from given data*—still, as the data are never all given, nor

ever precisely alike in different cases, we could neither make positive predictions, nor lay down universal propositions.

Inasmuch, however, as many of those effects which it is of most importance to render amenable to human foresight and control are determined, like the tides, in an incomparably greater degree by general causes, than by all partial causes taken together; depending in the main on those circumstances and qualities which are common to all mankind, or at least to large bodies of them, and only in a small degree on the idiosyncrasies of organisation, or the peculiar history of individuals; it is evidently possible with regard to all such effects, to make predictions which will almost always be verified, and general propositions which are almost always true. And whenever it is sufficient to know how the great majority of the human race, or of some nation or class of persons, will think, feel, and act, these propositions are equivalent to universal ones. For the purposes of political and social science this is sufficient. As we formerly remarked, an approximate generalisation is, in social inquiries, for most practical purposes equivalent to an exact one: that which is only probable when asserted of individual beings indiscriminately selected, being certain when affirmed of the character and collective conduct of masses.

It is no disparagement, therefore, to the science of human nature, that those of its general propositions which descend sufficiently into detail to serve as a foundation for predicting phenomena in the concrete, are for the most part only approximately true. But in order to give a genuinely scientific character to the study, it is indispensable that these approximate generalisations, which in themselves would amount only to the lowest kind of empirical laws, should be connected deductively with the laws of nature from which they result; should be resolved into the properties of the causes on which the phenomena depend. In other words, the science of human nature may be said to exist, in proportion as the approximate truths, which compose a practical knowledge of mankind, can be exhibited as corollaries from the universal laws of human nature on which they rest; whereby the proper limits of those approximate truths would be shown, and we should be enabled to deduce others for any new state of circumstances, in anticipation of specific experience.

(From *Logic*.)

## POPULATION AND PRODUCTION

IF this claim on society could be limited to the existing generation ; if nothing more were necessary than a compulsory accumulation, sufficient to provide permanent employment at ample wages for the existing numbers of the people ; such a proposition would have no more strenuous supporter than myself. Society mainly consists of those who live by bodily labour ; and if society, that is, if the labourers lend their physical force to protect individuals in the enjoyment of superfluities they are entitled to do so, and have always done so, with the reservation of a power to tax those superfluities for purposes of public utility ; among which purposes the subsistence of the people is the foremost. Since no one is responsible for having been born, no pecuniary sacrifice is too great to be made by those who have more than enough, for the purpose of securing enough to all persons already in existence.

But it is another thing altogether, when those who have produced and accumulated are called upon to abstain from consuming until they have given food and clothing, not only to all who now exist, but to all whom these or their descendants may think fit to call into existence. Such an obligation acknowledged and acted upon, would suspend all checks, both positive and preventive ; there would be nothing to hinder population from starting forward at its rapidest rate ; and as the natural increase of capital would, at the best, not be more rapid than before, taxation, to make up the growing deficiency, must advance with the same gigantic strides. The attempt would of course be made to exact labour in exchange for support. But experience has shown the sort of work to be expected from the recipients of public charity. When the pay is not given for the sake of the work, but the work found for the sake of the pay, inefficiency is a matter of certainty ; to extract real work from day labourers without the power of dismissal, is only practicable by the power of the lash. It is conceivable, doubtless, that this objection might be got over. The fund raised by taxation might be spread over the labour market generally, as seems to be intended by the supporters of the *droit du travail* in France ; without giving to any unemployed labourer a right to demand support in a particular place or from a particular functionary. The power of dismissal

as regards individual labourers would then remain ; the government only undertaking to create additional employment when there was a deficiency, and reserving, like other employers, the choice of its own workpeople. But let them work ever so efficiently, the increasing population could not, as we have so often shown, increase the produce proportionally : the surplus, after all were fed, would bear a less and less proportion to the whole produce, and to the population ; and the increase of the people going on in a constant ratio, while the increase of produce went on in a diminishing ratio, the surplus would in time be wholly absorbed ; taxation for the support of the poor would engross the whole income of the country ; the payers and the receivers would be melted down in one mass. The check to population either by death or prudence, could not then be staved off any longer, but must come into operation suddenly and at once ; everything which places mankind above a nest of ants or a colony of beavers, having perished in the interval.

These consequences having been so often and so clearly pointed out by authors of reputation, in writings known and accessible, that ignorance of them on the part of educated persons is no longer pardonable, it is doubly discreditable in any person setting up for a public teacher, to ignore these considerations ; to dismiss them silently, and discuss or declaim on wages and poor-laws, not as if these arguments could be refuted, but as if they did not exist.

Every one has a right to live. We will suppose this granted. But no one has a right to bring creatures into life, to be supported by other people. Whoever means to stand upon the first of these rights must renounce all pretension to the last. If a man cannot support even himself unless others help him, those others are entitled to say that they do not also undertake the support of any offspring which it is physically possible for him to summon into the world. Yet there are abundance of writers and public speakers, including many of most ostentatious pretensions to high feeling, whose views of life are so truly brutish, that they see hardship in preventing paupers from breeding hereditary paupers in the workhouse itself. Posterity will one day ask with astonishment what sort of people it could be among whom such preachers could find proselytes ?

It would be possible for the state to guarantee employment at ample wages to all who are born. But if it does this, it is bound

in self-protection, and for the sake of every purpose for which government exists, to provide that no person shall be born without its consent. If the ordinary and spontaneous motives to self-restraint are removed, others must be substituted. Restrictions on marriage, at least equivalent to those existing in some of the German States, or severe penalties on those who have children when unable to support them, would then be indispensable. Society can feed the necessitous, if it takes their multiplication under its control; or (if destitute of all moral feeling for the wretched offspring) it can leave the last to their discretion, abandoning the first to their own care. But it cannot with impunity take the feeding upon itself, and leave the multiplying free.

To give profusely to the people, whether under the name of charity or of employment, without placing them under such influences that prudential motives shall act powerfully upon them, is to lavish the means of benefiting mankind, without attaining the object. Leave the people in a situation in which their condition manifestly depends upon their numbers, and the greatest permanent benefit may be derived from any sacrifice made to improve the physical well-being of the present generation, and raise, by that means, the habits of their children. But remove the regulation of their wages from their own control; guarantee to them a certain payment, either by law, or by the feeling of the community; and no amount of comfort that you can give them will make either them or their descendants look to their own self-restraint as the proper means for preserving them in that state. You will only make them indignantly claim the continuance of your guarantee to themselves and their full complement of possible posterity.

(From *Political Economy*.)

## ON THE STATIONARY STATE

I CANNOT, therefore, regard the stationary state of capital and wealth with the unaffected aversion so generally manifested towards it by political economists of the 'old school'. I am inclined to believe that it would be, on the whole, a very considerable improvement on our present condition. I confess I am not charmed with the ideal of life held out by those who think

that the normal state of human beings is that of struggling to get on; that the trampling, crushing, elbowing, and treading on each other's heels which form the existing type of social life, are the most desirable lot of human kind, or anything but the disagreeable symptoms of one of the phases of industrial progress. It may be a necessary stage in the progress of civilisation, and those European nations which have hitherto been so fortunate as to be preserved from it, may have it yet to undergo. It is an incident of growth, not a mark of decline, for it is not necessarily destructive of the higher aspirations and the heroic virtues; as America, in her great civil war, is proving to the world, both by her conduct as a people and by numerous splendid individual examples, and as England, it is to be hoped, would also prove on an equally trying and exciting occasion. But it is not a kind of social perfection which philanthropists to come will feel any very eager desire to assist in realising. Most fitting, indeed, is it, that while riches are power, and to grow as rich as possible the universal object of ambition, the path to its attainment should be open to all, without favour or partiality. But the best state for human nature is that in which, while no one is poor, no one desires to be richer, nor has any reason to fear being thrust back, by the efforts of others to push themselves forwards.

That the energies of mankind should be kept in employment by the struggle for riches, as they were formerly by the struggle of war, until the better minds succeed in educating the others into better things, is undoubtedly more desirable than that they should rust and stagnate. While minds are coarse they require coarse stimuli, and let them have them. In the meantime, those who do not accept the present very early stage of human improvement as its ultimate type, may be excused for being comparatively indifferent to the kind of economical progress which excites the congratulations of ordinary politicians; the mere increase of production and accumulation. For the safety of national independence it is essential that a country should not fall much behind its neighbours in these things. But in themselves they are of little importance, so long as neither the increase of population nor anything else prevents the mass of the people from reaping any part of the benefit of them. I know not why it should be matter of congratulation that persons who are already richer than any one needs to be, should have doubled their means of consuming things which give little or no pleasure except as

representative of wealth ; or that numbers of individuals should pass over, every year, from the middle classes into a richer class, or from the class of the occupied rich to that of the unoccupied. It is only in the backward countries of the world that increased production is still an important object : in those most advanced, what is economically needed is a better distribution, of which one indispensable means is a stricter restraint on population. Levelling institutions, either of a just or of an unjust kind, cannot alone accomplish it ; they may lower the heights of society, but they cannot, of themselves, permanently raise the depths.

On the other hand, we may suppose this better distribution of property attained, by the joint effect of the prudence and frugality of individuals, and of a system of legislation favouring equality of fortunes, so far as is consistent with the just claim of the individual to the fruits whether great or small, of his or her own industry. We may suppose, for instance (according to the suggestion thrown out in a former chapter), a limitation of the sum which any person may acquire by gift or inheritance, to the amount sufficient to constitute a moderate independence. Under this twofold influence, society would exhibit these leading features : a well-paid and affluent body of labourers ; no enormous fortunes, except what were earned and accumulated during a single lifetime ; but a much larger body of persons than at present, not only exempt from the coarser toils, but with sufficient leisure, both physical and mental, from mechanical details, to cultivate freely the graces of life, and afford examples of them to the classes less favourably circumstanced for their growth. This condition of society, so greatly preferable to the present, is not only perfectly compatible with the stationary state, but, it would seem more naturally allied with that state than with any other.

There is room in the world, no doubt, and even in old countries, for a great increase of population, supposing the arts of life to go on improving, and capital to increase. But even if innocuous, I confess I see very little reason for desiring it. The density of population necessary to enable mankind to obtain, in the greatest degree, all the advantages both of co-operation and of social intercourse, has, in all the most populous countries been attained. A population may be too crowded, though all be amply supplied with food and raiment. It is not good for man to be kept perforce at all times in the presence of his species. A



world from which solitude is extirpated is a very poor ideal. Solitude, in the sense of being often alone, is essential to any depth of meditation or of character; and solitude in the presence of natural beauty and grandeur is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations which are not only good for the individual, but which society could ill do without. Nor is there much satisfaction in contemplating the world with nothing left to the spontaneous activity of nature; with every rood of land brought into cultivation which is capable of growing food for human beings; every flowery waste or natural pasture ploughed up, all quadrupeds or birds which are not domesticated for man's use exterminated as his rivals for food, every hedgerow or superfluous tree rooted out, and scarcely a place left where a wild shrub or flower could grow without being eradicated as a weed in the name of improved agriculture. If the earth must lose that great portion of its pleasantness which it owes to things that the unlimited increase of wealth and population would extirpate from it, for the mere purpose of enabling it to support a larger, but not a better or a happier population, I sincerely hope, for the sake of posterity, that they will be content to be stationary, long before necessity compels them to it.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that a stationary condition of capital and population implies no stationary state of human improvement. There would be as much scope as ever for all kinds of mental culture, and moral and social progress; as much room for improving the Art of Living, and much more likelihood of its being improved, when minds ceased to be engrossed by the art of getting on. Even the industrial arts might be as earnestly and as successfully cultivated, with this sole difference, that instead of serving no purpose but the increase of wealth, industrial improvements would produce their legitimate effect, that of abridging labour. Hitherto it is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being. They have enabled a greater population to live the same life of drudgery and imprisonment, and an increased number of manufacturers and others to make fortunes. They have increased the comforts of the middle classes. But they have not yet begun to effect those great changes in human destiny, which it is in their nature and in their futurity to accomplish. Only when, in addition to just institutions, the increase of mankind shall be under the deliberate guidance of judicious foresight,

can the conquests made from the powers of nature by the intellect and energy of scientific discoverers, become the common property of the species, and the means of improving and elevating the universal lot.

(From the Same.)

## THE FORMATION OF RATIONAL OPINION

WHEN we consider either the history of opinion, or the ordinary conduct of human life, to what is it to be ascribed that the one and the other are no worse than they are? Not certainly to the inherent force of the human understanding; for, on any matter not self-evident, there are ninety-nine persons totally incapable of judging of it, for one who is capable; and the capacity of the hundredth person is only comparative; for the majority of the eminent men of every past generation held many opinions now known to be erroneous, and did or approved numerous things which no one will now justify. Why is it, then, that there is on the whole a preponderance among mankind of rational opinions and rational conduct? If there really is this preponderance—which there must be unless human affairs are, and have always been, in an almost desperate state—it is owing to a quality of the human mind, the source of everything respectable in man either as an intellectual or as a moral being, namely, that his errors are corrigible. He is capable of rectifying his mistakes, by discussion and experience. Not by experience alone. There must be discussion, to show how experience is to be interpreted. Wrong opinions and practices gradually yield to fact and argument; but facts and arguments, to produce any effect on the mind, must be brought before it. Very few facts are able to tell their own story, without comments to bring out their meaning. The whole strength and value, then, of human judgment, depending on the one property, that it can be set right when it is wrong, reliance can be placed on it only when the means of setting it right are kept constantly at hand. In the case of any person whose judgment is really deserving of confidence, how has it become so? Because he has kept his mind open to criticism of his opinions and conduct. Because it has been his practice to listen to all that could be said against him; to profit by as much of it as was just, and to expound to himself, and upon occasion to

others, the fallacy of what was fallacious. Because he has felt, that the only way in which a human being can make some approach to knowing the whole of a subject, is by hearing what can be said about it by persons of every variety of opinion, and studying all modes in which it can be looked at by every character of mind. No wise man ever acquired his wisdom in any mode but this; nor is it in the nature of human intellect to become wise in any other manner. The steady habit of correcting and completing his own opinion by collating it with those of others, so far from causing doubt and hesitation in carrying it into practice, is the only stable foundation for a just reliance on it: for being cognisant of all that can, at least obviously, be said against him, and having taken up his position against all gain-sayers—knowing that he has sought for objections and difficulties, instead of avoiding them, and has shut out no light which can be thrown upon the subject from any quarter—he has a right to think his judgment better than that of any person, or any multitude, who have not gone through a similar process.

It is not too much to require that what the wisest of mankind, those who are best entitled to trust their own judgment, find necessary to warrant their relying on it, should be submitted to by that miscellaneous collection of a few wise and many foolish individuals, called the public. The most intolerant of churches, the Roman Catholic Church, even at the canonization of a saint, admits and listens patiently to a devil's advocate. The holiest of men, it appears cannot be admitted to posthumous honours, until all that the devil could say against him is known and weighed. If even the Newtonian philosophy were not permitted to be questioned, mankind could not feel as complete assurance of its truth as they do now. The beliefs which we have most warrant for have no safeguard to rest on, but a standing invitation to the whole world to prove them unfounded. If the challenge is not accepted, or is accepted and the attempt fails, we are far enough from certainty still; but we have done the best that the existing state of human reason admits of; we have neglected nothing that could give the truth a chance of reaching us; if the lists are kept open, we may hope that if there be a better truth, it will be found when the human mind is capable of receiving it; and in the meantime we may rely on having attained such approach to truth as is possible in our own day. This is the amount of certainty attainable by a fallible being, and this is the sole way of attaining it.

(From *Liberty*.)

## MRS. GASKELL

[Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson was born in Lindsay Row (now part of Cheyne Walk), Chelsea, 29th September 1810. On 30th August 1832, she married at Huntsford the Rev. William Gaskell, minister of Cross Street Unitarian Chapel, Manchester. During the rest of her life she resided chiefly at Manchester. She died at Holybourne, near Alton in Hampshire, on 12th November 1865 ]

THE time may come, peradventure it is even now with us, when the distinction or difference between authors and authoresses will needs be obliterated from any critical survey of the progress of English prose. Whether or not Mrs. Gaskell would have derived any special joy from witnessing the advent of such an epoch, is a more or less idle inquiry; as a matter of fact, although in her way herself a classic writer of English prose, besides being the standard biographer of another, she lived not in a new literary age, but in a period of transition. Beyond a doubt this helps to explain the remarkable contrasts, as well as developments, observable in her style and manner as a writer; although nothing could be more obvious than that it was a conscious restraint of her powers, rather than the granting of a free hand to them, which enabled her genius to concentrate instead of dissipating the efforts of a maturity that knew no decay. In *Mary Barton*, her first and to this day most famous book, Mrs. Gaskell asserted the right of treating serious social problems sentimentally—a woman's right if ever there was one, although women have not always agreed as to which are really the serious problems of society. She vindicated her claim by means of that kind of pathos which comes straight from the heart and goes straight to it, and which, being in this instance fed by just observation not less than by intense sympathy, was already here and there relieved by touches of the humour so characteristic of her later works. Yet it may, notwithstanding, be said of her that her literary reputation was more than half made before she began fully to form her literary manner. In my judgment, the example of Dickens counted

for not a little in the process ; and to his art her own, without forfeiting at any time its originality, was more signally indebted than was the craft of his hundred imitators to the mannerisms of the master. It has been little noticed, though the phenomenon is full of interest to the students of style, that Mrs. Gaskell had already with conspicuous success essayed what in the absence of dates would inevitably have been set down as her "later" manner, while she was still following to all appearance her earlier lines of composition. The majority of the *Cranford* papers appeared in *Household Words* before *Ruth* was published ; and *North and South*, where no doubt a growth of something beyond form is to be noted, was completed some time later. The charm of *Cranford*, although perhaps a little fainter than of old, now that associations of time and place have lost much of their force, is still very real, and the little book will always be treasured by those for whom the miniatures of the early part of the century have an irresistible attraction. When, after the strain to which Mrs. Gaskell had been subjected by the publication of her *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, a masterpiece, in spite of all early cavils and later supplements, she returned to fiction, she proved to have finally formed the style which is inalienably her own. Its exquisite delicacy of texture and tender grace, subduing but not concealing an irony which is the secret of the finest of English humorous prose, characterise each of her last three fictions. Of these, *Sylvia's Lovers* probably displays the greatest intensity of feeling, together with the most vivid individual colouring, while the (nominally) incomplete *Wives and Daughters* is enlivened by the most masterly management of the tranquil sidelights of pure and playful humour. But the choicest gem of all is the idyll of *Cousin Phillis*, simply set in surroundings which seem as if designed to reveal mysteries of poetic feeling destined to remain for ever peculiar to English art, whose inspiration is drawn from the life of English homes.

The biography of Mrs. Gaskell, we know, is likely to remain unwritten ; and though literary criticism must chafe against conditions which impair its force, the restriction may in this instance not prove wholly disadvantageous. Something may be learnt by guessing, instead of being taught in detail, how a self-control which matured a literary style as strong as it is tender, and as subtle as it is sweet, reflected the wondrously diversified experiences of a pure and disciplined woman's life.

A. W. WARD.

## ESTHER'S SEARCH FOR MARY

I MUST go back a little to explain the motives which caused Esther to seek an interview with her niece.

The murder had been committed early on Thursday night, and between then and the dawn of the following day there was ample time for the news to spread far and wide among all those whose duty, or whose want, or whose errors, caused them to be abroad in the streets of Manchester.

Among those who listened to the tale of violence was Esther.

A craving desire to know more took possession of her mind. Far away as she was from Turner Street, she immediately set off to the scene of the murder, which was faintly lighted by the gray dawn as she reached the spot. It was so quiet and still that she could hardly believe it to be the place. The only vestige of any scuffle or violence was a trail on the dust, as if somebody had been lying there, and then been raised by extraneous force. The little birds were beginning to hop and twitter in the leafless hedge, making the only sound that was near and distinct. She crossed into the field where she guessed the murderer to have stood ; it was easy of access, for the worn, stunted hawthorn-hedge had many gaps in it. The night-smell of bruised grass came up from under her feet, as she went towards the saw-pit and carpenter's shed, which as I have said before, were in a corner of the field near the road, and where one of her informants had told her it was supposed by the police that the murderer had lurked while waiting for his victim. There was no sign, however, that any one had been about the place. If the grass had been bruised or bent where he had trod, it had had enough of the elasticity of life to raise itself under the dewy influences of night. She hushed her breath in involuntary awe, but nothing else told of the violent deed by which a fellow-creature had passed away. She stood still for a minute, imagining to herself the position of the parties,

guided by the only circumstance which afforded any evidence, the trailing mark on the dust in the road.

Suddenly (it was before the sun had risen above the horizon) she became aware of something white in the hedge. All other colours wore the same murky hue, though the forms of objects were perfectly distinct. What was it? It could not be a flower; —that, the time of the year made clear. A frozen lump of snow, lingering late in one of the gnarled tufts of the hedge? She stepped forward to examine. It proved to be a little piece of stiff writing-paper compressed into a round shape. She understood it instantly; it was the paper that had served for wadding for the murderer's gun. Then she had been standing just where the murderer must have been but a few hours before; probably (as the rumour had spread through the town reaching her ears) one of the poor maddened turn-outs, who hung about everywhere, with black, fierce looks, as if contemplating some deed of violence. Her sympathy was all with them, for she had known what they suffered; and besides this, there was her own individual dislike of Mr. Carson, and dread of him for Mary's sake. Yet poor Mary! Death was a terrible, though sure remedy, for the evil Esther had dreaded for her; and how would she stand the shock, loving as her aunt believed her to do. Poor Mary! who would comfort her? Esther's thoughts began to picture her sorrow, her despair, when the news of her lover's death would reach her; and she longed to tell her there might have been a keener grief yet had he lived.

Beautiful, bright came the slanting rays of the morning sun. It was time for such as she to hide themselves, with the other obscene things of night, from the glorious light of day, which was only for the happy. So she turned her steps towards town, still holding the paper. But in getting over the hedge it encumbered her to hold it in her clasped hand, and she threw it down. She passed on a few steps, her thoughts still of Mary, till the idea crossed her mind, could it (blank as it appeared to be) give any clue to the murderer? As I said before, her sympathies were all on that side, so she turned back and picked it up; and then feeling as if in some measure an accessory, she hid it unexamined in her hand, and hastily passed out of the street at the opposite end to that by which she had entered it.

And, what do you think she felt, when having walked some distance from the spot, she dared to open the crushed paper, and

saw written on it Mary Barton's name, and not only that, but the street in which she lived ! True, a letter or two was torn off, but, nevertheless, there was the name clear to be recognised. And oh ! what a terrible thought flashed into her mind ; or was it only fancy ? But it looked very like the writing which she had once known well—the writing of Jem Wilson, who, when she lived at her brother-in-law's, and he was a near neighbour, had often been employed by her to write her letters to people, to whom she was ashamed of sending her own misspelt scrawl. She remembered the wonderful flourishes she had so much admired in those days, while she sat by dictating, and Jem, in all the pride of newly-acquired penmanship, used to dazzle her eyes by extraordinary graces and twirls.

If it were his !

Oh ! perhaps it was merely that her head was running so on Mary, that she was associating every trifle with her. As if only one person wrote in that flourishing, meandering style !

It was enough to fill her mind to think from what she might have saved Mary by securing the paper. She would look at it just once more, and see if some very dense and stupid policeman could have mistaken the name, or if Mary would certainly have been dragged into notice in the affair.

No ! no one could have mistaken the "ry Barton," and it *was* Jem's handwriting !

Oh ! if it was so, she understood it all, and she had been the cause ! With her violent and unregulated nature, rendered morbid by the course of life she led, and her consciousness of her degradation, she cursed herself for the interference which she believed had led to this ; for the information and the warning she had given to Jem, which had roused him to this murderous action. How could she, the abandoned and polluted outcast, ever have dared to hope for a blessing, even on her efforts to do good ? The black curse of Heaven rested on all her doings, were they for good or for evil.

Poor, diseased mind ! and there were none to minister to thee !

So she wandered about, too restless to take her usual heavy morning's sleep, up and down the streets, greedily listening to every word of the passers-by, and loitering near each group of talkers, anxious to scrape together every morsel of information, or conjecture, or suspicion, though without possessing any definite purpose in all this. And ever and always she clenched the scrap



of paper which might betray so much, until her nails had deeply indented the palm of her hand ; so fearful was she in her nervous dread, lest unawares she should let it drop.

Towards the middle of the day she could no longer evade the body's craving want of rest and refreshment ; but the rest was taken in a spirit vault, and the refreshment was a glass of gin.

Then she started up from the stupor she had taken for repose ; and suddenly driven before the gusty impulses of her mind, she pushed her way to the place where at that very time the police were bringing the information they had gathered with regard to the all-engrossing murder. She listened with painful acuteness of comprehension to dropped words, and unconnected sentences, the meaning of which became clearer, and yet more clear to her. Jem was suspected. Jem was ascertained to be the murderer.

She saw him (although he, absorbed in deep sad thought, saw her not), she saw him brought handcuffed, and guarded out of the coach. She saw him enter the station—she gasped for breath till he came out, still handcuffed, and still guarded, to be conveyed to the New Bailey.

He was the only one who had spoken to her with hope that she might win her way back to virtue. His words had lingered in her heart with a sort of call to Heaven, like distant Sabbath bells, although in her despair she had turned away from his voice. He was the only one who had spoken to her kindly. The murder, shocking though it was, was an absent, abstract thing, on which her thoughts could not, and would not dwell ; all that was present in her mind was Jim's danger, and his kindness.

Then Mary came to remembrance. Esther wondered till she was sick of wondering, in what way she was taking the affair. In some manner it would be a terrible blow for the poor motherless girl ; with her dreadful father, too, who was to Esther a sort of accusing angel.

She set off towards the court where Mary lived, to pick up what she could there of information. But she was ashamed to enter in where once she had been innocent, and hung about the neighbouring streets, not daring to question, so she learnt but little ; nothing, in fact, but the knowledge of John Barton's absence from home.

She went up a dark entry to rest her weary limbs on a doorstep and think. Her elbows on her knees, her face hidden in her hands, she tried to gather together and arrange her thoughts.

But still every now and then she opened her hand to see if the paper were yet there.

She got up at last. She formed a plan, and had a course of action to look forward to that would satisfy one craving desire at least. The time was gone by when there was much wisdom or consistency in her projects.

It was getting late, and that was so much the better. She went to a pawnshop, and took off her finery in a back room. She was known by the people, and had a character for honesty, so she had no very great difficulty in inducing them to let her have a suit of outer clothes, befitting the wife of a working man, a black silk bonnet, a printed gown, a plaid shawl, dirty and rather worn to be sure, but which had a sort of sanctity to the eyes of the street walker, as being the appropriate garb of that happy class to which she could never, never more belong.

She looked at herself in the little glass which hung against the wall, and sadly shaking her head, thought how easy were the duties of that Eden of innocence from which she was shut out; how she would work, and toil, and starve, and die, if necessary, for a husband, a home—for children—but that thought she could not bear; a little form rose up, stern in its innocence, from the witches' caldron of her imagination, and she rushed into action again.

(From *Mary Barton*.)

## A HAPPY RETURN

MARTHA was beginning to go about again, and I had already fixed a limit, not very far distant, to my visit, when one afternoon, as I was sitting in the shop-parlour with Miss Matty—I remember the weather was colder now than it had been in May, three weeks before, and we had a fire and kept the door fully closed—we saw a gentleman go slowly past the window, and then stand opposite to the door, as if looking out for the name which we had so carefully hidden. He took out a double eye-glass and peered about for some time before he could discover it. Then he came in. And, all on a sudden, it flashed across me that it was the Aga himself! For his clothes had an out-of-the-way foreign cut about them, and his face was deep brown, as if tanned and re-tanned by the sun. His complexion contrasted oddly with his

plentiful snow-white hair, his eyes were dark and piercing, and he had an odd way of contracting them and puckering up his cheeks into innumerable wrinkles when he looked earnestly at objects. He did so to Miss Matty when he first came in. His glance had first caught and lingered a little upon me, but then turned, with the peculiar searching look I have described, to Miss Matty. She was a little fluttered and nervous, but no more so than she always was when any man came into her shop. She thought that he would probably have a note, or a sovereign at least, for which she would have to give change, which was an operation she very much disliked to perform. But the present customer stood opposite to her, without asking for anything, only looking fixedly at her as he drummed upon the table with his fingers, just for all the world as Miss Jenkyns used to do. Miss Matty was on the point of asking him what he wanted (as she told me afterwards), when he turned sharp to me: "Is your name Mary Smith?"

"Yes!" said I.

All my doubts as to his identity were set at rest, and I only wondered what he would say or do next, and how Miss Matty would stand the joyful shock of what he had to reveal. Apparently he was at a loss how to announce himself, for he looked round at last in search of something to buy, so as to gain time, and as it happened, his eye caught on the almond-comfits, and he boldly asked for a pound of "those things." I doubt if Miss Matty had a whole pound in the shop, and, besides the unusual magnitude of the order, she was distressed with the idea of the indigestion they would produce, taken in such unlimited quantities. She looked up to remonstrate. Something of tender relaxation in his face struck home to her heart. She said, "It is—O sir! can you be Peter?" and trembled from head to foot. In a moment he was round the table and had her in his arms, sobbing the tearless cries of old age. I brought her a glass of wine, for indeed her colour had changed so as to alarm me and Mr. Peter too. He kept saying, "I have been too sudden for you, Matty—I have my little girl.

I proposed that she should go at once up into the drawing-room and lie down on the sofa there. She looked wistfully at her brother, whose hand she had held tight, even when nearly fainting; but on his assuring her that he would not leave her, she allowed him to carry her upstairs.

I thought that the best I could do was to run and put the

kettle on the fire for early tea, and then to attend to the shop, leaving the brother and sister to exchange some of the many thousand things they must have to say. I had also to break the news to Martha, who received it with a burst of tears which nearly infected me. She kept recovering herself to ask if I was sure it was indeed Miss Matty's brother, for I had mentioned that he had gray hair and she had always heard that he was a very handsome young man. Something of the same kind perplexed Miss Matty at tea-time, when she was installed in the great easy-chair opposite to Mr. Jenkyns's in order to gaze her fill. She could hardly drink for looking at him, and as for eating, that was out of the question.

"I suppose hot climates age people very quickly," said she, almost to herself. "When you left Cranford you had not a gray hair in your head."

"But how many years ago is that?" said Mr. Peter, smiling.

"Ah true! yes, I suppose you and I are getting old. But still I did not think we were so very old! But white hair is very becoming to you, Peter," she continued—a little afraid lest she had hurt him by revealing how his appearance had impressed her.

"I suppose I forgot dates too, Matty, for what do you think I have brought for you from India? I have an Indian muslin gown and a pearl necklace for you somewhere in my chest at Portsmouth." He smiled as if amused at the idea of the incongruity of his presents with the appearance of his sister; but this did not strike her all at once, while the elegance of the articles did. I could see that for a moment her imagination dwelt complacently on the idea of herself thus attired; and instinctively she put her hand up to her throat—that little delicate throat which (as Miss Pole had told me) had been one of her youthful charms; but the hand met the touch of folds of soft muslin in which she always swathed up her chin, and the sensation recalled a sense of the unsuitableness of a pearl necklace to her age. She said, "I'm afraid I'm too old; but it was very kind of you to think of it. They are just what I should have liked years ago—when I was young."

"So I thought, my little Matty. I remembered your tastes; they were so like my dear mother's." At the mention of that name the brother and sister clasped each other's hands yet more fondly, and, although they were perfectly silent, I fancied they might have something to say if they were unchecked by my

presence, and I got up to arrange my room for Mr. Peter's occupation that night, intending myself to share Miss Matty's bed. But at my movement he started up. "I must go and settle about a room at the 'George.' My carpet-bag is there too."

"No!" said Miss Matty, in great distress—"you must not go; please, dear Peter—pray, Mary—oh! you must not go!"

She was so much agitated that we both promised everything she wished. Peter sat down again and gave her his hand, which for better security she held in both of hers, and I left the room to accomplish my arrangements.

Long, long into the night, far, far into the morning, did Miss Matty and I talk. She had much to tell me of her brother's life and adventures, which he had communicated to her as they had sat alone. She said all was thoroughly clear to her; but I never quite understood the whole story; and when in after days I lost my awe of Mr. Peter enough to question him myself, he laughed at my curiosity, and told me stories that sounded so very much like Baron Munchausen's, that I was sure he was making fun of me. What I heard from Miss Matty was that he had been a volunteer at the siege of Rangoon; had been taken prisoner by the Burmese; had somehow obtained favour and eventual freedom from knowing how to bleed the chief of the small tribe in some case of dangerous illness; that on his release from years of captivity he had had his letters returned from England with the ominous word "Dead" marked upon them; and believing himself to be the last of his race, he had settled down as an indigo planter, and had proposed to spend the remainder of his life in the country to whose inhabitants and modes of life he had become habituated, when my letter had reached him, and with the odd vehemence which characterised him in age as it had done in youth, he had sold his land and all his possessions to the first purchaser, and come home to his poor old sister, who was more glad and rich than any princess when she looked at him. She talked me to sleep at last, and then I was awakened by a slight sound at the door, for which she begged my pardon as she crept penitently into bed; but it seems that when I could no longer confirm her belief that the long-lost was really here—under the same roof—she had begun to fear lest it was only a waking dream of hers; that there had never been a Peter sitting by her all that blessed evening—but that the real Peter lay dead far away beneath some wild sea-wave, or under some

strange eastern tree. And so strong had this nervous feeling of hers become, that she was fain to get up and go and convince herself that he was really there by listening through the door to his even, regular breathing—I don't like to call it snoring, but I heard it myself through two closed doors—and by and by it soothed Miss Matty to sleep.

I don't believe Mr. Peter came home from India as rich as a nabob, he even considered himself poor, but neither he nor Miss Matty cared much about that. At any rate, he had enough to live upon "very genteelly" at Cranford; he and Miss Matty together. And a day or two after his arrival the shop was closed, while troops of little urchins gleefully awaited the shower of comfits and lozenges that came from time to time down upon their faces as they stood up-gazing at Miss Matty's drawing-room windows.

Occasionally Miss Matty would say to them (half-hidden behind the curtains), "My dear children don't make yourselves ill"; but a strong arm pulled her back, and a more rattling shower than ever succeeded. A part of the tea was sent in presents to the Cranford ladies; and some of it was distributed among the old people who remember Mr. Peter in the days of his frolicsome youth. The India muslin gown was reserved for darling Flora Gordon (Miss Jessie Brown's daughter). The Gordons had been on the Continent for the last few years, but were now expected to return very soon; and Miss Matty, in her sisterly pride, anticipated great delight in the joy of showing them Mr. Peter. The pearl necklace disappeared; and about that time many handsome and useful presents made their appearance in the households of Miss Pole and Mrs. Forrester; and some rare and delicate Indian ornaments graced the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Jamieson and Mrs. Fitz-Adam. I myself was not forgotten. Among other things, I had the handsomest bound and best edition of Dr. Johnson's works that could be procured and dear Miss Matty, with tears in her eyes, begged me to consider it as a present from her sister as well as herself. In short, no one was forgotten; and, what was more, every one, however insignificant, who had shown kindness to Miss Matty at any time, was sure of Mr. Peter's cordial regard.

(From *Cranford*.)

## COUSIN PHILLIS

THE morrow was blue, and sunny, and beautiful; the very perfection of an early summer's day. Mr. Holdsworth was all impatience to be off into the country; morning had brought back his freshness and strength, and consequent eagerness to be doing. I was afraid we were going to my cousin's farm rather too early, before they would expect us; but what could I do with such a restless vehement man as Holdsworth was that morning? We came down upon the Hope Farm before the dew was off the grass on the shady side of the lane; the great house-dog was loose, basking in the sun near the closed side door. I was surprised at this door being shut, for all summer long it was open from morning to night; but it was only on latch. I opened it, Rover watching me with half-suspicious, half-trustful eyes. The room was empty.

"I don't know where they can be," said I. "But come in and sit down while I go and look for them. You must be tired."

"Not I. This sweet balmy air is like a thousand tonics. Besides this room is hot, and smells of those pungent wood-ashes. What are we to do?"

"Go round to the kitchen. Betty will tell us where they are."

So we went round into the farm yard. Rover accompanying us out of a grave sense of duty. Betty was washing out her milk-pans in the cold bubbling spring-water that constantly trickled in and out of a stone trough. In such weather as this most of her kitchen work was done out of doors.

"Eh, dear!" said she, "the minister and missus is away at Hornby! They ne'er thought of your coming so betimes! The missus had some errands to do, and she thought as she'd walk with the minister and be back by dinner time."

"Did not they expect us to dinner?" said I.

"Well they did, and they did not, as I may say. Missus said to me the cold lamb would do well enough if you did not come; and if you did I was to put on a chicken and some bacon to boil; and I'll go and do it now, for it is hard to boil bacon enough."

"And is Phillis gone too?" Mr. Holdsworth was making friends with Rover.

"No! she's just somewhere about. I'll reckon you find her in the kitchen garden, getting peas."

"Let us go there," said Holdsworth, suddenly leaving off his play with the dog.

So I led the way into the kitchen garden. It was in the first promise of a summer profuse in vegetables and fruits. Perhaps it was not so much cared for as other parts of the property; but it was more attended to than most kitchen gardens belonging to farmhouses. There were borders of flowers along each side of the gravel walks; and there was an old sheltering wall on the north side covered with tolerably choice fruit-trees; there was a slope down to the fish-pond at the end, where there were great strawberry beds; and raspberry bushes and rose bushes grew wherever there was a space; it seemed a chance which had been planted. Long rows of peas stretched at right angles from the main walk, and I saw Phillis stooping down among them, before she saw us. As soon as she heard our cranching steps on the gravel, she stood up, and shading her eyes from the sun recognised us. She was quite still for a moment, and then came slowly towards us, blushing a little from evident shyness. I had never seen Phillis shy before.

"This is Mr. Holdsworth, Phillis," said I, as soon as I had shaken hands with her. She glanced up at him, and then looked down more flushed than ever at his grand formality of taking off his hat and bowing; such manners had never been seen at Hope Farm before.

"Father and mother are out. They will be so sorry; you did not write, Paul, as you said you would."

"It was my fault," said Holdsworth, understanding what she meant as well as if she had put it more fully into words. "I have not yet given up all the privileges of an invalid; one of which is indecision. Last night, when your cousin asked me at what time we were to start, I really could not make up my mind."

Phillis seemed as if she could not make up her mind what to do with us. I tried to help her—

"Have you finished getting peas?" taking hold of the half-filled basket she was unconsciously holding in her hand; "or may we stay and help you?"

"If you would. But perhaps it will tire you, sir?" added she, speaking now to Holdsworth.

"Not a bit," said he. "It will carry me back twenty years in



my life, when I used to gather peas in my grandfather's garden. I suppose I may eat a few as I go along?"

"Certainly, sir. But if you went to the strawberry beds you would find some strawberries ripe, and Paul can show you where they are."

"I am afraid you distrust me. I can assure you I know the exact fulness at which peas should be gathered. I take great care not to pluck them when they are unripe. I will not be turned off as unfit for my work."

This was a style of half-joking that Phillis was not accustomed to. She looked for a moment as if she would have liked to defend herself from the playful charge of distrust made against her, but she ended by not saying a word. We all plucked our peas in busy silence for the next five minutes. Then Holdsworth lifted himself up from between the rows, and said a little wearily—

"I am afraid I must strike work. I am not as strong as I fancied myself."

Phillis was full of penitence immediately. He did, indeed, look pale; and she blamed herself for having allowed him to help her.

"It was very thoughtless of me. I did not know—I thought, perhaps, you really liked it. I ought to have offered you something to eat, sir! O Paul, we have gathered quite enough; how stupid I was to forget that Mr. Holdsworth had been ill!" And in a blushing hurry she led the way towards the house. We went in, and she moved a heavy cushioned chair forwards, into which Holdsworth was only too glad to sink. Then with deft and quiet speed she brought on a little tray, wine, water, cake, home-made bread, and newly-churned butter. She stood by in some anxiety till, after bite and sup, the colour returned to Mr. Holdsworth's face, and he would fain have made us some laughing apologies for the fright he had given us. But then Phillis drew back from her innocent show of care and interest, and relapsed into the cold shyness habitual to her when she was first thrown into the company of strangers. She brought out the last week's county paper (which Mr. Holdsworth had read five days ago), and then quietly withdrew; and then he subsided into languor, leaning back and shutting his eyes as if he would go to sleep. I stole into the kitchen after Phillis; but she had made the round of the corner of the house outside, and I found her sitting on the horse-mount, with her basket of peas, and a basin into

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which she was shelling them. Rover lay at her feet, snapping now and then at the flies. I went to her, and tried to help her; but somehow the sweet crisp young peas found their way more frequently into my mouth than into the basket, while we talked together in a low tone.

(From *Cousin Phillis*.)



## DR. JOHN BROWN

[Born in 1810, at Biggar in Lanarkshire, the son of Rev. John Brown, theologian and divine, he was educated first at Biggar and later at the High School of Edinburgh. From there he passed to Edinburgh University, and entered upon the study of medicine. He graduated as M.D. in 1833, and practised his profession in Edinburgh for the remainder of his life, attaining considerable reputation for professional skill, and for general culture combined with rare charm of mind and character. Outside his profession and the circle of his acquaintance he became known to the large English-speaking race by three volumes of miscellaneous essays, the first of which appeared in 1858, which their author entitled *Horæ Subsecivæ*. The contents were of the most varied character, the first volume containing the larger proportion on topics of professional interest, but comprising essays and sketches of character, which for mingled charm of style, critical acumen, and humour, are amongst the choicest products of the century. The most famous of these sketches, that bearing the name of "Rab and his Friends," appeared in the first volume, and at once attracted attention. Dr. John Brown died full of years and honours in May 1882.]

IN the summer of 1858 there appeared a volume, from an Edinburgh publishing house, in which neither the author's name nor the title-page conveyed much idea to the South British lover of the *Belles Lettres*. The chief title was *Horæ Subsecivæ*, and the sub-title "Locke and Sydenham, with other occasional papers." The writer was a Scotch physician of the name of Brown, and the bulk of the volume consisted of essays on purely professional topics. There was indeed one bearing the illustrious name of Arthur Hallam, but forty years ago the name had associations less widely diffused than now. But there were two pieces of writing in the volume which would at once reveal to the searcher for new planets in the literary heaven that one of singular originality and charm had "swum into his ken."

The first in order was the preface, in which all the qualities of the writer, afterwards to become so famous and familiar, appeared in a style of their own, as fresh and picturesque and engaging as

that of Charles Lamb or Louis Stevenson. The keenest interest in his own profession was found in close alliance with the widest literary outlook; the liveliest humour, and appreciation of it in others; a poet's and a painter's eye for the lovelinesses of scenery, and a deeply religious and sympathetic nature. The other contribution to the volume was speedily to eclipse all the rest in public favour, and to be identified for the remainder of his life with the writer's name. The title "Rab" is as closely bound up with the name of its originator, as that of "Tom Brown" is and will ever be with that of the late Thomas Hughes.

"Rab and his Friends" is indeed one of those happy masterpieces which it is difficult to criticise without falling into an uncritical ecstasy of praise. "The story," so its author informs us, "is in all essentials strictly matter-of-fact." The assurance was hardly necessary. Alike in material and in workmanship, it has nothing in common with the manufacture of pathetic fiction. We have only to compare it with the "best artificial" in certain popular Scottish "annals of the poor," to feel the difference. Its charm is that of absolute fidelity to life, reflected from the rare and beautiful personality of the narrator. For it is no mere photographic transcript of a remembered incident. The most perfect art controls it throughout—shown for instance in the skill with which the personality of the dog Rab (a humorous character), who begins and ends the story, is so blended with the fortunes of the human actors as never once to strike a jarring note, or disturb the serene flow of the pathetic interest.

Dr. John Brown has been sometimes called the Charles Lamb of Scotland, and no doubt there are points inviting comparison. The unconventionality and homeliness of the subjects which prompt many of the essays: the frank egotism of their treatment, the playfulness and discursiveness of his methods, suggest Lamb. Like the sheep's-head which he has made so famous, there is ever "a fine confused feeding" to be enjoyed from him. But if he be a Scottish *Elia*, it is an *Elia* with this difference—that the moral, and even the deeply religious motive is never missing from even the most unlikely topics. The son of a famous preacher, upon whom some of his finest comments were uttered (in his "Letter to John Cairns"), he bore upon his mind and genius the ineffaceable marks of his religious childhood. There is hardly an essay to which Lamb might not have fairly applied his witty translation of Horace's phrase—"properer for a sermon." But the religiousness of the

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man is so part and parcel of his genius as to disarm, or rather, not even to suggest criticism. His style, imitated from no one model, is the easy, unstudied style of a good letter-writer and talker, yet rising often into a singular beauty and eloquence when some deep moral emotion possesses him. Again and again we feel that with him, as with Samuel Johnson, his wisdom was "the Wisdom of the Just." John Brown is already a classic, because he has made himself loved much. He is yet one more witness that it matters little for an essayist what are his themes, if only the personality of the writer is delightful, and is diffused and discernible through all his work. Tenderness and humour: the love of children and dogs and all helpless things: the enthusiasm for all that is best in human life and character, and inability to feel scorn for any living creature—all this may seem in these days an inadequate equipment for securing a hold upon readers, and becoming a power in literature. But somehow it lives on and stimulates, when each fresh instalment of the ingenious and the recondite on hand-made paper attracts for the moment, and then passes away for ever.

A. AINGER.

## HER LAST HALF CROWN

HUGH MILLER, the geologist, journalist, and man of genius, was sitting in his newspaper office late one dreary winter night. The clerks had all left, and he was preparing to go, when a quick rap came to the door. He said "Come in," and in looking towards the entrance, saw a little ragged child all wet with sleet. "Are ye Hugh Miller?" "Yes." "Mary Duff wants ye." "What does she want?" "She's deeing." Some misty recollection of the name made him at once set out, and with his well-known plaid and stick, he was soon striding after the child, who trotted through the now deserted High Street, into the Canongate. By the time he got to the Old Playhouse Close, Hugh had revived his memory of Mary Duff; a lively girl who had been bred up beside him in Cromarty. The last time he had seen her was at a brother mason's marriage, where Mary was "best maid," and he "best man." He seemed still to see her bright, young, careless face, her tidy shortgown, and her dark eyes, and to hear her bantering, merry tongue.

Down the close went the ragged little woman, and up an outside stair, Hugh keeping near her with difficulty; in the passage she held out her hand and touched him; taking it in his great palm, he felt that she wanted a thumb. Finding her way like a cat through the darkness, she opened a door, and saying, "That's her!" vanished. By the light of a dying fire he saw lying in the corner of the large empty room something like a woman's clothes, and on drawing nearer became aware of a thin pale face and two dark eyes looking keenly but helplessly up at him. The eyes were plainly Mary Duff's, though he could recognise no other feature. She wept silently, gazing steadily at him. "Are you Mary Duff?" "It's a' that's o' me, Hugh." She then tried to speak to him, something plainly of great urgency, but she couldn't;

and seeing that she was very ill, and was making herself worse, he put half-a-crown into her feverish hand, and said he would call again in the morning. He could get no information about her from the neighbours: they were surly or asleep.

When he returned next morning, the little girl met him at the stair-head, and said, "She's deid." He went in and found that it was true; there she lay, the fire out, her face placid, and the likeness to her maiden self restored. Hugh thought he would have known her now, even with those bright black eyes closed as they were, *in æternum*.

Seeking out a neighbour, he said he would like to bury Mary Duff, and arranged for a funeral with an undertaker in the close. Little seemed to be known of the poor outcast, except that she was a "licht," or as Solomon would have said, a "strange woman." "Did she drink?" "Whiles."

On the day of the funeral one or two residents in the close accompanied him to the Canongate Churchyard. He observed a decent-looking little old woman watching them, and following at a distance, though the day was wet and bitter. After the grave was filled, and he had taken off his hat, as the men finished their business by putting on and slapping the sod, he saw this old woman remaining; she came up and curtsying, said, "Ye wad ken that lass, sir?" "Yes; I knew her when she was young." The woman then burst into tears, and told Hugh that she "keepit a bit shop at the close-mooth, and Mary dealt wi' me, and aye paid reglar, and I was feared she was dead, for she had been a month awin' me half-a-crown": and then with a look and voice of awe, she told him how on the night he was sent for, and immediately after he had left she had been awakened by some one in her room; and by her bright fire—for she was a *bein* well-to-do body—she had seen the wasted dying creature, who came forward and said, "Wasn't it half-a-crown?" "Yes." "There it is," and putting it under the bolster, vanished!

Poor Mary Duff, her life had been a sad one since the day when she had stood side by side with Hugh at the wedding of their friends. Her father died not long after, and her mother supplanted her in the affections of the man to whom she had given her heart. The shock made home intolerable. She fled from it blighted and embittered, and after a life of shame and misery, crept into the corner of her room to die alone.

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my



ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

(From *Horæ Subsecivæ*.)

## WALTER SCOTT AND MARJORIE

THE third we all know. What has he not done for every one of us? Who else ever, except Shakespeare, so diverted mankind, entertained and entertains a world so liberally, so wholesomely? We are fain to say, not even Shakespeare, for his is something deeper than diversion, something higher than pleasure, and yet who would care to split this hair?

Had anyone watched him closely before and after the parting, what a change he would see! The bright, broad laugh, the shrewd, jovial word, the man of the Parliament House and of the world; and next step, moody, the light of his eye withdrawn, as if seeing things that were invisible; his shut mouth, like a child's, so impressionable, so innocent, so sad; he was now all within, as before he was all without; hence his brooding look. As the snow blattered in his face he muttered "How it raves and drifts! On-ding o' snaw—ay, that's the word—on-ding—." He was now at his own door, Castle Street, No. 39. He opened the door, and went straight to his den; that wondrous workshop, where, in one year, 1823, when he was fifty-two, he wrote *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, and *St. Ronan's Well*, besides much else. We once took the foremost of our novelists, the greatest, we would say, since Scott, into this room, and could not but mark the solemnising effect of sitting where the great magician sat so often and so long, and looking out upon that little shabby bit of sky, and that back green, where faithful Camp lies.

He sat down in his large, green morocco elbow-chair, drew himself close to his table, and glowered and gloomed at his writing apparatus, a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink-bottles, taper-stand, etc., in silver, the whole in such order, that it might have come from the silversmith's window half-an-hour before. He took out his paper, then starting up angrily, said, "'Go spin, you jade, go spin. No, d—— it, it won't do—

My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,  
The rock o't wunna stand, sir,  
To keep the temper-pin in tiff  
Employs ower aft my hand, sir.

I am off the fang. I can make nothing of *Waverley* to-day: I'll awa' to Marjorie. Come wi' me, Maida, you thief." The great creature rose slowly, and the pair were off, Scott taking a *maud* (a plaid) with him. "White as a frosted plum-cake, by jingo!" said he, when he got to the street. Maida gambolled and whisked among the snow, and his master strode across to Young Street, and through it to 1 North Charlotte Street, to the house of his dear friend, Mrs. William Keith of Corstorphine Hill, niece of Mrs. Keith of Ravelston, of whom he said at her death, eight years after, "Much tradition, and that of the best, has died with this excellent old lady, one of the few persons whose spirits and *cleanliness* and freshness of mind and body made old age lovely and desirable."

Sir Walter was in that house almost every day, and had a key, so in he and the hound went, shaking themselves in the lobby. "Marjorie! Marjorie!" shouted her friend, "where are ye, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?" In a moment a bright, eager child of seven was in his arms, and he was kissing her all over. Out came Mrs. Keith. "Come yer ways in, Wattie." "No, not now. I am going to take Marjorie wi' me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Roy's sedan, and bring the bairn home in your lap." "Tak' Marjorie, and it *on-ding o' snaw!*" said Mrs. Keith. He said to himself, "On-ding—that's odd—that is the very word." "Hoot, awa! look here," and he displayed the corner of his plaid, made to hold lambs—(the true shepherd's plaid, consisting of two breadths sewed together, and uncut at one end, making a poke or *cul de sac*. "Tak' yer lamb," said she, laughing at the contrivance, and so the Pet was first well happit up, and then put, laughing silently, into the plaid-neuk, and the shepherd strode off with his lamb,—Maida gambolling through the snow, and running races in his mirth.

Didn't he face "the angry airt," and make her bield his bosom, and into his own room with her, and lock the door, and out with the warm, rosy, little wifie, who took it all with great composure! There the two remained for three or more hours, making the house ring with their laughter; you can fancy the big man's and Maidie's laugh. Having made the fire cheery, he set her down

in his ample chair, and standing sheepishly before her, began to say his lesson, which happened to be—"Ticcoty, diccoty, dock, the mouse ran up the clock, the clock struck wan, down the mouse ran, ziccoty, diccoty, dock." This done repeatedly till she was pleased, she gave him his new lesson, gravely and slowly, timing it upon her small fingers, he saying it after her—

Wonery, twoery, tickery seven ;  
Alibi, crackaby, ten and eleven ;  
Pin, pan, musky, dan ;  
Tweedle-um, twoodle-um,  
Twenty-wan ; cerie, orie, ourie,  
You, are, out.

He pretended to great difficulty, and she rebuked him with most comical gravity, treating him as a child. He used to say that when he came to Alibi, crackaby, he broke down, and Pin-pan, musky-dan, Tweedle-um twoodle-um, made him roar with laughter. He said *Musky Dan* was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hat, fresh from the Spice Islands and odoriferous Ind ; she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill-behaviour and stupidity.

Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over *Gil Morrice* or the *Baron of Smailholm* ; and he would take her on his knee, and make her repeat Constance's speeches in *King John*, till he swayed to and fro sobbing his fill. Fancy the gifted little creature, like one possessed, repeating—

For I am sick and capable of fears,  
Oppressed with wrongs and therefore full of fears ;  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears ;  
A woman, naturally born to fears.

If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,  
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb, . . .  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious—.

Or, drawing herself up "to the height of her great argument,"—

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,  
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout. . . .  
Here I and sorrow sit.

Scott used to say he was amazed at her power over him, saying to Mrs. Keith, "She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met

with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does."

Thanks to the unforgetting sister of this dear child, who has much of the sensibility and fun of her who has been in her small grave these fifty and more years, we have now before us the letters and journals of Pet Marjorie—before us lies and gleams her rich brown hair, bright and sunny as if yesterday's, with the words on the paper, "Cut out in her last illness," and two pictures of her by her beloved Isabella, whom she worshipped; there are the faded old scraps of paper, hoarded still, over which her warm breath and her warm little heart had poured themselves; there is the old water-mark, "Lingard, 1808." The two portraits are very like each other, but plainly done at different times; it is a chubby, healthy face, deep-set, brooding eyes, as eager to tell what is going on within, as to gather in all the glories from without; quick with the wonder and the pride of life; they are eyes that would not be soon satisfied with seeing; eyes that would devour their object, and yet childlike and fearless; and that is a mouth that will not be soon satisfied with love; it has a curious likeness to Scott's own, which has always appeared to us his sweetest, most mobile, and speaking feature.

(From the Same.)

## WYLIE

OUR next friend was an exquisite shepherd's dog; fleet, thin-flanked, dainty, and handsome as a small greyhound, with all the grace of silky waving black and tan hair. We got her thus. Being then young and keen botanists, and full of the knowledge and love of Tweedside, having been on every hill-top from Muckle Mendic to Hundleshope and the Lee Pen, and having fished every water from Tarth to the Leithen, we discovered early in spring that young Stewart, author of an excellent book on natural history, a young man of great promise and early death, had found the *Buxbaumia aphylla*, a beautiful and odd-looking moss, west of Newbie heights, in the very month we were that moment in. We resolved to start next day. We walked to Peebles, and then up Haystoun Glen to the cottage of Adam Cairns, the aged shepherd of the Newbie hirsels, of whom we knew and who knew of us from his daughter, Nancy Cairns, a servant with Uncle

Aitken of Callands. We found our way up the burn with difficulty, as the evening was getting dark, and on getting near the cottage heard them at worship. We got in and made ourselves known, and got a famous tea, and such cream and oat cake!—old Adam looking on us as “clean dementit” to come out for “a bit moss,” which, however, he knew, and with some pride said he would take us in the morning to the place. As we were going into a box bed for the night, two young men came in, and said they were “gaun to burn the water.” Off we set. It was a clear, dark, starlight frosty night. They had their leisters and tar torches, and it was something worth seeing—the wild flame, the young fellows striking the fish coming to the light—how splendid they looked with the light on their scales, coming out of the darkness—the stumblings and quenchings suddenly of the lights, as the torch-bearer fell into a deep pool. We got home past midnight, and slept as we seldom sleep now. In the morning Adam, who had been long risen, and up the *Hope* with his dog, when he found we had wakened, told us there was four inches of snow, and we soon saw it was too true. So we had to go home without our cryptogamic prize.

It turned out that Adam, who was an old man and frail and had made some money, was going at Whitsunday to leave and live with his son in Glasgow. We had been admiring the beauty and gentleness and perfect shape of Wylie, the finest collie I ever saw, and said, “What are you going to do with Wylie?” “’Deed,” says he, “I hardly ken. I canna think o’ selling her, though she’s worth four pound, and she’ll no like the toun.” I said, “Would you let me have her?” and Adam looking at her fondly,—she came up instantly to him, and made of him,—said, “Ay, I wull, if ye’ll be gude to her”; and it was settled that when Adam left for Glasgow she should be sent into Albany Street by the carrier.

She came and was at once taken to all our hearts—even grandmother liked her; and though she was often pensive, as if thinking of her master and her work on the hills, she made herself at home, and behaved in all respects like a lady. While out with me, if she saw sheep in the streets or road, she got quite excited, and helped the work, and was curiously useful, the being so making her wonderfully happy. And so her little life went on, never doing wrong, always blithe and kind and beautiful. But some months after she came there was a mystery about her;

every Tuesday evening she disappeared; we tried to watch her, but in vain, she was always off by nine p.m. and was away all night, coming back wearied and all over mud, as if she had travelled far. She slept all next day. This went on for some months, and we could make nothing of it. Poor dear creature, she looked at us wistfully when she came in, as if she would have told us if she could, and was especially fond, though tired.

Well, one day I was walking across the Grassmarket, with Wylie at my heels, when two shepherds started, and looking at her, one said, "That's her; that's the wonderfu' wee bitch that naebody kens." I asked him what he meant, and he told me that for months past she had made her appearance by the first daylight at the "buchs" or sheep-pens in the cattle-market, and worked incessantly in helping the shepherds to get their sheep and lambs in. The man said with a sort of transport, "She's a perfect meeracle; flees about like a speerit, and never gangs wrang; wears but never grups, and beats a' oor dowgs. She's a perfect meeracle, and as soople as a maukin." Then he related how they all knew her, and said, "There's that wee fell yin; we'll get them in noo." They tried to coax her to stop and be caught, but no, she was gentle, but off; and for many a day "that wee fell yin" was spoken of by these rough fellows. She continued this amateur work till she died, which she did in peace.

It is very touching the regard the south country shepherds have to their dogs. Professor Syme one day, many years ago, when living in Forres Street, was looking out of his window, and he saw a young shepherd striding down North Charlotte Street, as if making for his house: it was midsummer. The man had his dog with him, and Mr. Syme noticed that he followed the dog, and not it him, though he contrived to steer for the house. He came, and was ushered into his room; he wished advice about some ailment, and Mr. Syme saw that he had a bit of twine round the dog's neck, which he let drop out of his hand when he entered the room. He asked him the meaning of this, and he explained that the magistrates had issued a mad-dog proclamation, commanding all dogs to be muzzled or led on pain of death. "And why do you go about as I saw you did before you came into me?" "Oh," said he, looking awkward, "I didna want Birkie to ken he was tied." Where will you find truer courtesy and finer feeling? He didn't want to hurt Birkie's feelings.

Mr. Carruthers of Inverness told me a new story of these wise sheep-dogs. A butcher from Inverness had purchased some sheep at Dingwall, and giving them in charge to his dog, left the road. The dog drove them on, till coming to a toll, the toll-wife stood before the drove, demanding her dues. The dog looked at her, and, jumping on her back, crossed his forelegs over her arms. The sheep passed through, and the dog took his place behind them and went on his way.

(From the Same.)

# WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

[By Thackeray's own desire no full authentic account of his life has been published. It was neither a long life, nor in the ordinary sense an eventful one. He was born at Calcutta, the son of Richmond Thackeray and Anne Becher, on 18th July 1811; and he died at Kensington on 24th December 1862. He was educated at the Charterhouse, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, though he took no degree, he made some announcement of his tastes and powers in a periodical called *The Snob*, and in a burlesque poem on the prize subject of "Timbuctoo," on which Tennyson wrote seriously. He had inherited a competence, but it was lost in injudicious newspaper speculations and otherwise, and by the time when he was five-and-twenty he had to write, not for his amusement but for his bread. He married, however, in 1836, but after a brief married life Mrs. Thackeray was attacked by a mental disorder which never left her, though she survived her husband by more than thirty years. For some time Thackeray, though a prolific writer, did not make the mark that was in him to make, and it was not till *Vanity Fair* appeared (in parts, it was completed in 1848) that his genius was properly recognised. This was followed by *Pendennis* (1850), *Esmond* (1852), *The Newcomes* (1855), and *The Virginians* (1859). On the foundation of the *Cornhill Magazine* Thackeray was appointed its editor, a post which he did not find in all ways congenial; but he contributed to it some of his very best work in the *Roundabout Papers*. His minor work, both in prose and verse, was very considerable, but difficult to enumerate in brief space. It included *Catherine* (1840); *Barry Lyndon*; *The Paris* (1840), *Irish* (1843), and *Eastern* (1845) *Sketch Books*; *Philip*; and the unfinished *Denis Duval*, which his death cut short; besides lectures on the *English Humourists* and the *Four Georges*, several *Christmas Books*, many prose articles, and much light verse.]

THERE are few exercises in that idle speculation on the might-have-been, which nobody has satirised more frequently or more sharply than Thackeray himself, so tempting as the enquiry what would have happened, as far as literature is concerned, if he had not lost his fortune so early, and had not been forced to write for a living. Despite, or because of this compulsion he was never exactly an industrious man; he never wrote



with anything like the rapidity of most men, and especially of most novelists who betake themselves to regular work with the pen; the personal shudder with which he commemorates George Warrington's labelling of his press work as *les chaînes de l'esclavage* is unmistakable; and he was to the last reluctant to give up the social amusements, the unchecked wanderings, the periods of passive observation and active enjoyment which—though they are perhaps more valuable to the man of letters than to anybody else—the man of letters who is not born to fortune generally finds that he has to forego. On the other hand, the almost irresistible attraction which drew Thackeray to literature is obvious. He practised writing in his undergraduate days, he practised it while that fortune still lasted which he unluckily wasted, at least in part, on newspaper support, forgetting the sound and important doctrine that those who serve the altar should live of the altar, not it of them! It is almost impossible to conceive a Thackeray who should not have written Thackeray's works. Yet again we know that a small independent fortune such as his (for indisputable authority says that it never exceeded five hundred a year), though it ought to be the very sinews of literary exertion is more often its pillow, and a pillow which sometimes smothers it.

What, however, may be said with very little if with any rashness, is that the peculiar circumstances of his earlier years left in more ways than one their mark on his style. If he had regularly trained himself for writing in his youth, or if, like Gibbon and others, he had adopted it as a majestic and unhurried diversion for his middle and maturer years, there can be little doubt that his writing would have exhibited fewer signs of the amateurish, not to say the slipshod, than in its earlier stages it actually does. It has been a commonplace (since it was first pointed out some years ago) to observe that Thackeray is more than once conquered by the temptation to use "and which" when there is no precedent relative expressed or even implied in a participle or an elliptic clause; and not a few other things of the same kind might be unearthed. There is no difficulty (especially in that most interesting volume of recovered *chaînes de l'esclavage* which was at last published in 1886 to complete his works) in discovering numerous signs, if not of "the young gentleman who was plucked for his degree," as Warrington the younger says, at any rate of the young gentleman who did not take it, of the literary aspirant who, as Pendennis himself con-

fesses "knew very little about politics or history, and had but a smattering of letters." He never became a learned writer, and long after the fire of his genius, the unconquerable and unmistakable quality of his idiosyncrasy, had made him a style among the most delightful in English, it would have been possible for the composition master or the peddling critic to find fault with many of his sentences as clumsy, and perhaps with some as positively incorrect.

It was not that he was not ambitious, that he had not a certain longing for the academic status of Dr. Slocum and Professor Sadiman. There is a passage (I think in the Letters published by Mrs. Brookfield) which complains of the reluctance of editors to entrust him with the more serious tasks of reviewing and article-writing, of the way in which he was forced towards and confined in the paths of burlesque, satire, and the like. These editors may or may not have been wrong, but we owe them a deep debt of gratitude. It is, considering Thackeray's nature and tastes, but too probable that if abundance of well-paid work in journalism of the more dignified (and therefore, on the principle of compensation, of the more ephemeral) kind had offered itself, he would have been content with the work and the gains, and would have given up that time which was meant for literature proper to the relaxation which is to nobody more tempting than to the journalist. The gods were kinder to him. They kept him for some dozen years making sport—very good sport sometimes, if never of the very best—for the Philistines at indifferent wages, and this practice served as the apprenticeship to immortal work in his proper sphere—work which, to do the public justice, was pretty readily recognised, and which he never had occasion thereafter to give up, either for lack of demand or for lack of reward.

It is however very remarkable, though it perhaps has not always been remarked, how uniform Thackeray's literary characteristics are. It is usual, and is sufficiently correct, to describe him as standing to Fielding in very much the same relation as that in which Dickens stands to Smollett. But the resemblance is far less intimate and pervading in the one case than in the other. Thackeray and Fielding are alike in their almost always kindly, but for the most part rather melancholy, humour, in the singular perfection with which each (when he had arrived at the practice of the art in which he was born a master) succeeded in imparting life, character, individuality to all his personages,

great and small, and in the analytical mastery of human nature of which this success is the synthetic result. But nothing can be less like Fielding's precise and almost mathematical engineering of his plot than Thackeray's haphazard construction, which, aggravated by the system of publication in parts, sometimes makes his books as little of the epic and as much of the mere chronicle as anything of Smollett's own. It may be a matter of less general agreement whether there is or is not a likeness between Fielding's regular habit of prefatory and intermediate dissertation and Thackeray's habitual but irregular custom of addressing the audience at any moment of his story.

But there can be no doubt that many minor peculiarities of his style—peculiarities too which perhaps constitute its character at least as much as any major ones—have no analogue or precedent in Fielding. And it is equally indisputable that these peculiarities show themselves in the very earliest work—in the *Paris and Irish Sketch Books*, in *Catherine*, in the first burlesques, in the work (some of it the writer's initiation in professional literature) which was revived in the volume of miscellanies above referred to. The Thackeray that we know, alike in *Esmond* and *Pendennis*, in *The English Humourists* and the *Four Georges*, in *Vanity Fair* and the *Roundabout Papers*, is there not fully fledged, not at his ease, not out of the novitiate—but unmistakably Thackeray both in form and matter. The quaint tricks of spelling which he borrowed from Swift and Smollett, and for which he never lost his relish; the asides and parentheses (possibly suggested in the same way by Sterne, but managed with even greater individuality and freedom); above all the quick turns and transitions, not as yet quite unforced, from seriousness to gaiety, from bitter humour to a mellower kind, from prose to poetry (for be it remembered that Thackeray was a poet and not merely a verse writer) the unconquerable and yet never offensive outbursts of personal feeling—all these appear quite early. The hand that wrote "Fashionable Fax and Polite Anne-goats" is not merely in fact the same hand—it is obviously and visibly the same as that which dropped from *Denis Duval* six-and-twenty years later.

It is perhaps the more extraordinary that, with such intense individuality of handling, such vivid appreciation of the times in which he lived, no writer should have had a greater power of assimilating other times and other manners than Thackeray.

It is true that his sympathies were what some might call limited in range. Of classical, mediæval, renaissance times and ways he manifests no great knowledge, and for them he feels but little liking. The eighteenth century, first of all in England and then in Europe at large, was his second province, and he over-ran and possessed it with a thoroughness, just as he represented it with a creative mastery hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. There are many who hold that *Esmond*, a book in which not merely the manners and to some extent the thought of the time, but its very language and style are reproduced with a skill far surpassing that of any mere parodist, is his very greatest book. And whether this be so or not it is impossible to refuse the most unstinted admiration to the wonderful reconstructions of the past which fill not merely this book but the essays on the *Four Georges* and the *English Humourists* with many shorter passages and references elsewhere. Thackeray, as thoroughly a man of his own day as any who walked Pall Mall, lived as it were another life at the same time, a life a hundred years earlier, in which he saw and felt the sights and the sentiments of the reigns of the Georges and of Anne. And there can be little doubt that the infinite pains which he devoted to learning this local colour, and the wonderful success which attended his application of it, determined more than anything else the practice of a whole school, if not of the whole body of novelists who have succeeded him.

Yet despite its consistency and individuality few manners have been less easy not merely to imitate (though no one has imitated it to perfection) but to analyse in any satisfactory way than Thackeray's. We may go on noting and examining, as it has been noted and examined above, that "easy bantering" way which, as he himself says, was wont to produce "a rather bewildered expression" on the faces of the public. But the soul of it will escape the enumeration and the dissection even more than is usually the case. If any passage can be almost certainly, if nearly every sentence can be probably, recognised as Thackeray's, the ear-mark does not lie so much in any particular trick of phrase as in the meaning, or, to speak more accurately still, in the mental attitude of the writer. By what superfluity of foolishness this attitude was ever called 'or thought "cynical" it is difficult enough to understand. There might be some ground for calling Thackeray a sentimentalist: there is certainly none for calling him a cynic. But if there was no cynicism, there was an almost

intenser sense of the irony of life in him than there was even in Swift, even in Fielding, and he applied this not merely to the greater part of the social life of his time, but also and more noticeably to those characteristics of man which underlie and cause the social life of all times. It is this which makes it impossible that he should ever become obsolete with intelligent readers, this which makes him one of the very greatest of novelists, and, despite a few technical shortcomings in writing, one of the very greatest of writers.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## TELMESSUS

THERE should have been a poet in our company to describe that charming little bay of Glaucus, into which we entered on the 26th of September, in the first steamboat that ever disturbed its beautiful waters. You can't put down in prose that delicious episode of natural poetry; it ought to be done in a symphony, full of sweet melodies and swelling harmonies; or sung in a strain of clear crystal iambics, such as Milnes knows how to write. A mere map, drawn in words, gives the mind no notion of that exquisite nature. What do mountains become in type, or rivers in Mr. Vizetelly's best brevier? Here lies the sweet bay, gleaming peaceful in the rosy sunshine; green islands dip here and there in its waters; purple mountains swell circling round it; and towards them, rising from the bay, stretches a rich green plain, fruitful with herbs and various foliage, in the midst of which the white houses twinkle. I can see a little minaret, and some spreading palm trees; but, beyond these, the description would answer as well for Bantry Bay as for Makri. You could write so far, nay, much more particularly and grandly, without seeing the place at all, and after reading Beaufort's *Caramania*, which gives you not the least notion of it.

Suppose the great hydrographer of the admiralty himself can't describe it, who surveyed the place; suppose Mr. Fellowes, who discovered it afterwards—suppose, I say, Sir John Fellowes, Knt., can't do it (and I defy any man of imagination to get an impression from his book)—can you, vain man, hope to try? The effect of the artist, as I take it, ought to be, to produce upon his hearer's mind, by his art, an effect something similar to that produced on his own by the sight of the natural object. Only music, or the best poetry, can do this. Keats's *Ode to the Grecian Urn* is the best description I know of that sweet, old, silent ruin of Telmessus. After you have once seen it, the remembrance

remains with you, like a tune from Mozart, which he seems to have caught out of heaven, and which rings sweet harmony in your ears for ever after ! It's a benefit for all after life ! You have but to shut your eyes, and think, and recall it, and the delightful vision comes smiling back to your order !—the divine air—the delicious little pageant, which nature set before you on this lucky day.

Here is the entry made in the note-book on the eventful day ; —“ In the morning steamed into the bay of Glaucus—landed at Makri—cheerful old desolate village—theatre by the beautiful sea-shore—great fertility, oleanders—a palm-tree in the midst of the village, spreading out like a Sultan's aigrette—sculptured caverns, or tombs, up the mountain—camels over the bridge.”

Perhaps it is best for a man of fancy to make his own landscape out of these materials : to group the couched camels under the plane-trees ; the little crowd of wandering, ragged heathens come down to the calm water, to behold the nearing steamer ; to fancy a mountain, in the sides of which some scores of tombs are rudely carved ; pillars and porticoes, and Doric entablatures. But it is of the little theatre that he must make the most beautiful picture, a charming little place of festival, lying out on the shore, and looking over the sweet bay and the swelling purple islands. No theatre-goer ever looked out on a fairer scene. It encourages poetry, idleness, delicious sensual reverie. O Jones ! friend of my heart ! would you not like to be a white-robed Greek, lolling languidly on the cool benches here, and pouring compliments in the Ionic dialect into the rosy ears of Neæra ? Instead of Jones your name should be Ionides ; instead of a silk hat, you should wear a chaplet of roses in your hair : you would not listen to the choruses they were singing on the stage, for the voice of the fair one would be whispering a rendezvous for the *mesonuktiais horais*, and my Ionides would have no ear for aught beside. Yonder, in the mountain, they would carve a Doric cave temple, to receive your urn when all was done ; and you would be accompanied thither by a dirge of the surviving Ionidæ. The caves of the dead are empty now, however, and their place knows them not any more among the festal haunts of the living. But, by way of supplying the choric melodies sung here in old time, one of our companions mounted on the scene and spouted,

“ My name is Norval.”

(From *A Journey from Cornhill*.)

## THE ARCH OF DEATH

THERE came a day when the round of decorous pleasures and solemn gaieties in which Mr. Joseph Sedley's family indulged, was interrupted by an event which happens in most houses. As you ascend the staircase of your house from the drawing towards the bedroom floors, you may have remarked a little arch in the wall right before you which at once gives light to the stair which leads from the second story to the third, where the nursery and servants' chambers commonly are, and serves for another purpose of utility, of which the undertaker's men can give you a notion. They rest the coffins upon that arch, or pass them through it so as not to disturb in any unseemly manner the cold tenant slumbering within the black arch.

That second-floor arch in a London house, looking up and down the well of the staircase, and commanding the main thoroughfare by which the inhabitants are passing ; by which the cook lurks down before daylight to scour her pots and pans in the kitchen ; by which the young master stealthily ascends, having left his boots in the hall, and let himself in after dawn from a jolly night at the club ; down which miss comes rustling in fresh ribbons and spreading muslins, brilliant and beautiful, and prepared for conquest and the ball ; or master Tommy slides, preferring the bannisters for a mode of conveyance, and disdaining danger and the stair ; down which the mother is fondly carried smiling in her strong husband's arms, as he steps steadily step by step, and followed by the monthly nurse, on the day when the medical man has pronounced that the charming patient may go down-stairs ; up which John lurks to bed, yawning with a sputtering tallow candle, and to gather up before sunrise the boots which are awaiting him in the passages ;—that stair, up or down which babies are carried, old people are helped, guests are marshalled to the ball, the parson walks to the christening, the doctor to the sick-room, and the undertaker's men to the upper floor ; what a memento of life, death, and vanity it is—that arch and stair—if you choose to consider it, and sit on the landing, looking up and down the well ! The doctor will come up to us for the last time there, my friend in motley. The nurse will look in at the curtains, and you take no notice ; and then she will fling open the windows for a little, and let in the air. Then they will pull



down all the front blinds of the house and live in the back rooms ; then they will send for the lawyer and other men in black, etc. Your comedy and mine will have been played then, and we shall be removed, O how far, from the trumpets, and the shouting, and the posture-making. If we are gentlefolks they will put hatchments over our late domicile, with gilt cherubim, and mottoes stating that there is "Quiet in Heaven." Your son will new furnish the house, or perhaps let it, and go into a more modern quarter ; your name will be among the "Members Deceased," in the lists of your clubs next year. However much you may be mourned, your widow will like to have her weeds neatly made ; the cook will send or come up to ask about dinner ; the survivors will soon bear to look at your picture over the mantelpiece, which will presently be deposed from the place of honour, to make way for the portrait of the son who reigns.

Which of the dead are most tenderly and passionately deplored ? Those who love the survivors the least, I believe. The death of a child occasions a passion of grief and frantic tears, such as your end, brother reader, will never inspire. The death of an infant which scarce knew you, which a week's absence from you would have caused to forget you, will strike you down more than the loss of your closest friend, or your first-born son—a man grown like yourself, with children of his own. We may be harsh and stern with Judah and Simeon—our love and pity gush out for Benjamin, the little one. And if you are old, as some reader of this may be or shall be—old and rich, or old and poor—you may one day be thinking for yourself—"These people are very good round about me ; but they won't grieve too much when I am gone. I am very rich, and they want my inheritance ; or very poor, and they are tired of supporting me."

(From *Vanity Fair*.)

### PENDENNIS IN HIS GLORY

ARTHUR'S own allowances were liberal all this time ; indeed, much more so than those of the sons of far more wealthy men. Years before, the thrifty and affectionate John Pendennis, whose darling project it had ever been to give his son a university education, and those advantages of which his own father's extravagance had deprived him, had begun laying by a store of

money which he called Arthur's Education Fund. Year after year in his book his executors found entries of sums vested as A.E.F., and during the period subsequent to her husband's decease, and before Pen's entry at college, the widow had added sundry sums to this fund, so that when Arthur went up to Oxbridge it reached no inconsiderable amount. Let him be liberally allowanced, was Major Pendennis's maxim. Let him make his first *entrée* into the world as a gentleman, and take his place with men of good rank and station; after giving it him, it will be his own duty to hold it. There is no such bad policy as stinting a boy—or putting him on a lower allowance than his fellows. Arthur will have to face the world and fight for himself presently. Meanwhile we shall have procured for him good friends, gentlemanly habits, and have him well backed and well trained against the time when the real struggle comes. And these liberal opinions the Major probably advanced, both because they were just, and because he was not dealing with his own money.

Thus young Pen, the only son of an estated country gentleman, with a good allowance, and a gentlemanlike bearing and person, looked to be a lad of much more consequence than he was really; and was held by the Oxbridge authorities, tradesmen, and undergraduates, as quite a young buck and member of the aristocracy. His manner was frank, brave, and perhaps a little impertinent, as becomes a high-spirited youth. He was perfectly generous and free-handed with his money, which seemed pretty plentiful. He loved joviality, and had a good voice for a song. Boat-racing had not risen in Pen's time to the *furcur* which, as we are given to understand, it has since attained in the university; and riding and tandem driving were the fashions of the ingenuous youth. Pen rode well to hounds, appeared in pink, as became a buck, and not particularly extravagant in equestrian or any other amusement, yet managed to run up a fine bill at Nile's, the livery stable-keeper, and in a good number of other quarters. In fact, this lucky young gentleman had almost every taste to a considerable degree. He was very fond of books of all sorts: Doctor Portman had taught him to like rare editions, and his own taste led him to like beautiful bindings. It was marvellous what tall copies, and gilding, and marbling, and blind-tooling, the booksellers and binders put upon Pen's book-shelves. He had a very fair taste in matters of art, and a keen relish for

prints of a high school—none of your French Opera dancers, or tawdry racing prints, such as had delighted the simple eyes of Mr. Spicer, his predecessor—but your Stranges, and Rembrandt etchings, and Wilkies before the letter, with which his apartments were furnished presently in the most perfect good taste, as was allowed in the university, where this young fellow got no small reputation. We have mentioned that he exhibited a certain partiality for rings, jewellery, and fine raiment of all sorts; and it must be owned that Mr. Pen, during his time at the university, was rather a dressy man, and loved to array himself in splendour. He and his polite friends would dress themselves out with as much care in order to go and dine at each other's rooms, as other folks would who were going to enslave a mistress. They said he used to wear rings over his kid gloves, which he always denies; but what follies will not youth perpetrate with its own admirable gravity and simplicity? That he took perfumed baths is a truth; and he used to say he took them after meeting certain men of a very low set in hall. In Pen's second year, when Miss Fotheringay made her chief hit in London, and scores of prints were published of her, Pen had one of these hung in his bedroom, and confided to the men of his set how awfully, how wildly, how madly, how passionately, he had loved that woman. He showed them in confidence the verses that he had written to her, and his brow would darken, his eyes roll, his chest heave with emotion as he recalled that fatal period of his life, and described the woes and agonies which he had suffered. The verses were copied out, handed about, sneered at, admired, passed from coterie to coterie. There are few things which elevate a lad in the estimation of his brother boys, more than to have a character for a great and romantic passion. Perhaps there is something noble in it at all times—among very young men, it is considered heroic—Pen was pronounced a tremendous fellow. They said he had almost committed suicide: that he had fought a duel with a baronet about her. Freshmen pointed him out to each other. As at the promenade time at two o'clock he swaggered out of college, surrounded by his cronies, he was famous to behold. He was elaborately attired. He would ogle the ladies who came to lionise the university, and passed before him on the arms of happy gownsmen, and give his opinion upon their personal charms, or their toilettes, with the gravity of a critic whose experience entitled him to speak with authority. Men used to say

that they had been walking with Pendennis, and were as pleased to be seen in his company as some of us would be if we walked with a duke down Pall Mall. He and the Proctor capped each other as they met, as if they were rival powers, and the men hardly knew which was the greater.

In fact, in the course of his second year, Arthur Pendennis had become one of the men of fashion in the university. It is curious to watch that facile admiration, and simple fidelity of youth. They hang round a leader: and wonder at him, and love him, and imitate him. No generous boy ever lived, I suppose, that has not had some wonderment of admiration for another boy; and Monsieur Pen at Oxbridge had his school, his faithful band of friends, and his rivals. When the young men heard at the haberdashers' shops that Mr. Pendennis, of Boniface, had just ordered a crimson satin cravat, you would see a couple of dozen crimson satin cravats in Main Street in the course of the week—and Simon, the jeweller, was known to sell no less than two gross of Pendennis pins, from a pattern which the young gentleman had selected in his shop.

(From *Pendennis*.)

## THE MODERN WOMAN

"MY mother is not a countess," said Pen, "though she has very good blood in her veins too—but commoner as she is, I have never met a peeress who was more than her peer, Mr. George; and if you will come to Fair Oaks Castle you shall judge for yourself of her and of my cousin too. They are not so witty as the London women, but they are certainly as well bred. The thoughts of women in the country are turned to other objects than those which occupy your London ladies. In the country, a woman has her household and her poor, her long calm days and long calm evenings."

"Devilish long," Warrington said, "and a great deal too calm; I've tried 'em."

"The monotony of that existence must be to a certain degree melancholy—like the tune of a long ballad; and its harmony grave and gentle, sad and tender: it would be unendurable else. The loneliness of women in the country makes them of necessity soft and sentimental. Leading a life of calm duty, constant

routine, mystic reverie,—a sort of nuns at large—too much gaiety or laughter would jar upon their almost sacred quiet, and would be as out of place there as in a church.”

“Where you go to sleep over the sermon,” Warrington said.

“You are a professed misogynist, and hate the sex because, I suspect, you know very little about them,” Mr. Pen continued, with an air of considerable self-complacency. “If you dislike the women in the country for being slow, surely the London women ought to be fast enough for you. The pace of London life is enormous : how do people last at it, I wonder—male and female ? Take a woman of the world : follow her course through the season ; one asks how she can survive it ? or if she tumbles into a sleep at the end of August, and lies torpid until the spring ? She goes into the world every night, and sits watching her marriageable daughters dancing till long after dawn. She has a nursery of little ones, very likely, at home, to whom she administers example and affection ; having an eye likewise to bread-and-milk, catechism, music, and French, and roast leg of mutton at one o’clock ; she has to call upon ladies of her own station, either domestically or in her public character, in which she sits upon Charity Committees, or Ball Committees, or Emigration Committees, or Queen’s College Committees, or discharges I don’t know what more duties of British stateswomanship. She very likely keeps a poor-visiting list ; has conversations with the clergyman about soup or flannel, or proper religious teaching for the parish ; and (if she lives in certain districts) probably attends early church. She has the newspapers to read, and, at least, must know what her husband’s party is about, so as to be able to talk to her neighbour at dinner ; and it is a fact that she reads every new book that comes out ; for she can talk, and very smartly and well, about them all, and you see them all upon her drawing-room table. She has the cares of her household besides : —to make both ends meet ; to make the girls’ milliner’s bill appear not too dreadful to the father and paymaster of the family ; to snip off, in secret, a little extra article of expenditure here and there, and convey it, in the shape of a bank note, to the boys at college or at sea ; to check the encroachments of tradesmen and housekeeper’s financial fallacies ; to keep upper and lower servants from jangling with one another, and the household in order. Add to this, that she has a secret taste for some art or science, models in clay, makes experiments in chemistry, or plays in

private on the violoncello,—and I say, without exaggeration, many London ladies are doing this,—and you have a character before you such as our ancestors never heard of, and such as belongs entirely to our era and period of civilisation. Ye gods! how rapidly we live and grow! In nine months, Mr. Paxton grows you a pine-apple as large as a portmanteau, whereas a little one, no bigger than a Dutch cheese, took three years to attain his majority in old times; and as the race of pine-apples, so is the race of man. Hoiaper—what's the Greek for a pine-apple, Warrington?"

(From the Same.)

### THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

AND now, having seen a great military march through a friendly country; the pomps and festivities of more than one German court; the severe struggle of a hotly contested battle, and the triumph of victory, Mr. Esmond beheld another part of military duty: our troops entering the enemy's territory, and putting all around them to fire and sword; burning farms, wasted fields, shrieking women, slaughtered sons and fathers, and drunken soldiery cursing and carousing in the midst of tears, terror, and murder. Why does the stately Muse of History, that delights in describing the valour of heroes and the grandeur of conquest, leave out these scenes, so brutal, mean, and degrading, that yet form by far the greater part of the drama of war? You gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, and compliment yourselves in the songs of triumph with which our chieftains are bepraised; you pretty maidens, that come tumbling down the stairs when the fife and drum call you, and huzzah for the British Grenadiers—do you take account that these items go to make up the amount of the triumph you admire, and form part of the duties of the heroes you fondle? Our chief, whom England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen, worshipped almost, had this of the godlike in him, that he was impassable before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony; before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant, slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel; before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court or a cottage table, where his plans were laid, or an enemy's

battery, vomiting flame and death, and strewing corpses round about him—he was always cold, calm, resolute, like fate. He performed a treason or a court bow; he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress and left her; he betrayed his benefactor and supported him, or would have murdered him, with the same calmness always, and having no more remorse than Clotho when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis when she cuts it. In the hour of battle, I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers say, the Prince became possessed with a sort of warlike fury; his eyes lighted up; he rushed hither and thither, raging; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and harking his bloody war dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt. Our Duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was, had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a halfpenny, with a like awful serenity and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature.

His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politics, and of plenty of shrewdness and wit; but there existed such a perfect confidence in him, as the first captain of the world, and such a faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay; the chiefs whom he used and injured—for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property—the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jewelled hat, or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three-farthings; or, when he was young, a kiss from a woman and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the godlike in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall, with the same amount of sympathy for either. Not that he had no tears; he could always order up this reserve at the proper moment to battle; he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shoeblack, as he would flatter a

minister or a monarch ; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand, or stab you whenever he saw occasion.— But yet those of the army, who knew him best and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all : and as he rode along the lines to battle, or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible.

After the great victory of Blenheim the enthusiasm of the army for the Duke, even of his bitterest personal enemies in it, amounted to a sort of rage—nay, the very officers who cursed him in their hearts were among the most frantic to cheer him. Who could refuse his meed of admiration to such a victory and such a victor ? Not he who writes : a man may profess to be ever so much a philosopher ; but he who fought on that day must feel a thrill of pride as he recalls it.

(From *Esmond*.)

## THE RENUNCIATION OF ALLEGIANCE

“LET us first go see whether the two stories agree,” says Esmond ; and went in at the passage and opened the door into what had been his own chamber now for well nigh five-and-twenty years. A candle was still burning, and the Prince asleep dressed on the bed—Esmond did not care for making a noise. The Prince started up in his bed, seeing two men in his chamber : “Qui est là ?” says he, and took a pistol from under his pillow.

“It is the Marquis of Esmond,” says the Colonel, “come to welcome his Majesty to his house of Castlewood, and to report of what hath happened in London. Pursuant to the King's orders, I passed the night before last, after leaving his Majesty, in waiting upon the friends of the King. It is a pity that his Majesty's desire to see the country and to visit our poor house should have caused the King to quit London without notice yesterday when the opportunity happened which in all human probability may not occur again ; and had the King not chosen to ride to Castlewood, the Prince of Wales might have slept at St. James's.”

“S death ! gentlemen,” says the Prince, starting off his bed



whereon he was lying in his clothes, "the doctor was with me yesterday morning, and after watching by my sister all night, told me I might not hope to see the Queen."

"It would have been otherwise," says Esmond with another bow; "as, by this time, the Queen may be dead in spite of the doctor. The Council was met; a new Treasurer was appointed; the troops were devoted to the King's cause; and fifty loyal gentlemen of the greatest names of this kingdom were assembled to accompany the Prince of Wales, who might have been the acknowledged heir of the throne, or the possessor of it by this time, had your Majesty not chosen to take the air. We were ready; there was only one person that failed us, your Majesty's gracious——"

"Morbleu, Monsieur, you give me too much Majesty," said the Prince, who had now risen up and seemed to be looking to one of us to help him to his coat. But neither stirred.

"We shall take care," says Esmond, "not much oftener to offend in that particular."

"What mean you, my lord?" says the Prince, and muttered something about a *guet-à-pens*, which Esmond caught up.

"The snare, Sir," says he, "was not of our laying; it is not we that invited you. We came to avenge, and not to compass the dishonour of our family."

"Dishonour! Morbleu, there has been no dishonour," says the Prince, turning scarlet, "only a little harmless playing."

"That was meant to end seriously."

"I swear," the Prince broke out impetuously, "upon the honour of a gentleman, my lords——"

"That we arrived in time. No wrong hath been done, Frank," says Colonel Esmond, turning round to young Castlewood, who stood at the door as the talk was going on. "See! here is a paper whereon his Majesty hath deigned to commence some verses in honour, or dishonour, of Beatrix. Here is 'Madame' and 'Flamme,' 'Cruelle' and 'Rebelle,' and 'Amour' and 'Jour,' in the Royal writing and spelling. Had the Gracious lover been happy, he had not passed his time in sighing." In fact, and actually as he was speaking, Esmond cast his eyes down towards the table, and saw a paper on which my young prince had been scrawling a madrigal, that was to finish his charmer on the morrow.

"Sir," says the Prince, burning with rage (he had assumed his

Royal coat unassisted by this time), "did I come here to receive insults?"

"To confer them, may it please your Majesty," says the Colonel with a very low bow; "and the gentlemen of our family are come to thank you."

"*Malédiction!*" says the young man, tears starting into his eyes with helpless rage and mortification. "What will you with me, gentlemen?"

"If your Majesty will please to enter the next apartment," says Esmond, preserving his grave tone, "I have some papers there which I would gladly submit to you, and by your permission I will lead the way;" and, taking the paper up, and backing before the Prince with very great ceremony, Mr. Esmond passed into the little Chaplain's room, through which we had just entered into the house:—"Please to set a chair for his Majesty, Frank," says the Colonel to his companion, who wondered almost as much at this scene, and was as much puzzled by it, as the other actor in it. Then going to the crypt over the mantelpiece, the Colonel opened it, and drew thence the papers which so long had lain there.

"Here, may it please your Majesty," says he, "is the Patent of Marquis sent over by your Royal Father at St. Germain's to Viscount Castlewood, my father: here is the witnessed certificate of my father's marriage to my mother, and of my birth and christening; I was christened of that religion of which your sainted sire gave all through life so shining an example. These are my titles, dear Frank, and this what I do with them: here go Baptism and Marriage, and here the Marquisate and the August Sign-Manual, with which your predecessor was pleased to honour our race." And as Esmond spoke he set the papers burning in the brazier. "You will please, Sir, to remember," he continued, "that our family hath ruined itself by fidelity to yours: that my grandfather spent his estate, and gave his blood and his son to die for your service; that my dear lord's grandfather (for lord you are now, Frank, by right and title too) died for the same cause; that my poor kinswoman, my father's second wife, after giving away her honour to your wicked perjured race, sent all her wealth to the King; and got in return that precious title that lies in ashes, and this inestimable yard of blue ribbon. I lay this at your feet and stamp upon it: I draw this sword, and break it and deny you; and had you completed the wrong you designed us, by

heaven I would have driven it through your heart, and no more pardoned you than your father pardoned Monmouth."

(From the Same.)

## HOGARTH

THE famous set of pictures called "*Mariage à la Mode*," and which are now exhibited in the National Gallery in London, contains the most important and highly wrought of the Hogarth comedies. The care and method with which the moral grounds of these pictures are laid is as remarkable as the wit and skill of the observing and dexterous artist. He has to describe the negotiations for a marriage pending between the daughter of a rich citizen Alderman and young Lord Viscount Squanderfield, the dissipated son of a gouty old Earl. Pride and pomposity appear in every accessory surrounding the Earl. He sits in gold lace and velvet—as how should such an Earl wear anything but velvet and gold lace? His coronet is everywhere; on his footstool, on which reposes one gouty toe turned out; on the sconces and looking-glasses; on the dogs; on his lordship's very crutches; on his great chair of state and the great baldaquin behind him under which he sits pointing majestically to his pedigree, which shows that his race is sprung from the loins of William the Conqueror, and confronting the old Alderman from the City, who has mounted his sword for the occasion, and wears his Alderman's chain, and has brought a bag full of money, mortgage deeds, and thousand pound notes for the arrangement of the transaction pending between them. Whilst the steward (a Methodist—therefore a hypocrite and cheat; for Hogarth scorned a Papist and a Dissenter) is negotiating between the old couple, their children sit together united but apart. My lord is admiring his countenance in the glass, while his bride is twiddling her marriage ring on her pocket-handkerchief, and listening with a rueful countenance to Counsellor Silvertongue, who has been drawing the settlements. The girl is pretty, but the painter with a curious watchfulness, has taken care to give her a likeness to her father; as in the young Viscount's face you see a resemblance to the Earl, his noble sire. The sense of the coronet pervades the picture, as it is supposed to do the mind of its wearer. The pictures round the room are sly

hints indicating the situation of the parties about to marry. A martyr is led to the fire; Andromeda is offered to sacrifice; Judith is going to slay Holofernes. There is the ancestor of the house, in the picture it is the Earl himself as a young man, with a comet over his head, indicating that the career of the family is to be brilliant and brief. In the second picture, the old lord must be dead, for Madam has now the Countess's coronet over her bed and toilet-glass, and sits listening to that dangerous Counsellor Silvertongue, whose portrait now actually hangs up in her room, whilst the counsellor takes his ease on the sofa by her side, evidently the familiar of the house, and the confidant of the mistress. My lord takes his pleasure elsewhere than at home, whither he returns jaded and tipsy from the "Rose," to find his wife yawning in her drawing-room, her whist party over, and the daylight streaming in, or he amuses himself with the very worst company abroad, whilst his wife sits at home listening to foreign singers, or wastes her money at auctions, or, worse still, seeks amusements at masquerades. The dismal end is known. My lord draws upon the counsellor, who kills him, and is apprehended while endeavouring to escape. My lady goes back perforce to the Alderman in the City, and faints upon reading Counsellor Silvertongue's dying speech at Tyburn, where the counsellor has been executed for sending his lordship out of the world. Moral:—Don't listen to evil silver-tongued counsellors: don't marry a man for his rank, or a woman for her money: don't frequent foolish auctions and masquerade balls unknown to your husband: don't have wicked companions abroad and neglect your wife, otherwise you will be run through the body, and ruin will ensue, and disgrace, and Tyburn. The people are all naughty, and Bogey carries them all off. In the "Rake's Progress," a loose life is ended by a similar sad catastrophe. It is the spendthrift coming into possession of the wealth of the paternal miser; the prodigal surrounded by flatterers, and wasting his substance on the very worst company; the bailiffs, the gambling house, and Bedlam for an end. In the famous story of "Industry and Idleness," the moral is pointed in a manner similarly clear. Fair-haired Frank Goodchild smiles at his work, whilst naughty Tom Idle snores over his loom. Frank reads the edifying ballads of "Whittington" and the "London 'Prentice," whilst that reprobate Tom Idle prefers "Moll Flanders," and drinks hugely of beer. Frank goes to Church of a Sunday, and warbles hymns from the gallery,

whilst Tom lies on a tombstone outside playing at "halfpenny-under-the-hat" with street blackguards, and is deservedly caned by the beadle. Frank is made overseer of the business, whilst Tom is sent to sea. Frank is taken into partnership and marries his master's daughter, sends out broken victuals to the poor, and listens in his nightcap and gown, with the lovely Mrs. Goodchild by his side, to the nuptial music of the City bands and the marrow bones and cleavers ; whilst Tom Idle, returned from sea, shudders in a garret lest the officers are coming to take him for picking pockets. The Worshipful Francis Goodchild, Esq., becomes Sheriff of London, and partakes of the most splendid dinners which money can purchase or Alderman devour ; whilst Poor Tom is taken up in a night cellar with that one-eyed and disreputable accomplice who first taught him to play chuck-farthing on a Sunday. What happens next ? Tom is brought up before the justice of his country, in the person of Mr. Alderman Goodchild, who weeps as he recognises his old brother 'prentice, as Tom's one-eyed friend peaches on him, and the clerk makes out the poor rogue's ticket for Newgate. Then the end comes. Tom goes to Tyburn in a cart with a coffin in it ; whilst the Right Honourable Francis Goodchild, Lord Mayor of London, proceeds to his Mansion House, in his gilt coach with four footmen and a sword-bearer, whilst the Companies of London march in the august procession, whilst the train bands of the City fire their pieces and get drunk in his honour ; and—O, crowning delight and glory of all—whilst his Majesty the King looks out from his royal balcony, with his ribbon on his breast, and his Queen and his star by his side, at the corner house of St. Paul's Churchyard.

(From *English Humourists*.)

## CHARLES DICKENS

[Born at Landport, a suburb of Portsea, 7th February 1813. Died at Gad's Hill, near Rochester, 9th June 1870. Buried in Westminster Abbey.]

THE literary fame of Dickens stands much where it did at the time of his death; but it would be idle to pretend that at the present day his prose style satisfies all the critics who deserve the attention of his readers. Perhaps there is nothing astonishing in this; for when a humour and a pathos such as his have mastered an entire period of a national life, it is a common experience that in the succeeding generation a reaction should set in. While, however, the popular love for the writings of Dickens remains unabated, and only some very young ladies, like some very old gentlemen thirty years ago, "can see nothing at all in him," the censures which his style has now frequently to undergo consist largely of cavils and of reservations, together with complaints of shortcomings such as no great writer can altogether escape. Many of these cavils are worth taking into account, but they are frequently applied with too little discrimination between the different periods and varying moods of his authorship. This is the more to be regretted, because Dickens has left behind him no special congregation of worshippers, sworn to uphold each word of the master both in season and out of season,—such a sect as, although he had imitators enough and to spare in his lifetime, he was innocent of the faintest desire of founding for futurity. On the present occasion, when space only serves for a few brief extracts from those of his works in which he was beyond all dispute at his best in the chief successive stages of his literary career, it is impossible at length to discuss the dangers, or illustrate the injustice, of many of the generalisations that are so airily applied to his literary qualities. How often, for example, have we been told that the humour of Dickens is

low, and his pathos melodramatic! And who would deny that there is an element characteristic of the Londoner in his style, as there was in the man himself; but have the partners in this recondite discovery noticed the further fact, that even where his humour may fairly be called "Cockney," it is at the same time wonderfully cosmopolitan, and has rejoiced the hearts of many thousands of readers in all parts of the world, to whose ears the sound of Bow Bells and all that it carries with it are wholly unfamiliar? So again, melodramatic effects no doubt abound in Dickens's books from *Oliver Twist* to *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*; in truth, the production of such effects was an exercise of artistic power which, catholic as his tastes were in many respects, probably delighted and attracted him more than any other. But melodramatic situations are by no means unnatural as a matter of course, nor is all melodramatic speech hollow; and the only reason for objecting to their frequent employment lies in the fact that, when simple and strongly-marked effects are habitually produced and reiterated, opportunity is rarely left for the subtler strokes of tragic irony in the construction of plot or elaboration of character. Indeed, the art of Dickens is sometimes at its best, when the manner is melodramatic: as, for instance, in the whole of the *Little Emily* portion of *David Copperfield*, and in its thrilling last scene, which stands in close juxtaposition to the "retrospect" of Dora's death, woven out of threads of idyllic delicacy.

The extracts which ensue are, with the exception of the last two, all taken from a period extending over little more than fifteen years. If the circumstances of Dickens's childhood and youth are taken into consideration, it must be accounted one of the rarest of literary experiences that so little should remain from his hand which can be fairly called crude, or partaking of the nature of promise rather than of achievement. He had produced no original work of any consequence beyond the *Sketches by Boz*, lightly conceived and lightly thrown off, when with *Pickwick* he leapt to the summit of fame as a humourist; and it was in the midst of the publication of *Pickwick* that he set hand to *Oliver Twist*, a story round the "facts" of which controversy still rages, but which unmistakably stamped its author as possessed of literary gifts hitherto, it is not too much to say, displayed by no English writer of prose fiction in a similar combination. Less

than five years intervened between the completion of *Oliver Twist* and the commencement of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, a work of at least equal power, and of incomparably greater variety and richness; and a few weeks before the first number of this work there appeared the earliest of those little Christmas stories which, with a wholly original charm of diction, created a new romantic aspect for English domestic life. During the last five of the fifteen years in question, Dickens's genius was in the fulness of its vigour. About the middle of this period *David Copperfield*, the story to which all its author's other stories must yield the palm for both interest and beauty, was in progress, while the first of the two periodicals conducted by Dickens, and adorned by occasional as well as continuous contributions of his own, was beginning to run its course.

From 1852 or thereabouts—others would perhaps date its commencement later—the second period of Dickens's authorship seems to me to open. Of this *Bleak House* and *Hard Times* may be taken as representing the earlier, *Little Dorrit* and its successors the later, subdivisions. In this year the style of Dickens, whether grave or gay, already approaches his later and less delightful manner, or has fairly passed into it, while nothing could be easier than to select from any of his later books—and notably perhaps from the earlier and from the later in the group—passage upon passage and chapter upon chapter showing that neither had his hand lost its cunning nor his imagination its elasticity; while furthermore they prove his genius to have still led him to the discovery of new and unworked veins in the invention of character, and even more frequently in that of plot or situation,—yet each book as a whole, and the style of it as a whole, lacked the full freshness of Dickens when at his best. Above all, he was becoming less and less able to free himself from the mannerism of which the real origin is conscious self-imitation or self-accentuation. Accordingly, the most pleasing examples of his later style, apart from occasional passages in the novels, are to be found in some of those occasional papers which, more particularly under the happy designation of the *Uncommercial Traveller*, he composed, not without pains, for he took pains about everything, but without even the semblance of a strain. Some of them in originality of design and grace of execution equal anything of the sort that our literature, rich as it is in such-like delightful foliage, has put forth either in the eighteenth century or in the nineteenth.



Dickens sleeps near Garrick, whose art he loved better than almost any other, even than that which was most properly his own. In the admirable poem which was designed to prove the great English actor worthy of the vacant chair of Roscius, very little anxiety is displayed as to his shortcomings, natural or artificial. And so with Dickens. The best qualities of style adorn those among his works—falling chiefly within the range indicated above—in which his literary merits of other kinds can hardly be contested. Those, therefore, who still think that he should “take the chair” before his rivals in English prose fiction, will prefer that his claims should be judged by the positive excellence of his best writings.

A. W. WARD.

## MR. PICKWICK ON THE ICE

"Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch, with the agreeable items of strong-beer and cherry-brandy, had been done ample justice to ; "what say you to an hour on the ice ? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital !" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime !" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skait, of course, Winkle ?" said Wardle.

"Ye—yes ; oh, yes ;" replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skait, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it *so* much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening ; "but I have no skaits."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had got a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half-a-dozen more, down stairs, whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice ; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller, having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skaits with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight ; and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies ; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid

Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skaits on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skaits than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skaits were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop," said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir."

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skaits; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'lm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off."

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home, that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away, to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle.

"There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank—

"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonised Pickwickian; and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skaits. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skaits off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skaits off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it, in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders ; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words :

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what !" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With these words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavours cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon, in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding which is currently denominated "knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a two-penny postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice warm exercise that, doesn't it ?" he enquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does, indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide ?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please Mr. Pickwick," cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh ! pooh ! nonsense !" said Wardle, dragging off his skaits with the impetuosity which characterised all his proceedings. "Here ; I'll keep you company ; come along." And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put

them in his hat, took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a bilin', sir," said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing, to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony: to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started: to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank, with an ardour and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water bubbled up over it, and Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be

within hearing, the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might and main.

It was at this very moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer, on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice—it was at this very moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant," bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do; let me implore you—for my sake," roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary; the probability being, that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so, for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible, bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valour were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant; and three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller; presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides,

skimming over the ground without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and urged on by Sam Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where Mr. Tupman had arrived some five minutes before, and had frightened the old lady into palpitations of the heart, by impressing her with the unalterable conviction that the kitchen chimney was on fire—a calamity which always presented itself in the most glowing colours to the old lady's mind, when anybody about her evinced the smallest agitation.

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant until he was snug in bed. Sam Weller lighted a blazing fire in the room, and took up his dinner, a bowl of punch was carried up afterwards, and a grand carouse held in honour of his safety. Old Wardle would not hear of his rising, so they made the bed the chair, and Mr. Pickwick presided. A second and a third bowl were ordered in; and when Mr. Pickwick awoke next morning, there was not a symptom of rheumatism about him, which proves, as Mr. Bob Sawyer very justly observed, that there is nothing like hot punch in such cases, and that if ever hot punch did fail to act as a preventive, it was merely because the patient fell into the vulgar error of not taking enough of it.

(From *The Pickwick Papers*.)

## SIKES AND HIS DOG

HE went on doggedly; but as he left the town behind him, and plunged into the solitude and darkness of the road, he felt a dread and awe creeping upon him which shook him to the core. Every object before him, substance or shadow, still or moving, took the semblance of some fearful thing; but these fears were nothing compared to the sense that haunted him of that morning's ghastly figure following at his heels. He could trace its shadow in the gloom, supply the smallest item of the outline, and note how stiff and solemn it seemed to stalk along. He could hear its garments rustling in the leaves; and every breath of wind came laden with that last low cry. If he stopped it did the same. If he ran, it followed—not running too: that would



have been a relief: but like a corpse endowed with the mere machinery of life, and borne on one slow melancholy wind that never rose or fell.

At times, he turned, with desperate determination, resolved to beat this phantom off, though it should look him dead; but the hair rose on his head, and his blood stood still: for it had turned with him and was behind him then. He had kept it before him that morning, but it was behind him now—always. He leaned his back against a bank, and felt that it stood above him, visibly out against the cold night-sky. He threw himself upon the road—on his back upon the road. At his head it stood, silent, erect, and still—a living grave-stone, with its epitaph in blood.

Let no man talk of murderers escaping justice, and hint that Providence must sleep. There were twenty score of violent deaths in one long minute of that agony of fear.

There was a shed in a field he passed, that offered shelter for the night. Before the door, were three tall poplar trees, which made it very dark within; and the wind moaned through them with a dismal wail. He *could not* walk on, till daylight came again; and here he stretched himself close to the wall—to undergo new torture.

For now, a vision came before him, as constant and more terrible than that from which he had escaped. Those widely staring eyes, so lustreless and so glassy, that he had better borne to see them than think upon them, appeared in the midst of the darkness: light in themselves, but giving light to nothing. There were but two, but they were everywhere. If he shut out the sight, there came the room with every well-known object—some, indeed, that he would have forgotten, if he had gone over its contents from memory—each in its accustomed place. The body was in *its* place, and its eyes were as he saw them when he stole away. He got up, and rushed into the field without. The figure was behind him. He re-entered the shed, and shrank down once more. The eyes were there, before he had laid himself along.

And here he remained, in such terror as none but he can know, trembling in every limb, and the cold sweat starting from every pore, when suddenly there arose upon the night-wind the noise of distant shouting, and the roar of voices mingled in alarm and wonder. Any sound of men in that lonely place, even though it conveyed a real cause of alarm, was something to him. He

regained his strength and energy at the prospect of personal danger ; and, springing to his feet, rushed into the open air.

The broad sky seemed on fire. Rising into the air with showers of sparks, and rolling one above the other, were sheets of flame, lighting the atmosphere for miles round, and driving clouds of smoke in the direction where he stood. The shouts grew louder as new voices swelled the roar, and he could hear the cry of Fire ! mingled with the ringing of an alarm-bell, the fall of heavy bodies, and the crackling of flames as they twined round some new obstacle, and shot aloft as though refreshed by food. The noise increased as he looked. There were people there—men and women—light, bustle. It was like new life to him. He darted onward—straight, headlong—dashing through brier and brake, and leaping gate and fence as madly as the dog, who careered with loud and sounding bark before him.

He came upon the spot. There were half-dressed figures tearing to and fro, some endeavouring to drag the frightened horses from the stables, others driving the cattle from the yard and out-houses, and others coming laden from the burning pile, amidst a shower of falling sparks, and the tumbling down of red-hot beams. The apertures, where doors and windows stood an hour ago, disclosed a mass of raging fire ; walls rocked and crumbled into the burning well ; the molten lead and iron poured down, white hot, upon the ground. Women and children shrieked, and men encouraged each other with noisy shouts and cheers. The clanking of the engine-pumps, and the spirting and hissing of the water as it fell upon the blazing wood, added to the tremendous roar. He shouted, too, till he was hoarse ; and, flying from memory and himself, plunged into the thickest of the throng.

Hither and thither he dived that night : now working at the pumps, and now hurrying through the smoke and flame, but never ceasing to engage himself wherever noise and men were thickest. Up and down the ladders, upon the roofs of buildings, over floors that quaked and trembled with his weight, under the lee of falling bricks and stones, in every part of that great fire was he ; but he bore a charmed life, and had neither scratch nor bruise, nor weariness nor thought, till morning dawned again, and only smoke and blackened ruins remained.

This mad excitement over, there returned, with tenfold force, the dreadful consciousness of his crime. He looked suspiciously

about him, for the men were conversing in groups, and he feared to be the subject of their talk. The dog obeyed the significant beck of his finger, and they drew off, stealthily, together. He passed near an engine where some men were seated, and they called to him to share in their refreshment. He took some bread and meat; and as he drank a draught of beer, heard the firemen, who were from London, talking about the murder. "He has gone to Birmingham, they say," said one: "but they'll have him yet, for the scouts are out, and by to-morrow night there'll be a cry all through the country."

He hurried off, and walked till he almost dropped upon the ground; then lay down in a lane, and had a long, but broken and uneasy sleep. He wandered on again, irresolute and undecided, and oppressed with the fear of another solitary night.

Suddenly, he took the desperate resolution of going back to London.

"There's somebody to speak to there, at all events," he thought. "A good hiding-place, too. They'll never expect to nab me there, after this country scent. Why can't I lay by for a week or so, and, forcing blunt from Fagin, get abroad to France? Damme, I'll risk it."

He acted upon this impulse without delay, and choosing the least frequented roads began his journey back, resolved to lie concealed within a short distance of the metropolis, and, entering it at dusk by a circuitous route, to proceed straight to that part of it which he had fixed on for his destination.

The dog, though,—if any descriptions of him were out, it would not be forgotten that the dog was missing, and had probably gone with him. This might lead to his apprehension as he passed along the streets. He resolved to drown him, and walked on, looking about for a pond: picking up a heavy stone and tying it to his handkerchief as he went.

The animal looked up into his master's face while these preparations were making; and, whether his instinct apprehended something of their purpose, or the robber's sidelong look at him was sterner than ordinary, skulked a little farther in the rear than usual, and cowered as he came more slowly along. When his master halted at the brink of a pool, and looked round to call him, he stopped outright.

"Do you hear me call? Come here!" cried Sikes.

The animal came up from the very force of habit; but as

Sikes stooped to attach the handkerchief to his throat, he uttered a low growl and started back.

"Come back!" said the robber, stamping on the ground.

The dog wagged his tail, but moved not. Sikes made a running noose and called him again.

The dog advanced, retreated, paused an instant, turned, and scoured away at his hardest speed.

The man whistled again and again, and sat down and waited in the expectation that he would return. But no dog appeared, and at length he resumed his journey.

(From *Oliver Twist*.)

### CHRISTMAS AT THE CRATCHITS'

THEN up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honour of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage-and-onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeced.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!"

said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his

brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter, and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry

with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

“A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!”

Which all the family re-echoed.

“God bless us every one!” said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

(From *A Christmas Carol*.)

## FIRST APPEARANCE OF MRS. GAMP

MR. PECKSNIFF was in a hackney cabriolet, for Jonas Chuzzlewit had said "Spare no expense." Mankind is evil in its thoughts and in its base constructions, and Jonas was resolved it should not have an inch to stretch into an ell against him. It never should be charged upon his father's son that he had grudged the money for his father's funeral. Hence, until the obsequies should be concluded, Jonas had taken for his motto "Spend, and spare not!"

Mr. Pecksniff had been to the undertaker, and was now upon his way to another officer in the train of mourning—a female functionary, a nurse, and watcher, and performer of nameless offices about the persons of the dead—whom he had recommended. Her name, as Mr. Pecksniff gathered from a scrap of writing in his hand, was Gamp; her residence in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn. So Mr. Pecksniff, in a hackney cab, was rattling over Holborn stones, in quest of Mrs. Gamp.

This lady lodged at a bird-fancier's; next door but one to the celebrated mutton-pie shop, and directly opposite to the original cat's-meat warehouse; the renown of which establishments was duly heralded on their respective fronts. It was a little house, and this was the more convenient; for Mrs. Gamp being, in her highest walk of art, a monthly nurse, or, as her sign-board boldly had it, "Midwife," and lodging in the first-floor front, was easily assailable at night by pebbles, walking-sticks, and fragments of tobacco-pipe: all much more efficacious than the street-door knocker, which was so constructed as to wake the street with ease, and even spread alarms of fire in Holborn, without making the smallest impression on the premises to which it was addressed.

It chanced on this particular occasion that Mrs. Gamp had been up all the previous night, in attendance upon a ceremony to which the usage of gossips has given that name which expresses, in two syllables, the curse pronounced on Adam. It chanced that Mrs. Gamp had not been regularly engaged, but had been called in at a crisis, in consequence of her great repute, to assist another professional lady with her advice; and thus it happened that, all points of interest in the case being over, Mrs. Gamp had come home again to the bird-fancier's, and gone to bed. So when Mr. Pecksniff drove up in the hackney cab, Mrs. Gamp's



curtains were drawn close, and Mrs. Gamp was fast asleep behind them.

If the bird-fancier had been at home as he ought to have been, there would have been no great harm in this; but he was out, and his shop was closed. The shutters were down certainly; and in every pane of glass there was at least one tiny bird in a tiny bird-cage, twittering and hopping his little ballet of despair, and knocking his head against the roof; while one unhappy goldfinch who lived outside a red villa with his name on the door, drew the water for his own drinking, and mutely appealed to some good man to drop a farthing's worth of poison in it. Still, the door was shut. Mr. Pecksniff tried the latch, and shook it, causing a cracked bell inside to ring most mournfully; but no one came. The bird-fancier was an easy shaver also, and a fashionable hairdresser also; and perhaps he had been sent for, express, from the court end of the town, to trim a lord, or cut and curl a lady; but however that might be, there, upon his own ground, he was not; nor was there any more distinct trace of him to assist the imagination of an inquirer, than a professional print or emblem of his calling (much favoured in the trade), representing a hairdresser of easy manners curling a lady of distinguished fashion, in the presence of a patent upright grand piano.

Noting these circumstances, Mr. Pecksniff, in the innocence of his heart, applied himself to the knocker; but at the very first double knock, every window in the street became alive with female heads; and before he could repeat the performance, whole troops of married ladies (some about to trouble Mrs. Gamp themselves, very shortly) came flocking round the steps; all crying out with one accord, and with uncommon interest,

Knock at the winder, sir, knock at the winder. Lord bless you, don't lose no more time than you can help—knock at the winder!"

Acting upon this suggestion, and borrowing the driver's whip for the purpose, Mr. Pecksniff soon made a commotion among the first-floor flower-pots, and roused Mrs. Gamp, whose voice—to the great satisfaction of the matrons—was heard to say, "I'm coming."

"He's as pale as a muffin," said one lady, in allusion to Mr. Pecksniff.

"So he ought to be, if he's the feelings of a man," observed another.

A third lady (with her arms folded) said she wished he had chosen any other time for fetching Mrs. Gamp, but it always happened so with *her*.

It gave Mr. Pecksniff much uneasiness to find from these remarks that he was supposed to have come to Mrs. Gamp upon an errand touching—not the close of life, but the other end. Mrs. Gamp herself was under the same impression, for throwing open the window, she cried behind the curtains, as she hastily attired herself:

“Is it Mrs. Perkins?”

“No!” returned Mr. Pecksniff, sharply, “nothing of the sort.”

“What, Mr. Whilks!” cried Mrs. Gamp. “Don’t say it’s you, Mr. Whilks, and that poor creetur Mrs. Whilks with not even a pincushion ready. Don’t say it’s you, Mr. Whilks!”

“It isn’t Mr. Whilks,” said Pecksniff. “I don’t know the man. Nothing of the kind. A gentleman is dead; and some person being wanted in the house, you have been recommended by Mr. Mould, the undertaker.”

As she was by this time in a condition to appear, Mrs. Gamp, who had a face for all occasions, looked out of the window with her mourning countenance, and said she would be down directly. But the matrons took it very ill, that Mr. Pecksniff’s mission was of so unimportant a kind; and the lady with her arms folded rated him in good round terms, signifying that she would be glad to know what he meant by terrifying delicate females “with his corpses;” and giving it as her opinion that he was quite ugly enough to know better. The other ladies were not at all behind-hand in expressing similar sentiments; and the children, of whom some scores had now collected, hooted and defied Mr. Pecksniff quite savagely. So when Mrs. Gamp appeared, the unoffending gentleman was glad to hustle her with very little ceremony into the cabriolet, and drive off overwhelmed with popular execration.

Mrs. Gamp had a large bundle with her, a pair of pattens, and a species of gig umbrella; the latter article in colour like a faded leaf, except where a circular patch of a lively blue had been dexterously let in at the top. She was much flurried by the haste she had made, and laboured under the most erroneous views of cabriolets, which she appeared to confound with mail-coaches or stage-waggons, inasmuch as she was constantly endeavouring for the first half mile to force her luggage through the little front window, and clamouring to the driver to “put it

in the boot." When she was disabused of this idea, her whole being resolved itself into an absorbing anxiety about her pattens, with which she played innumerable games at quoits on Mr. Pecksniff's legs. It was not until they were close upon the house of mourning that she had enough composure to observe :

"And so the gentleman's dead, sir! Ah! The more's the pity"—she didn't even know his name. "But it's what we must all come to. It's as certain as being born, except that we can't make our calculations as exact. Ah! Poor dear!"

She was a fat old woman, this Mrs. Gamp, with a husky voice and a moist eye, which she had a remarkable power of turning up, and only showing the white of. Having very little neck, it cost her some trouble to look over herself, if one may say so, at those to whom she talked. She wore a very rusty black gown, rather the worse for snuff, and a shawl and bonnet to correspond. In these dilapidated articles of dress she had, on principle, arrayed herself, time out of mind, on such occasions as the present; for this at once expressed a decent amount of veneration for the deceased, and invited the next of kin to present her with a fresher suit of weeds: an appeal so frequently successful, that the very fetch and ghost of Mrs. Gamp, bonnet and all, might be seen hanging up, any hour in the day, in at least a dozen of the second-hand clothes shops about Holborn. The face of Mrs. Gamp—the nose in particular—was somewhat red and swollen, and it was difficult to enjoy her society without becoming conscious of a smell of spirits. Like most persons who have attained to great eminence in their profession, she took to hers very kindly; insomuch, that setting aside her natural predilections as a woman, she went to a lying-in or a laying-out with equal zest and relish.

"Ah!" repeated Mrs. Gamp; for it was always a safe sentiment in cases of mourning. "Ah dear! When Gamp was summoned to his long home, and I see him a lying in Guy's Hospital with a penny-piece on each eye, and his wooden leg under his left arm, I thought I should have fainted away. But I bore up."

If certain whispers current in the Kingsgate Street circles had any truth in them, she had indeed borne up surprisingly; and had exerted such uncommon fortitude, as to dispose of Mr. Gamp's remains for the benefit of science. But it should be added, in fairness, that this had happened twenty years ago; and

that Mr. and Mrs. Gamp had long been separated, on the ground of incompatibility of temper in their drink.

"You have become indifferent since then, I suppose?" said Mr. Pecksniff. "Use is second nature, Mrs. Gamp."

"You may well say second nater, sir," returned that lady. "One's first ways is to find sich things a trial to the feelings; and so is one's lasting custom. If it wasn't for the nerve a little sip of liquor gives me (I never was able to do more than taste it), I never could go through with what I sometimes have to do. 'Mrs. Harris,' I says, at the very last case as ever I acted in, which it was but a young person; 'Mrs. Harris,' I says, 'leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed, and then I will do what I'm engaged to do, according to the best of my ability.' 'Mrs. Gamp,' she says, in answer, 'if ever there was a sober creetur to be got at eighteenpence a day for working people, and three and six for gentlefolks—night watching,'" said Mrs. Gamp, with emphasis, "'being a extra charge—you are that inwalable person.' 'Mrs. Harris,' I says to her, 'don't name the charge, for if I could afford to lay all my feller creeturs out for nothink, I would gladly do it; sich is the love I bear 'em. But what I always says to them as has the management of matters, Mrs. Harris'"—here she kept her eye on Mr. Pecksniff—"be they gents or be they ladies—is, don't ask me whether I won't take none, or whether I will, but leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed.'"

(From *Martin Chuzzlewit*.)

## A RETROSPECT

I MUST pause yet once again. Oh, my child-wife, there is a figure in the moving crowd before my memory, quiet and still, saying in its innocent love and childish beauty, Stop to think of me—turn to look upon the Little Blossom, as it flutters to the ground!

I do. All else grows dim, and fades away. I am again with Dora, in our cottage. I do not know how long she has been ill. I am so used to it in feeling, that I cannot count the time. It is

not really long, in weeks or months ; but, in my usage and experience, it is a weary, weary while.

They have left off telling me to "wait a few days more." I have begun to fear, remotely, that the day may never shine, when I shall see my child-wife running in the sunlight with her old friend Jip.

He is, as it were suddenly, grown very old. It may be, that he misses in his mistress something that enlivened him and made him younger ; but he mopes, and his sight is weak, and his limbs are feeble, and my aunt is sorry that he objects to her no more, but creeps near her as he lies on Dora's bed—she sitting at the bedside—and mildly licks her hand.

Dora lies smiling on us, and is beautiful, and utters no hasty or complaining word. She says that we are very good to her ; that her dear old careful boy is tiring himself out, she knows : that my aunt has no sleep, yet is always wakeful, active, and kind. Sometimes, the little bird-like ladies come to see her ; and then we talk about our wedding-day, and all that happy time.

What a strange rest and pause in my life there seems to be—and in all life, within doors and without—when I sit in the quiet, shaded, orderly room, with the blue eyes of my child-wife turned towards me, and her little fingers twining round my hand ! Many and many an hour I sit thus ; but, of all those times, three times come the freshest on my mind.

It is morning ; and Dora, made so trim by my aunt's hands, shows me how her pretty hair *will* curl upon the pillow yet, and how long and bright it is, and how she likes to have it loosely gathered in that net she wears.

"Not that I am vain of it, now, you mocking boy," she says, when I smile ; "but because you used to say you thought it so beautiful ; and because, when I first began to think about you, I used to peep in the glass, and wonder whether you would like very much to have a lock of it. Oh what a foolish fellow you were, Doady, when I gave you one !"

"That was on the day when you were painting the flowers I had given you, Dora, and when I told you how much in love I was."

"Ah ! but I didn't like to tell *you*," says Dora, "*then*, how I had cried over them, because I believed you really liked me ! When I can run about again as I used to do, Doady, let us go and see those places where we were such a silly couple, shall we ?

And take some of the old 'walks? And not forget poor papa?"

"Yes, we will, and have some happy days. So you must make haste to get well, my dear."

"Oh, I shall soon do that; I am so much better, you don't know!"

It is evening; and I sit in the same chair, by the same bed, with the same face turned towards me. We have been silent, and there is a smile upon her face. I have ceased to carry my light burden up and down stairs now. She lies here all the day.

"Doady!"

"My dear Dora!"

"You won't think what I am going to say, unreasonable, after what you told me, such a little while ago, of Mr. Wickfield's not being well? I want to see Agnes. Very much I want to see her."

"I will write to her, my dear."

"Will you?"

"Directly."

"What a good, kind boy! Doady, take me on your arm. Indeed, my dear, it's not a whim. It's not a foolish fancy. I want, very much indeed, to see her!"

"I am certain of it. I have only to tell her so, and she is sure to come."

"You are very lonely when you go down stairs, now?" Dora whispers, with her arm about my neck.

"How can I be otherwise, my own love, when I see your empty chair?"

"My empty chair!" She clings to me for a little while, in silence. "And you really miss me, Doady?" looking up, and brightly smiling. "Even poor, giddy, stupid me?"

"My heart, who is there upon earth that I could miss so much?"

"O husband! I am so glad, yet so sorry!" creeping closer to me, and folding me in both her arms. She laughs and sobs, and then is quiet, and quite happy.

"Quite!" she says. "Only give Agnes my dear love, and tell her that I want very, very much to see her; and I have nothing left to wish for."

"Except to get well again, Dora."

"Ah, Doady! Sometimes I think—you know I always was a silly little thing!—that that will never be!"

"Don't say so, Dora! Dearest love, don't think so!"

"I won't, if I can help it, Doady. But I am very happy; though my dear boy is so lonely by himself, before his child-wife's empty chair!"

It is night; and I am with her still. Agnes has arrived; has been among us, for a whole day and an evening. She, my aunt, and I, have sat with Dora since the morning, all together. We have not talked much, but Dora has been perfectly contented and cheerful. We are now alone.

Do I know, now, that my child-wife will soon leave me? They have told me so; they have told me nothing new to my thoughts; but I am far from sure that I have taken that truth to heart. I cannot master it. I have withdrawn by myself, many times to-day, to weep. I have remembered Who wept for a parting between the living and the dead. I have bethought me of all that gracious and compassionate history. I have tried to resign myself, and to console myself; and that, I hope, I may have done imperfectly; but what I cannot firmly settle in my mind is, that the end will absolutely come. I hold her hand in mine, I hold her heart in mine, I see her love for me, alive in all its strength. I cannot shut out a pale lingering shadow of belief that she will be spared.

"I am going to speak to you, Doady. I am going to say something I have often thought of saying, lately. You won't mind?" with a gentle look.

"Mind, my darling?"

"Because I don't know what you will think, or what you may have thought sometimes. Perhaps you have often thought the same. Doady, dear, I am afraid I was too young."

I lay my face upon the pillow by her, and she looks into my eyes, and speaks very softly. Gradually, as she goes on, I feel, with a stricken heart, that she is speaking of herself as past.

"I am afraid, dear, I was too young. I don't mean in years only, but in experience, and thoughts, and everything. I was such a silly little creature! I am afraid it would have been better, if we had only loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife."

I try to stay my tears, and to reply, "O Dora, love, as fit as I to be a husband!"

"I don't know," with the old shake of her curls. "Perhaps!"

But, if I had been more fit to be married, I might have made you more so, too. Besides, you are very clever, and I never was."

"We have been very happy, my sweet Dora."

"I was very happy, very. But, as years went on, my dear boy would have wearied of his child-wife. She would have been less and less a companion for him. He would have been more and more sensible of what was wanting in his home. She wouldn't have improved. It is better as it is."

"O Dora, dearest, dearest, do not speak to me so. Every word seems a reproach!"

"No, not a syllable!" she answers, kissing me. "Oh, my dear, you never deserved it, and I loved you far too well, to say a reproachful word to you, in earnest—it was all the merit I had, except being pretty—or you thought me so. Is it lonely, down stairs, Doady?"

"Very! Very!"

"Don't cry! Is my chair there?"

"In its old place."

"Oh, how my poor boy cries! Hush, hush! Now, make me one promise. I want to speak to Agnes. When you go down stairs, tell Agnes so, and send her up to me; and while I speak to her, let no one come—not even aunt. I want to speak to Agnes by herself. I want to speak to Agnes, quite alone."

"I promise that she shall, immediately; but I cannot leave her, for my grief."

"I said that it was better as it is!" she whispers, as she holds me in her arms. "O Doady, after more years, you never could have loved your child-wife better than you do; and, after more years, she would so have tried and disappointed you, that you might not have been able to love her half so well! I know I was too young and foolish. It is much better as it is!"

Agnes is down stairs, when I go into the parlour; and I give her the message. She disappears, leaving me alone with Jip.

His Chinese house is by the fire; and he lies within it, on his bed of flannel, querulously trying to sleep. The bright moon is high and clear. As I look out on the night, my tears fall fast, and my undisciplined heart is chastened heavily—heavily.

I sit down by the fire, thinking with a blind remorse of all those secret feelings I have nourished since my marriage. I think of every little trifle between me and Dora, and feel the



truth, that trifles make the sum of life. Ever rising from the sea of my remembrance, is the image of the dear child as I knew her first, graced by my young love, and by her own, with every fascination wherein such love is rich. Would it, indeed, have been better if we had loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it? Undisciplined heart, reply!

How the time wears, I know not; until I am recalled by my child-wife's old companion. More restless than he was, he crawls out of his house, and looks at me, and wanders to the door, and whines to go up-stairs.

"Not to-night, Jip! Not to-night!"

He comes very slowly back to me, licks my hand, and lifts his dim eyes to my face.

"O Jip! It may be, never again!"

He lies down at my feet, stretches himself out as if to sleep, and with a plaintive cry, is dead.

"O Agnes! Look, look here!"

—That face, so full of pity and of grief, that rain of tears, that awful mute appeal to me, that solemn hand upraised towards Heaven!

"Agnes?"

It is over. Darkness comes before my eyes; and, for a time, all things are blotted out of my remembrance.

(From *David Copperfield*.)

## THE SHIPWRECK

I NOW approach an event in my life, so indelible, so awful, so bound by an infinite variety of ties to all that has preceded it, in these pages, that, from the beginning of my narrative, I have seen it growing larger and larger as I advanced, like a great tower in a plain, and throwing its fore-cast shadow even on the incidents of my childish days.

For years after it occurred, I dreamed of it often. I have started up so vividly impressed by it, that its fury has yet seemed raging in my quiet room, in the still night. I dream of it sometimes, though at lengthened and uncertain intervals, to this hour. I have an association between it and a stormy wind, or the lightest mention of a sea-shore, as strong as any of which my

mind is conscious. As plainly as I behold what happened, I will try to write it down. I do not recall it, but see it done; for it happens again before me.

The time drawing on rapidly for the sailing of the emigrant-ship, my good old nurse (almost broken-hearted for me, when we first met) came up to London. I was constantly with her, and her brother, and the Micawbers (they being very much together); but Emily I never saw.

One evening when the time was close at hand, I was alone with Peggotty and her brother. Our conversation turned on Ham. She described to us how tenderly he had taken leave of her, and how manfully and quietly he had borne himself. Most of all, of late, when she believed he was most tried. It was a subject of which the affectionate creature never tired; and our interest in hearing the many examples which she, who was so much with him, had to relate, was equal to hers in relating them.

My aunt and I were at that time vacating the two cottages at Highgate; I intending to go abroad, and she to return to her house at Dover. We had a temporary lodging in Covent Garden. As I walked home to it, after this evening's conversation, reflecting on what had passed between Ham and myself when I was last at Yarmouth, I wavered in the original purpose I had formed, of leaving a letter for Emily when I should take leave of her uncle on board the ship, and thought it would be better to write to her now. She might desire, I thought, after receiving my communication, to send some parting word by me to her unhappy lover. I ought to give her the opportunity.

I therefore sat down in my room, before going to bed, and wrote to her. I told her that I had seen him, and that he had requested me to tell her what I have already written in its place in these sheets. I faithfully repeated it. I had no need to enlarge upon it, if I had had the right. Its deep fidelity and goodness were not to be adorned by me or any man. I left it out, to be sent round in the morning; with a line to Mr. Peggotty, requesting him to give it to her; and went to bed at day-break.

I was weaker than I knew then; and, not falling asleep until the sun was up, lay late, and unrefreshed, next day. I was roused by the silent presence of my aunt at my bedside. I felt it in my sleep, as I suppose we all do feel such things.

"Trot, my dear," she said, when I opened my eyes, "I couldn't

make up my mind to disturb you. Mr. Peggotty is here ; shall he come up ? ”

I replied yes, and he soon appeared.

“ Mas’r Davy,” he said, when we had shaken hands, “ I giv Em’ly your letter, sir, and she writ this heer ; and begged of me fur to ask you to read it, and if you see no hurt in’t, to be so kind as take charge on’t.”

“ Have you read it ? ” said I.

He nodded sorrowfully. I opened it, and read as follows :—

“ I have got your message. Oh, what can I write, to thank you for your good and blessed kindness to me !

“ I have put the words close to my heart. I shall keep them till I die. They are sharp thorns but they are such comfort. I have prayed over them, oh, I have prayed so much. When I find what you are, and what uncle is, I think what God must be, and can cry to Him.

“ Good bye for ever. Now, my dear, my fiend, good bye for ever in this world. In another world, if I am forgiven, I may wake a child and come to you. All thanks and blessings. Farewell, evermore ! ”

This, blotted with tears, was the letter.

“ May I tell her as you doesn’t see no hurt in’t, and as you’ll be so kind as take charge on’t, Mas’r Davy ? ” said Mr. Peggotty, when I had read it.

“ Unquestionably,” said I—“ but I am thinking——”

“ Yes, Mas’r Davy ? ”

“ I am thinking,” said I, “ that I’ll go down again to Yarmouth. There’s time, and to spare, for me to go and come back before the ship sails. My mind is constantly running on him, in his solitude ; to put this letter of her writing in his hand at this time, and to enable you to tell her, in the moment of parting, that he has got it, will be a kindness to both of them. I solemnly accepted his commission, dear good fellow, and cannot discharge it too completely. The journey is nothing to me. I am restless, and shall be better in motion. I’ll go down to-night.”

Though he anxiously endeavoured to dissuade me, I saw that he was of my mind ; and this, if I had required to be confirmed in my intention, would have had the effect. He went round to the coach-office, at my request, and took the box-seat for me on the mail. In the evening I started, by that conveyance, down the road I had traversed under so many vicissitudes.

“ Don’t you think that,” I asked the coachman, in the first

stage out of London, "a very remarkable sky? I don't remember to have seen one like it."

"Nor I—not equal to it," he replied. "That's wind, sir. There'll be mischief done at sea, I expect, before long."

It was a murky confusion—here and there blotted with a colour like the colour of the smoke from damp fuel—of flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and were frightened. There had been a wind all day; and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. In another hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast, and blew hard.

But as the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow, harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times, in the dark part of the night (it was then late in September, when the nights were not short), the leaders turned about, or came to a dead stop; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over. Sweeping gusts of rain came up before this storm, like showers of steel; and, at those times, when there was any shelter of trees or lee walls to be got, we were fain to stop, in a sheer impossibility of continuing the struggle.

When the day broke, it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of this, or anything approaching to it. We came to Ipswich—very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we were ten miles out of London; and found a cluster of people in the market-place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys. Some of these, congregating about the inn-yard while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church-tower, and flung into a by-street, which they then blocked up. Others had to tell of country people, coming in from neighbouring villages, who had seen great trees lying torn out of the earth, and whole ricks scattered about the roads and fields. Still there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder.

As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became

more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth ; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors, all aslant, and with streaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night.

I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea ; staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea-foam ; afraid of falling slates and tiles ; and holding by people I met, at angry corners. Coming near the beach, I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings ; some, now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads, as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another ; shipowners, excited and uneasy ; children, huddling together, and peering into older faces ; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, levelling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating

valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills ; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound ; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away ; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell ; the clouds flew fast and thick ; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

Not finding Ham among the people whom this memorable wind—for it is still remembered down there, as the greatest ever known to blow upon that coast—had brought together, I made my way to his house. It was shut ; and as no one answered to my knocking, I went, by back ways and by-lanes, to the yard where he worked. I learned, there, that he had gone to Lowestoft, to meet some sudden exigency of ship-repairing in which his skill was required ; but that he would be back to-morrow morning, in good time.

I went back to the inn ; and when I had washed and dressed, and tried to sleep, but in vain, it was five o'clock in the afternoon. I had not sat five minutes by the coffee-room fire, when the waiter coming to stir it, as an excuse for talking, told me that two colliers had gone down, with all hands, a few miles away ; and that some other ships had been seen labouring hard in the Roads, and trying, in great distress, to keep off shore. Mercy on them, and on all poor sailors, said he, if we had another night like the last !

I was very much depressed in spirits ; very solitary ; and felt an uneasiness in Ham's not being there, disproportionate to the occasion. I was seriously affected, without knowing how much, by late events : and my long exposure to the fierce wind had confused me. There was that jumble in my thoughts and recollections, that I had lost the clear arrangement of time and distance. Thus, if I had gone out into the town, I should not have been surprised, I think, to encounter some one who I knew must be then in London. So to speak, there was in these respects a curious inattention in my mind. Yet it was busy, too, with all the remembrances the place naturally awakened ; and they were particularly distinct and vivid.

In this state, the waiter's dismal intelligence about the ships immediately connected itself, without any effort of my volition, with my uneasiness about Ham. I was persuaded that I had an apprehension of his returning from Lowestoft by sea, and being

lost. This grew so strong with me, that I resolved to go back to the yard before I took my dinner, and ask the boat-builder if he thought his attempting to return by sea at all likely? If he gave me the least reason to think so, I would go over to Lowestoft and prevent it by bringing him with me.

I hastily ordered my dinner, and went back to the yard. I was none too soon; for the boat-builder, with a lantern in his hand, was locking the yard-gate. He quite laughed, when I asked him the question, and said there was no fear; no man in his senses, or out of them, would put off in such a gale of wind, least of all Ham Peggotty, who had been born to seafaring.

So sensible of this, beforehand, that I had really felt ashamed of doing what I was nevertheless impelled to do, I went back to the inn. If such a wind could rise, I think it was rising. The howl and roar, the rattling of the doors and windows, the rumbling in the chimneys, the apparent rocking of the very house that sheltered me, and the prodigious tumult of the sea, were more fearful than in the morning. But there was now a great darkness besides; and that invested the storm with new terrors, real and fanciful.

I could not eat, I could not sit still, I could not continue steadfast to anything. Something within me, faintly answering to the storm without, tossed up the depths of my memory, and made a tumult in them. Yet, in all the hurry of my thoughts, wild running with the thundering sea,—the storm, and my uneasiness regarding Ham, were always in the foreground.

My dinner went away almost untasted, and I tried to refresh myself with a glass or two of wine. In vain. I fell into a dull slumber before the fire, without losing my consciousness, either of the uproar out of doors, or of the place in which I was. Both became overshadowed by a new and indefinable horror; and when I awoke—or rather when I shook off the lethargy that bound me in my chair—my whole frame thrilled with objectless and unintelligible fear.

I walked to and fro, tried to read an old gazetteer, listened to the awful noises: looked at faces, scenes, and figures in the fire. At length, the steady ticking of the undisturbed clock on the wall tormented me to that degree that I resolved to go to bed.

It was reassuring, on such a night, to be told that some of the inn-servants had agreed together to sit up until morning. I went to bed, exceedingly weary and heavy; but, on my lying down, all

such sensations vanished, as if by magic, and I was broad awake, with every sense refined.

For hours I lay there, listening to the wind and water; imagining, now, that I heard shrieks out at sea; now, that I distinctly heard the firing of signal guns; and now, the fall of houses in the town. I got up, several times, and looked out; but could see nothing, except the reflection in the window-panes of the faint candle I had left burning, and of my own haggard face looking in at me from the black void.

At length, my restlessness attained to such a pitch, that I hurried on my clothes, and went down stairs. In the large kitchen, where I dimly saw bacon and ropes of onions hanging from the beams, the watchers were clustered together, in various attitudes, about a table, purposely moved away from the great chimney, and brought near the door. A pretty girl, who had her ears stopped with her apron, and her eyes upon the door, screamed when I appeared, supposing me to be a spirit; but the others had more presence of mind, and were glad of an addition to their company. One man, referring to the topic they had been discussing, asked me whether I thought the souls of the collier-crews who had gone down, were out in the storm?

I remained there, I dare say, two hours. Once, I opened the yard-gate, and looked into the empty street. The sand, the seaweed, and the flakes of foam, were driving by; and I was obliged to call for assistance before I could shut the gate again, and make it fast against the wind.

There was a dark gloom in my solitary chamber, when I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, and, getting into bed again, fell—off a tower and down a precipice—into the depths of sleep. I have an impression that for a long time, though I dreamed of being elsewhere and in a variety of scenes, it was always blowing in my dream. At length, I lost that feeble hold upon reality, and was engaged with two dear friends, but who they were I don't know, at the siege of some town in a roar of cannonading.

The thunder of the cannon was so loud and incessant, that I could not hear something I much desired to hear, until I made a great exertion and awoke. It was broad day—eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging, in lieu of the batteries; and some one knocking and calling at my door.

“What is the matter?” I cried.



"A wreck! Close by!"

I sprang out of bed, and asked, what wreck?

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamouring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of, had been diminished by the silencing of half-a-dozen guns out of hundreds. But, the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented, bore the expression of being *swelled*; and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattoo'd arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made, to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But, a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprang wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham came breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him—as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new to me and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea—exactly the same look as I remembered in connexion with the morning after Emily's flight—awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking, not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw

the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If 'tan't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm a going off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined; but, I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then, I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trowsers; a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist; another round his body; and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still, he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on,—not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer colour; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rang, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give

them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, born in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it,—when, a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever.

As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

“Sir,” said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, “will you come over yonder?”

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me, was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me:

“Has a body come ashore?”

He said, “Yes.”

“Do I know it?” I asked then.

He answered nothing.

But, he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind—among the ruins of the home he had wronged—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

(From the Same.)

## THE CITY OF THE ABSENT

WHEN I think I deserve particularly well of myself, and have earned the right to enjoy a little treat, I stroll from Covent Garden into the City of London, after business-hours there, on a Saturday, or—better yet—on a Sunday, and roam about its deserted nooks and corners. It is necessary to the full enjoyment of these journeys that they should be made in summer-time, for then the retired spots that I love to haunt, are at their idlest and dullest. A gentle fall of rain is not objectionable, and a warm mist sets off my favourite retreats to decided advantage.

Among these, City Churchyards hold a high place. Such strange churchyards hide in the City of London; churchyards sometimes so entirely detached from churches, always so pressed upon by houses; so small, so rank, so silent, so forgotten, except by the few people who ever look down into them from their smoky windows. As I stand peeping in through the iron gates and rails, I can peel the rusty metal off, like bark from an old tree. The illegible tombstones are all lop-sided, the grave-mounds lost their shape in the rains of a hundred years ago, the Lombardy Poplar or Plane-Tree that was once a drysalter's daughter and several common-councilmen, has withered like those worthies, and its departed leaves are dust beneath it. Contagion of slow ruin overhangs the place. The discoloured tiled roofs of the environing buildings stand so awry, that they can hardly be proof against any stress of weather. Old crazy stacks of chimneys seem to look down as they overhang, dubiously calculating how far they will have to fall. In an angle of the walls, what was once the tool-house of the grave-digger rots away, encrusted with toadstools. Pipes and spouts for carrying off the rain from the encompassing gables, broken or feloniously cut for old lead long ago, now let the rain drip and splash as it list, upon the weedy earth. Sometimes there is a rusty pump somewhere near, and, as I look in at the rails and meditate, I hear it working under an unknown hand with a creaking protest: as though the departed in the churchyard urged, "Let us lie here in peace; don't suck us up and drink us!"

One of my best beloved churchyards, I call the churchyard of Saint Ghastly Grim; touching what men in general call it, I have no information. It lies at the heart of the City, and the Blackwall

Railway shrieks at it daily. It is a small small churchyard, with a ferocious strong spiked iron gate, like a jail. This gate is ornamented with skulls and cross-bones, larger than the life, wrought in stone; but it likewise came into the mind of Saint Ghastly Grim, that to stick iron spikes a-top of the stone skulls, as though they were impaled, would be a pleasant device. Therefore the skulls grin aloft horribly, thrust through and through with iron spears. Hence, there is attraction of repulsion for me in Saint Ghastly Grim, and, having often contemplated it in the daylight and the dark, I once felt drawn towards it in a thunder-storm at midnight. "Why not?" I said, in self-excuse. "I have been to see the Colosseum by the light of the moon; is it worse to go to see Saint Ghastly Grim by the light of the lightning?" I repaired to the Saint in a hackney cab, and found the skulls most effective, having the air of a public execution, and seeming, as the lightning flashed, to wink and grin with the pain of the spikes. Having no other person to whom to impart my satisfaction, I communicated it to the driver. So far from being responsive, he surveyed me—he was naturally a bottle-nosed red-faced man—with a blanched countenance. And as he drove me back, he ever and again glanced in over his shoulder through the little front window of his carriage, as mistrusting that I was a fare originally from a grave in the churchyard of Saint Ghastly Grim, who might have flitted home again without paying.

Sometimes, the queer Hall of some queer Company gives upon a churchyard such as this, and, when the Livery dine, you may hear them (if you are looking in through the iron rails, which you never are when I am) toasting their own Worshipful prosperity. Sometimes, a wholesale house of business, requiring much room for stowage, will occupy one or two or even all three sides of the enclosing space, and the backs of bales of goods will lumber up the windows, as if they were holding some crowded trade-meeting of themselves within. Sometimes, the commanding windows are all blank, and show no more sign of life than the graves below—not so much, for *they* tell of what once upon a time was life undoubtedly. Such was the surrounding of one City churchyard that I saw last summer, on a Volunteering Saturday evening towards eight of the clock, when with astonishment I beheld an old old man and an old old woman in it, making hay. Yes, of all occupations in this world, making hay! It was a very confined patch of churchyard lying between Grace-

church-street and the Tower, capable of yielding, say an apronful of hay. By what means the old old man and woman had got into it, with an almost toothless hay-making rake, I could not fathom. No open window was within view; no window at all was within view sufficiently near the ground to have enabled their old legs to descend from it; the rusty churchyard-gate was locked. Gravely among the graves, they made hay, all alone by themselves. They looked like Time and his wife. There was but the one rake between them, and they both had hold of it in a pastorally-loving manner, and there was hay on the old woman's black bonnet, as if the old man had recently been playful. The old man was quite an obsolete old man, in knee-breeches and coarse gray stockings, and the old woman wore mittens like unto his stockings in texture and in colour. They took no heed of me as I looked on, unable to account for them. The old woman was much too bright for a pew-opener, the old man much too meek for a beadle. On an old tombstone in the foreground between me and them, were two cherubim; but for those celestial embellishments being represented as having no possible use for knee-breeches, stockings, or mittens, I should have compared them with the hay-makers, and sought a likeness. I coughed and awoke the echoes, but the haymakers never looked at me. They used the rake with a measured action, drawing the scanty crop towards them; and so I was fain to leave them under three yards and a half of darkening sky, gravely making hay among the graves, all alone by themselves. Perhaps they were spectres, and I wanted a medium.

In another City churchyard of similar cramped dimensions, I saw, that self-same summer, two comfortable charity children. They were making love—tremendous proof of the vigour of that immortal article, for they were in the graceful uniform under which English Charity delights to hide herself—and they were overgrown, and their legs (his legs at least, for I am modestly incompetent to speak of hers) were as much in the wrong as mere passive weakness of character can render legs. O it was a leaden churchyard, but no doubt a golden ground to those young persons! I first saw them on a Saturday evening, and, perceiving from their occupation that Saturday evening was their trysting-time, I returned that evening se'nnight, and renewed the contemplation of them. They came there to shake the bits of matting which were spread in the church aisles, and they after-

wards rolled them up, he rolling his end, she rolling hers, until they met, and over the two once divided now united rolls—sweet emblem!—gave and received a chaste salute. It was so refreshing to find one of my faded churchyards blooming into flower thus, that I returned a second time, and a third, and ultimately this befell:—They had left the church door open, in their dusting and arranging. Walking in to look at the church, I became aware, by the dim light, of him in the pulpit, of her in the reading-desk, of him looking down, of her looking up, exchanging tender discourse. Immediately both dived, and became as it were non-existent on this sphere. With an assumption of innocence I turned to leave the sacred edifice, when an obese form stood in the portal, puffily demanding Joseph, or in default of Joseph, Celia. Taking this monster by the sleeve, and luring him forth on pretence of showing him whom he sought, I gave time for the emergence of Joseph and Celia, who presently came towards us in the churchyard, bending under dusty matting, a picture of thriving and unconscious industry. It would be superfluous to hint that I have ever since deemed this the proudest passage in my life.

(From *The Uncommercial Traveller*.)

### THE VERY QUEER SMALL BOY

I GOT into the travelling chariot—it was of German make, roomy, heavy, and unvarnished—I got into the travelling chariot, pulled up the steps after me, shut myself in with a smart bang of the door, and gave the word, “Go on!”

Immediately, all that W. and S.W. division of London began to slide away at a pace so lively, that I was over the river, and past the Old Kent Road, and out on Blackheath, and even ascending Shooter’s Hill, before I had had time to look about me in the carriage, like a collected traveller.

I had two ample Imperials on the roof, other fitted storage for luggage in front, and other up behind; I had a net for books overhead, great pockets to all the windows, a leathern pouch or two hung up for odds and ends, and a reading lamp fixed in the back of the chariot, in case I should be benighted. I was amply



provided in all respects, and had no idea where I was going (which was delightful), except that I was going abroad.

So smooth was the old high road, and so fresh were the horses, and so fast went I, that it was midway between Gravesend and Rochester, and the widening river was bearing the ships, white sailed or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noticed by the wayside a very queer small boy.

"Halloa!" said I, to the very queer small boy, "where do you live?"

"At Chatham," says he.

"What do you do there?" says I.

"I go to school," says he.

I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently, the very queer small boy says, "This is Gads-hill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travellers, and ran away."

"You know something about Falstaff, eh?" said I.

"All about him," said the very queer small boy. "I am old (I am nine), and I read all sorts of books. But *do* let us stop at the top of the hill, and look at the house there, if you please!"

"You admire that house?" said I.

"Bless you, sir," said the very queer small boy, "when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now, I am nine, I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me, 'If you were to be very persevering and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it.' Though that's impossible!" said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring at the house out of window with all his might.

I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer small boy; for that house happens to be *my* house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true.

Well! I made no halt there, and I soon dropped the very queer small boy and went on.

(From the Same.)

## DEAN CHURCH

[Richard William Church was born 25th April 1815, a nephew of the Sir Richard Church who led the Greeks in the war of Liberation. His youth was spent in Italy, but at thirteen years old he went to a school near Bristol, from which he passed to Oxford. He took a first class in 1836, and two years subsequently was elected to an Oriel fellowship, at a time when Keble, Newman, and Hurrell Froude were Fellows of the College. He signalled his proctorship by vetoing in Convocation the proposal to censure Tract 90. While in Oxford he wrote several essays for the *British Critic*, notably one on Anselm, and continued to write for it when, after Newman's secession, it became the *Christian Remembrancer*. He was one of the founders of the *Guardian*, to which he frequently contributed, as well as to the *Saturday Review*. In 1853 he married, and retired to the small country living of Whatley in Somerset, refusing every more public appointment offered him, until in 1871 he accepted, after much pressure, the Deanery of St. Paul's, which he held till his death (9th December 1890). His works comprise a volume of essays collected in 1854, including that on Dante, since published separately; lives of St. Anselm (1870), Spenser (1879), and Bacon (1884), an essay on Wordsworth in Ward's Poets (1887), a history of the Oxford movement (1891), and various volumes of sermons.]

OF no modern writer is the saying so obviously true as of Church, that the style is the man. What interests us far more than any particular page in his writings is the personality behind them, a personality concealed rather than obtruded, but plainly individual and full of charm. His peculiar note is a melancholy compounded of many simples, and including those of the scholar, the divine, the traveller, and the accomplished gentleman. He was a student at once of books and of men. Born at Lisbon and bred in Italy, the son of an English merchant of cosmopolitan business and interests, by a lady of German extraction, he was by nature and inclination sealed of the tribe of the wise Ithacan, who knew the cities and ways of men. Hence he was never trammelled by those insular prejudices which surprise us in so many of the religious leaders of his time. Moreover his paternal

grandparents were both Quakers ; and this fact, while it would still further broaden and deepen his sympathies, may account also for that peculiar vein of quietism and humility which distinguished him ; a love of retirement and aversion from great place, in which he recalled his great predecessor at St. Paul's, Dean Colet, whose favourite motto, *Si vis divinus esse, late ut Deus*, Church might well have adopted for his own.

The note then of Church's writing is, as we should expect, a reflective note, a note of moderation and wide sympathy. His best work consists of critical studies of Anselm, Dante, Spenser, and Bacon. He was gifted with considerable historical insight and historical imagination, and some of his shorter studies, such as those on early Ottoman history, and the court of Leo X., are admirable specimens of their class. In theology his interest was in moral rather than doctrinal or philosophical questions ; his book on Anselm, for instance, ignores almost altogether the philosophical treatises, and his sermons before the Universities or at St. Paul's were always upon such topics as "Civilisation and Religion," "Human Life and its Conditions," "The Discipline of the Christian Character," subjects which required a large and clear outlook, a mind versed in facts more than theories, and a knowledge of historical perspective. His style, properly so called, may be defined as in the best sense academic ; it is periodic in structure, correct in syntax, and harmonious in flow and cadence. It is not hard to trace in it the influence of Newman ; the qualities which Church had in common or by contact with Newman, candour, lucidity, and precision, are reflected in his style ; amongst smaller points of resemblance may be noted the occasional startling use of very familiar phrases ; but it lacks Newman's extraordinary flexibility and ease. Its defect is the defect of the academic style, a tendency to become dry ; and the defect of excessive moderation, a tendency to become tame. Further, the periods are not always well managed, the principle of suspense is too freely used, or, on the other hand, the paragraphs run to seed. But when at its best, the style is vigorous and vivid, and at no time is it without dignity.

H. C. BEECHING.

## SPENSER

THE *Faery Queen* is the work of an unformed literature, the product of an unperfected art. English poetry, English language, in Spenser's nay Shakespeare's day, had much to learn, much to unlearn. They never, perhaps, have been stronger or richer, than in that marvellous burst of youth, with all its freedom of invention, of observation, of reflection. But they had not that which only the experience and practice of eventful centuries could give them. Even genius must wait for the gifts of time. It cannot forerun the limitations of its day, nor anticipate the conquests and common possessions of the future. Things are impossible to the first great masters of art which are easy to their second-rate successors. The possibility, or the necessity of breaking through some convention, of attempting some unattempted effort, had not, among other great enterprises, occurred to them. They were laying the steps in a magnificent fashion on which those after them were to rise. But we ought not to shut our eyes to mistakes or faults to which attention had not yet been awakened, or for avoiding which no reasonable means had been found. To learn from genius, we must try to recognise, both what is still imperfect, and what is grandly and unwontedly successful. There is no great work of art, not excepting even the *Iliad* or the Parthenon, which is not open, especially in point of ornament, to the scoff of the scoffer, or to the injustice of those who do not mind being unjust. But all art belongs to man; and man, even when he is greatest, is always limited and imperfect.

(From *Spenser*.)

## ANSELM

ANSELM had won a great victory. What was gained by it?

It was, of course, directly and outwardly, the victory of a cause

which has never been popular in England; it renewed and strengthened the ties which connected England with that great centre of Christendom, where justice and corruption, high aims and the vilest rapacity and fraud, undeniable majesty and undeniable hollowness, were then, as they have ever been, so strangely and inextricably combined. Anselm's victory, with its circumstances, was one of the steps, and a very important one, which made Rome more powerful in England: even with the profound and undoubting beliefs of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, that did not recommend it to the sympathy of Englishmen; it is not likely to do so now. But those who judge of events not merely by the light of what has happened since, and of what, perhaps, have been their direct consequences, but by the conditions of the times when they happened, ought to ask themselves before they regret such a victory as an evil, what would have come to pass if, in days like those of William the Red and his brother, with the king's clerical family as a nursery for bishops, and with clerks like Ralph Flambard or Gerard of York, or even William Warelwast, for rulers of the Church, the king and his party had triumphed, and the claims founded on the "usages" to the submission of the Church and the unreserved obedience of the bishops had prevailed without check or counterpoise? Would a feudalised clergy, isolated and subservient, have done better for religion, for justice, for liberty, for resistance to arbitrary will, for law, for progress, than a clergy connected with the rest of Christendom; sharing for good, and also, no doubt, for evil, in its general movement and fortunes, and bound by strong and real ties not only to England, but to what was then, after all, the school and focus of religious activity and effort, as well as the seat of an encroaching and usurping centralisation, the Roman Church? Men must do what they can in their own day against what are the evils and dangers of their own day; they must use against them the helps and remedies which their own day gives. There was in those times no question of what we now put all our trust in, the power of the law; the growth of our long histories and hard experiences, and of the prolonged thought of the greatest intellects of many generations. The power which presented itself to men in those days as the help of right against might, the refuge and protector of the weak against the strong, the place where reason might make its appeal against will and custom, where liberty was welcomed and honoured, where it was

a familiar and stirring household word, was not the law and its judgment-seats, but the Church, with its authority concentrated and represented in the Pope. That belief was just as much a genuine and natural growth of the age, as the belief which had also grown up about kings as embodying the power of the nation ; that it was abused by tyranny or weakness was no more felt to be an argument against the one than against the other. The question which men like Anselm asked themselves was, how best they could restrain wrong, and counteract what were the plainly evil and dangerous tendencies round them. He did so by throwing himself on the spiritual power behind him, which all in his times acknowledged greater than any power in this world. What else could any man in his struggle against tyranny and vice have done? What better, what more natural course could any man have taken, earnest in his belief of the paramount authority of spiritual things over material, and of reason over force ; earnest in his longing for reformation and improvement? The central power of the Pope, which Anselm strengthened, grew rapidly with the growth and advance of the times : it grew to be abused ; it usurped on the powers to which it was the counterpoise ; it threatened, as they had threatened, to absorb all rights of sovereignty, all national and personal claims to independence and freedom ; it had, in its turn, to be resisted, restrained, at last in England expelled. It went through the usual course of successful power in human hands. But this is no reason why at the time it should not have been the best, perhaps, even the only defence of the greatest interests of mankind against the immediate pressure of the tyrannies and selfishness of the time. If anything else could then have taken its place in those days, the history of Europe has not disclosed it.

And if nothing else had been gained, or if, when he was gone, the tide of new things—new disputes, new failures, new abuses and corruptions—flowed over his work, breaking it up and making it useless or harmful, this at least was gained, which was more lasting—the example of a man in the highest places of the world who, when a great principle seemed entrusted to him, was true to it, and accepted all tasks, all disappointments, all humiliations in its service. The liberty of God's Church, obedience to its law and its divinely-appointed chief, this was the cause for which Anselm believed himself called to do his best. And he was not

afraid. He was not afraid of the face of the great, of the disapprobation of his fellows. It was then an age of much more plain speaking than ours, when intercourse between kings and other men was more free, when expression was more homely, and went with less ceremony to the point. But when Anselm dared to tell what he believed to be the truth in the king's court, it was more than the bluntness of a rude code of manners; he accepted a call which seemed divine, with its consequences; the call of undoubted truth and plain duty. That for which he contended was to him the cause of purity, honesty, justice; it involved the hopes of the weak and despised, in the everyday sufferings, as unceasing then as in the days of which the Psalms tell, of the poor and needy at the hands of the proud and mighty. There might be much to say against his course; the "usages" were but forms and trifles, or they were an important right of the crown, and to assail them was usurpation and disloyalty, or it was a mere dream to hope to abolish them, or they were not worth the disturbance which they caused, or there were worse things to be remedied; difficulties there were no doubt; still, for all this, he felt that this was the fight of the day, and he held on unmoved. Through what was romantic and what was unromantic in his fortunes—whether the contest showed in its high or low form—as a struggle in "heavenly places" against evil before saints and angels, with the unfading crown in view, or as a game against dastardly selfishness and the intrigue of courts; cheered by the sympathies of Christendom, by the love and reverence of the crowds which sought his blessing; or brought down from his height of feeling by commonplace disagreeables, the inconveniences of life—dust, heat, and wet, bad roads and imperialist robbers, debts and fevers, low insults and troublesome friends,—through it all his faith failed not; it was ever the same precious and ennobling cause, bringing consolation in trouble, giving dignity to what was vexatious and humiliating. It was her own fault if the Church gained little by the compromise, and by so rare a lesson. In one sense, indeed, what is gained by any great religious movement? What are all reforms, restorations, victories of truth, but protests of a minority; efforts, clogged and incomplete, of the good and brave, just enough in their own day to stop instant ruin—the appointed means to save what is to be saved, but in themselves failures? Good men work and suffer, and bad men enjoy their labours and spoil them; a step is made

in advance—evil rolled back and kept in check for a while only to return, perhaps, the stronger. But thus, and thus only, is truth passed on, and the world preserved from utter corruption. Doubtless bad men still continued powerful in the English Church. Henry tyrannised, evil was done, and the bishops kept silence; low aims and corruption may have still polluted the very seats of justice; gold may have been as powerful with cardinals as with King Henry and his chancellors. Anselm may have over-rated his success. Yet success and victory it was—a vantage-ground for all true men who would follow him; and if his work was undone by others, he at least had done his work manfully. And he had left his Church another saintly name, and the memory of his good confession, enshrining as it were her cause, to await the day when some other champion should again take up the quarrel—thus from age to age to be maintained, till He shall come, to whom alone it is reserved “to still” for ever the enemy and the avenger, and to “root out all wicked doers from the city of the Lord.”

(From *Anselm*.)

## CIVILISATION AND RELIGION

WE are in danger, even in the highest condition of civilisation, from the narrowing of man's horizon, and we need a protection against it which civilisation cannot give. I call a narrowing of man's horizon whatever tends to put or drop out of sight the supreme value of the spiritual part of man, to cloud the thought of God in relation to it, or to obscure the proportion between what *is* and what we look forward to,—the temporary and provisional character of the utmost we see here. To have fought against and triumphed over this tendency is the great achievement of Christianity. We hardly have the measure to estimate the greatness of it; of having kept alive, through such centuries as society has traversed, the faith, the pure and strong faith, in man's divine relationship; of having been able to withstand the constant enormous pressure of what was daily seen and felt; not only of the solemn unbroken order of the natural world, but of the clogs and fetters of custom, of the maxims taken for granted in the intercourse of life, of the wearing down, the levelling of high thought and purpose which is always going on in society; of the



perpetual recurrence, with the tides and weather, of the same story of promise and disappointment, of far-reaching attempts and poor success ; of evil in high places ; of the noble mingled with the vile ; of good ever tending to extravagance or decay ; of character in men or bodies of men insensibly deteriorating and falling away from its standard ; of wisdom hardly won, and wasted ; of great steps taken and thrown away ; of the old faults obstinately repeated in the face of ever-accumulating experience ; of the bewildering spectacle of vice beyond hope and without remedy ; of the monotonous dead level of the masses of mankind. For a religion to have been proof against all this,—still, through it all, to have preserved itself the same and unworn out, and still to be able to make men hold fast by faith and hope in the invisible, is among the wonders of human history, one of the greatest and most impressive.

(From *Sermons*.)

## CHARLOTTE BRONTË

[Charlotte Brontë, descended from an Irish family that originally bore the name of Prunty, was born on the 21st of April 1816, at Thornton in Yorkshire, where her father held a living. Her experiences of the wild moors around Haworth, whither the family moved when she was three years old, of the school to which she was sent at Cowan's Bridge, of the *pensionnat* of Madam Héger at Brussels, where she passed the better part of two years, and of Yorkshire society, industrial and clerical, have all left their mark upon her novels. With her sisters Emily and Anne she published a joint volume of *Poems* in 1846. *Jane Eyre* appeared in 1847, *Shirley* in 1849, and *Villette* in 1852. *The Professor*, her earliest novel, failed to find a publisher. She was married in 1854 to her father's curate Mr. Nicholls, and died on the 31st of March 1855.]

IT is likely enough that in the three novels which preserve her fame Charlotte Brontë had exhausted her vein. She did her best work at high pressure with material glowing from the fires of memory. Such a method, depending as it does on the intensity of passion and reminiscence for its chief effect, can only be extended by a chill process of analogy to a variety of themes, and *Shirley*, which attempts a wider range and a more impartial treatment than the other two books, is the least admirable of the three. "A nice sense of means to an end," the only merit that she allowed to Miss Austen, was no part of Charlotte Brontë's talent; the consuming fervour of her feeling can communicate itself even by involved sentences or conventional expressions. At her best of observation and emotion she strikes out vivid and memorable phrases, but at all times the fire is there, smouldering when it does not blaze. The choice of those much derided little gray ladies, plain and frail, for her heroines, emphasises her own depth of wonder at the strange alliance of the soul with the body,—“Thy heart rends thee, and thy body endures.” The art of which she was most conscious in her writings was the art of repression and restraint.

There is not in literature a more genuine note of passion and longing than the muffled cry that echoes through her novels. The egregious Miss Martineau, in criticising *Villette*, remarked that "there are substantial, heart-felt interests for women of all ages, and under ordinary circumstances, quite apart from love; there is an absence of introspection, an unconsciousness, a repose in women's lives—unless under peculiarly unfortunate circumstances—of which we find no admission in this book." The remark is a true one, and has been illustrated by some thousands of bad novels written since the time when it was made. The substantial interests and the unconsciousness of women's lives were, for once, in the works of Charlotte Brontë, lit by the lurid glare and outlined by the dark shadows cast from the eruption of a volcano. No woman among English novelists, before or since, has succeeded in throwing so uniform and so intense a glamour over the domain allotted to her imagination, none has displayed so superb a confidence in the intuitions of her own temperament. Critics and humorists there have been in plenty, of whom the unrivalled chief is Jane Austen; there have been plenty, too, of over-educated women, with George Eliot at their head, who submitted a generous faculty of observation and sympathy to borrowed schemes of thought, never thoroughly appropriated or vivified. But this great gift of apocalyptic romance, free from the tyranny of system, and mastering the vacant importunity of detail, was the dower of the inmates of the Yorkshire parsonage, and has proved as little heritable as the comic genius of the rector's daughter of Steventon herself.

For the creation of a rich variety of character, a more intellectual discursive humour than Charlotte Brontë ever possessed is imperatively necessary. Her laughter is sardonic, concealing pain and passion; the portraits of Mr. Naomi Brocklehurst in *Jane Eyre* and of the three curates in *Shirley* are delineated admirably but never playfully, the shadow of the Day of Judgment is projected on the canvas. Of all her creations the most wonderful, the figure of Edward Rochester, owes little to observation, from her own inmost nobility of temper and depth of suffering she moulded a man, reversing the marvels of God's creation. So he becomes a living spirit, and not all the vagaries of melodrama, nor the crowd of minor characters less perfectly inspired, can bring upon him the suspicion of unreality. The scenes at Thornfield, the agonised parting, and the last ultimate meeting at

Ferndean, show Miss Brontë in the full glory of her power, disdaining an appeal to anything that may not be felt the moment it is conceived. The reasons that determine Jane's flight, her unalterable sense of the necessity of holding the fortress of her pride, alone and uncommended, against the assault of pity and love, are a good example of sovereign success in an attempt that would have prostrated a less original writer. And yet, through all, the proverb, which whether it be true of life or not is certainly true of most novels, that in affairs of the heart there is one who loves and one who is loved, finds absolute refutation. To paint a mutual passion convincingly is given to few novelists.

The rival figure of M. Paul Emmanuel is more elaborated, more mature in execution, but less tragic, less simple and direct. And observation with Charlotte Brontë is never effectively at work save in the service of love and hate, hence the minor characters of her books are represented only in their quality of attraction or repulsion, or both, as in the cases of St. John Rivers, and Mr. Helstone. There is too much that does not interest her, and that she does not understand, in the world at large, to allow of her dealing happily with the supernumeraries. She is never at home save in the heart and centre of her theme, where, in virtue of her vividness and directness, of her power, in spite of language, as it were, rather than by its aid, to communicate the fire and ether of her nature, she reigns by right of conquest, acknowledged queen and mistress.

W. A. RALEIGH.

## RELIGIOUS DISCIPLINE

I HAVE not yet alluded to the visits of Mr. Brocklehurst ; and indeed that gentleman was from home during the greater part of the first month after my arrival ; perhaps prolonging his stay with his friend the archdeacon : his absence was a relief to me. I need not say I had my own reasons for dreading his coming : but come he did at last.

One afternoon (I had then been three weeks at Lowood) as I was sitting with a slate in my hand, puzzling over a sum in long division, my eyes, raised in abstraction to the window, caught sight of a figure just passing : I recognised almost instinctively that gaunt outline ; and when, two minutes after, all the school, teachers included, rose *en masse*, it was not necessary for me to look up in order to ascertain whose entrance they thus greeted. A long stride measured the schoolroom, and presently beside Miss Temple, who herself had risen, stood the same black column which had frowned on me so ominously from the hearthrug of Gateshead. I now glanced sideways at this piece of architecture. Yes, I was right : it was Mr. Brocklehurst, buttoned up in a surtout, and looking longer, narrower, and more rigid than ever.

I had my own reasons for being dismayed at this apparition : too well I remembered the perfidious hints given by Mrs. Reed about my disposition, etc. ; the promise pledged by Mr. Brocklehurst to apprise Miss Temple and the teachers of my vicious nature. All along I had been dreading the fulfilment of this promise,—I had been looking out daily for the “Coming Man,” whose information respecting my past life and conversation was to brand me as a bad child for ever : now there he was. He stood at Miss Temple’s side ; he was speaking low in her ear : I did not doubt he was making disclosures of my villany ; and I watched her eye with painful anxiety, expecting every moment to see its dark orb turn on me a glance of repugnance and contempt.

I listened too ; and as I happened to be seated quite at the top of the room, I caught most of what he said : its import relieved me from immediate apprehension.

"I suppose, Miss Temple, the thread I bought at Lowton will do ; it struck me that it would be just of the quality for the calico chemises, and I sorted the needles to match. You may tell Miss Smith that I forgot to make a memorandum of the darning needles, but she shall have some papers sent in next week ; and she is not, on any account to give out more than one at a time to each pupil : if they have more, they are apt to be careless and lose them. And, O ma'am ! I wish the woollen stockings were better looked to !—when I was here last, I went into the kitchen-garden, and examined the clothes drying on the line ; there was a quantity of black hose in a very bad state of repair : from the size of the holes in them I was sure they had not been well-mended from time to time."

He paused.

"Your directions shall be attended to, sir," said Miss Temple.

"And, ma'am," he continued, "the laundress tells me some of the girls have two clean tuckers in the week : it is too much ; the rules limit them to one."

"I think I can explain that circumstance, sir. Agnes and Catherine Johnstone were invited to take tea with some friends at Lowton last Thursday, and I gave them leave to put on clean tuckers for the occasion."

Mr. Brocklehurst nodded.

"Well, for once it may pass ; but please not to let the circumstance occur too often. And there is another thing which surprised me : I find, in settling accounts with the housekeeper, that a lunch, consisting of bread and cheese, has twice been served out to the girls during the past fortnight. How is this ? I look over the regulations, and I find no such meal as lunch mentioned. Who introduced this innovation ? and by what authority ?"

"I must be responsible for the circumstance, sir," replied Miss Temple : "the breakfast was so ill-prepared that the pupils could not possibly eat it ; and I dared not allow them to remain fasting till dinner time."

"Madam, allow me an instant.—You are aware that my plan in bringing up these girls is, not to accustom them to habits of luxury and indulgence, but to render them hardy, patient, self-

denying. Should any little accidental disappointment of the appetite occur, such as the spoiling of a meal, the under or over dressing of a dish, the incident ought not to be neutralised by replacing with something more delicate the comfort lost, thus pampering the body and obviating the aim of this institution; it ought to be improved to the spiritual edification of the pupils, by encouraging them to evince fortitude under the temporary privation. A brief address on these occasions would not be mistimed, wherein a judicious instructor would take the opportunity of referring to the sufferings of the primitive Christians; to the torments of the martyrs; to the exhortations of our blessed Lord Himself, calling upon His disciples to take up their cross and follow Him; to His warnings that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God; to His divine consolations, 'If ye suffer hunger or thirst for my sake, happy are ye.' O madam, when you put bread and cheese, instead of burnt porridge, into these children's mouths, you may indeed feed their vile bodies, but you little think how you starve their immortal souls!"

Mr. Brocklehurst again paused—perhaps overcome by his feelings. Miss Temple had looked down when he first began to speak to her; but she now gazed straight before her, and her face, naturally pale as marble, appeared to be assuming also the coldness and fixity of that material; especially her mouth, closed as if it would have required a sculptor's chisel to open it, and her brow settled gradually into petrified severity.

Meantime, Mr. Brocklehurst, standing on the hearth with his hands behind his back, majestically surveyed the whole school. Suddenly his eye gave a blink, as if it had met something that either dazzled or shocked its pupil; turning, he said in more rapid accents than he had hitherto used:—

"Miss Temple, Miss Temple, what—*what* is that girl with curled hair? Red hair, ma'am, curled—curled all over?" And extending his cane he pointed to the awful object, his hand shaking as he did so.

"It is Julia Severn," replied Miss Temple, very quietly.

"Julia Severn, ma'am! And why has she, or any other curled hair? Why, in defiance of every precept and principle of this house, does she conform to the world, so openly—here in an evangelical, charitable establishment—as to wear her hair one mass of curls?"

"Julia's hair curls naturally," returned Miss Temple, still more quietly.

"Naturally! Yes, but we are not to conform to nature: I wish these girls to be the children of Grace: and why that abundance? I have again and again intimated that I desire the hair to be arranged closely, modestly, plainly. Miss Temple, that girl's hair must be cut off entirely; I will send a barber to-morrow: and I see others who have far too much of the excrescence—that tall girl, tell her to turn round. Tell all the first form to rise up and direct their faces to the wall."

Miss Temple passed her handkerchief over her lips, as if to smooth away the involuntary smile that curled them; she gave the order, however, and when the first class could take in what was required of them, they obeyed. Leaning a little back on my bench, I could see the looks and grimaces with which they commented on this manœuvre: it was a pity Mr. Brocklehurst could not see them too; he would perhaps have felt that, whatever he might do with the outside of the cup and platter, the inside was further beyond his interference than he imagined.

He scrutinised the reverse of these living medals some five minutes, then pronounced sentence. These words fell like the knell of doom:—

"All those top-knots must be cut off."

Miss Temple seemed to remonstrate.

"Madam," he pursued, "I have a Master to serve whose kingdom is not of this world: my mission is to mortify in these girls the lusts of the flesh; to teach them to clothe themselves with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with braided hair and costly apparel; and each of the young persons before us has a string of hair twisted in plaits which vanity itself might have woven: these, I repeat, must be cut off; think of the time wasted, of"——

Mr. Brocklehurst was here interrupted; three other visitors, ladies, now entered the room. They ought to have come a little sooner to have heard his lecture on dress, for they were splendidly attired in velvet, silk, and furs. The two younger of the trio (fine girls of sixteen and seventeen) had gray beaver hats, then in fashion, shaded with ostrich plumes, and from under the brim of this graceful head-dress fell a profusion of light tresses, elaborately curled; the elderly lady was enveloped in a costly velvet shawl, trimmed with ermine, and she wore a false front of French curls.



These ladies were deferentially received by Miss Temple, as Mrs. and the Misses Brocklehurst, and conducted to seats of honour at the top of the room. It seems they had come in the carriage with their reverend relative, and had been conducting a rummaging scrutiny of the rooms upstairs, while he transacted business with the housekeeper, questioned the laundress, and lectured the superintendent. They now proceeded to address divers remarks and reproofs to Miss Smith, who was charged with the care of the linen and the inspection of the dormitories: but I had no time to listen to what they said; other matters called off and enchained my attention. (From *Jane Eyre*.)

### A CALL UNANSWERED .

THE breeze was from the west: it came over the hills, sweet with scents of heath and rush; the sky was of stainless blue; the stream descending the ravine, swelled with past spring rains, poured along plentiful and clear, catching golden gleams from the sun, and sapphire tints from the firmament. As we advanced and left the track, we trod a soft turf, mossy fine and emerald green, minutely enamelled with a tiny white flower, and spangled with a star-like yellow blossom: the hills, meantime, shut us quite in; for the glen, towards its head, wound to their very core.

"Let us rest here," said St. John, as we reached the first stragglers of a battalion of rocks, guarding a sort of pass, beyond which the beck rushed down a waterfall; and where, still a little further, the mountain shook off turf and flower, had only heath for raiment, and crag for gem—where it exaggerated the wild to the savage, and exchanged the fresh for the frowning—where it guarded the forlorn hope of solitude, and a last refuge for silence.

I took a seat: St. John stood near me. He looked up the pass and down the hollow; his glance wandered away with the stream, and returned to traverse the unclouded heaven which coloured it: he removed his hat, let the breeze stir his hair and kiss his brow. He seemed in communion with the genius of the haunt: with his eye he bade farewell to something.

"And I shall see it again," he said aloud, "in dreams, when I sleep by the Ganges: and again, in a more remote hour—when another slumber overcomes me—on the shore of a darker stream."

Strange words of a strange love ! An austere patriot's passion for his fatherland ! He sat down ; for half an hour we never spoke ; neither he to me nor I to him : that interval passed, he recommenced :—

"Jane, I go in six weeks ; I have taken my berth in an East Indiaman which sails on the twentieth of June."

"God will protect you ; for you have undertaken His work," I answered.

"Yes," said he, "there is my glory and joy. I am the servant of an infallible master. I am not going out under human guidance, subject to the defective laws and erring control of my feeble fellow-worms : my king, my lawgiver, my captain, is the All-perfect. It seems strange to me that all round me do not burn to enlist under the same banner,—to join in the same enterprise."

"All have not your powers : and it would be folly for the feeble to wish to march with the strong."

"I do not speak to the feeble, or think of them : I address only such as are worthy of the work, and competent to accomplish it."

"Those are few in number, and difficult to discover."

"You say truly : but when found, it is right to stir them up—to urge and exhort them to the effort—to show them what their gifts are, and why they were given—to speak heaven's message in their ear,—to offer them, direct from God, a place in the ranks of His chosen."

"If they are really qualified for the task, will not their own hearts be the first to inform them of it ?"

I felt as if an awful charm was framing round and gathering over me : I trembled to hear some fatal word spoken which would at once declare and rivet the spell.

"And what does *your* heart say ?" demanded St. John.

"My heart is mute,—my heart is mute," I answered, struck and thrilled.

"Then I must speak for it," continued the deep, relentless voice. "Jane, come with me to India : come as my helpmeet and fellow-labourer."

The glen and sky spun round : the hills heaved ! It was as if I had heard a summons from heaven—as if a visionary messenger, like him of Macedonia, had enounced, "Come over and help us !" But I was no apostle—I could not behold the herald,—I could not receive his call.

(From the Same.)

## A RIOT CHECKED

A CRASH—smash—shiver—stopped their whispers. A simultaneously-hurled volley of stones had saluted the broad front of the mill, with all its windows; and now every pane of every lattice lay in shattered and pounded fragments. A yell followed this demonstration—a rioters' yell—a North of England—a Yorkshire—a West-Riding—a West-Riding-clothing-district-of-Yorkshire rioters' yell. You never heard that sound, perhaps, reader? So much the better for your ears—perhaps for your heart; since, if it rends the air in hate to yourself, or to the men or principles you approve, the interests to which you wish well, Wrath wakens to the cry of Hate: the Lion shakes his mane, and rises to the howl of the Hyena: Caste stands up, ireful against Caste; and the indignant, wronged spirit of the Middle Rank bears down in zeal and scorn on the famished and furious mass of the Operative class. It is difficult to be tolerant—difficult to be just—in such moments.

Caroline rose, Shirley put her arm round her: they stood together as still as the straight stems of two trees. That yell was a long one, and when it ceased, the night was yet full of the swaying and murmuring of a crowd.

"What next?" was the question of the listeners. Nothing came yet. The mill remained mute as a mausoleum.

"He *cannot* be alone!" whispered Caroline.

"I would stake all I have, that he is as little alone as he is alarmed," responded Shirley.

Shots were discharged by the rioters. Had the defenders waited for this signal? It seemed so. The hitherto inert and passive mill woke: fire flashed from its empty window-frames; a volley of musketry pealed sharp through the Hollow.

"Moore speaks at last!" said Shirley, "and he seems to have the gift of tongues; that was not a single voice."

"He has been forbearing; no one can accuse him of rashness," alleged Caroline: "their discharge preceded his: they broke his gates and his windows; they fired at his garrison before he repelled them."

"What was going on now? It seemed difficult in the darkness to distinguish, but something terrible, a still-renewing tumult, was obvious: fierce attacks, desperate repulses; the mill-yard, the

mill itself, was full of battle movement : there was scarcely any cessation now of the discharge of firearms ; and there was struggling, rushing, trampling, and shouting between. The aim of the assailants seemed to be to enter the mill, that of the defendants to beat them off. They heard the rebel leader cry, "To the back, lads !" They heard a voice retort, "Come round, we will meet you !"

"To the counting-house !" was the order again.

"Welcome !—We shall have you there !" was the response. And accordingly the fiercest blaze that had yet glowed, the loudest rattle that had yet been heard, burst from the counting-house front, when the mass of rioters rushed up to it.

The voice that had spoken was Moore's own voice. They could tell by its tones that his soul was now warm with the conflict : they could guess that the fighting animal was roused in every one of those men there struggling together, and was for the time quite paramount above the rational human being.

Both the girls felt their faces glow and their pulses throb : both knew they would do no good by rushing down into the *mêlée* : they desired neither to deal nor to receive blows ; but they could not have run away—Caroline no more than Shirley ; they could not have fainted ; they could not have taken their eyes from the dim, terrible scene—from the mass of cloud, of smoke—the musket-lightning—for the world.

"How and when would it end ?" was the demand throbbing in their throbbing pulses. "Would a juncture arise in which they could be useful ?" was what they waited to see ; for, though Shirley put off their too-late arrival with a jest, and was ever ready to satirise her own or any other person's enthusiasm, she would have given a farm of her best land for a chance of rendering good service.

The chance was not vouchsafed her ; the looked-for juncture never came : it was not likely. Moore had expected this attack for days, perhaps weeks ; he was prepared for it at every point. He had fortified and garrisoned his mill, which was in itself a strong building : he was a cool, brave man : he stood to the defence with unflinching firmness ; those who were with him caught his spirit, and copied his demeanour. The rioters had never been so met before. At other mills they had attacked, they had found no resistance ; an organised, resolute defence was what they had never dreamed of encountering. When their leaders

saw the steady fire kept up from the mill, witnessed the composure and determination of its owner, heard themselves coolly defied and invited on to death, and beheld their men falling wounded round them, they felt that nothing was to be done here. In haste, they mustered their forces, drew them away from the building: a roll was called over, in which the men answered to figures instead of names; they dispersed wide over the fields, leaving silence and ruin behind them. The attack, from its commencement to its termination, had not occupied an hour.

Day was by this time approaching: the west was dim, the east beginning to gleam. It would have seemed that the girls who had watched this conflict would now wish to hasten to the victors, on whose side all their interest had been enlisted; but they only very cautiously approached the now battered mill, and, when suddenly a number of soldiers and gentlemen appeared at the great door opening into the yard, they quickly stepped aside into a shed, the deposit of old iron and timber, whence they could see without being seen.

It was no cheering spectacle: these premises were now a mere blot of desolation on the fresh front of the summer-dawn. All the copse up the Hollow was shady and dewy, the hill at its head was green; but just here in the centre of the sweet glen, Discord, broken loose in the night from control, had beaten the ground with his stamping hoofs, and left it waste and pulverised. The mill yawned all ruinous with unglazed frames; the yard was thickly bestrewn with stones and brickbats, and, close under the mill, with the glittering fragments of the shattered windows, muskets and other weapons lay here and there; more than one deep crimson stain was visible on the gravel; a human body lay quiet on its face near the gates; and five or six wounded men writhed and moaned in the bloody dust.

Miss Keeldar's countenance changed at this view: it was the after-taste of the battle, death and pain replacing excitement and exertion: it was the blackness the bright fire leaves when its blaze is sunk, its warmth failed, and its glow faded.

"That is what I wished to prevent," she said, in a voice whose cadence betrayed the altered impulse of her heart.

(From *Shirley*.)

## JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

[Born 1818, son of the Archdeacon of Totnes, and brother of Richard Hurrell Froude. Educated at Westminster School, and at Oriel College, Oxford (1836-40); Fellow of Exeter. He took deacon's orders in 1844, but in 1847 published the *Nemesis of Faith*, resigned his fellowship, and gave himself up to literature, writing for *Fraser* and the *Westminster*. The *History of England* appeared between 1856 and 1870, the *English in Ireland* in 1872, the *Life of Carlyle* in 1882-84, *Oceana* in 1886. Appointed Professor of History at Oxford, 1892; died 1894.]

FROUDE was one of the most productive writers of his day, but through the forty or more volumes of history, romance, travels, essays, personal narrative and biography which constitute his works, there may easily be traced a single note. Early in life it was his fortune to fall under two great influences, Newman's and Carlyle's. Carlyle's proved the stronger, and when Froude first caught the public ear, his opinions were already formed upon those of his master. With Carlyle, Ruskin, and Kingsley he must be classed as belonging to the band of latter-day Protestants (to use the word in its primary sense) whose influence has been so powerful in suggesting the social and political ideas of to-day. His interest in history was ethical. In the writing of history he found a splendid vehicle for his convictions; but he was ever ready to throw off the trappings and trammels of the historian and to appear in his true guise, that of the preacher or prophet. If Ruskin (as Carlyle said) was the greatest preacher of his generation, Froude was a good second. Like the Roman senator of old, he could not speak without recurring to his one deep-set conviction—*Delenda est Carthago*: down with the Carthage of canting wealth, dishonest religiosity, mock patriotism! Such is the text of all his writings. The *Nemesis of Faith* was a formal attack on the spirit of compromise; the *History* was, at least in its inception, a protest against the theory that material progress spells

improvement, or that we are better than our ancestors; the *English in Ireland* was a challenge to democratic methods, *Cæsar* a warning to constitutional bigots. Hardly one of his books but has begotten a controversy.

If the average reader were asked to name Froude's special quality, he would probably reply that he is uniformly interesting. With some confidence one may hazard the guess that the twelve volumes of the *History of England* have been read from cover to cover by more persons than any other consecutive English work of equal length written during the last half-century. The *Short Studies* reveal the same power of compelling attention; the *Life of Carlyle* ranks with the *Life of Johnson* and the *Life of Macaulay*; *Oceana* is as difficult to lay down as *Eothen*. Froude possessed the secret of eloquence, and used it to the full, though no man took more pleasure in declaiming against oratory. But to his eloquence was added the more rare talent of sincerity. "Egotism," says the hero of the *Nemesis*, "is not tiresome, or it ought not to be, if one is sincere about oneself; but it is so hard to be sincere." Froude always chose subjects which were of intense interest to himself; his style reflected the clearness of his convictions, and his sincerity was as transparent as his style. He is the most egotistical, and the most delightful, of historians. Having made up his own mind about the events which he narrates, he cannot rest till he has made up the reader's also. Some writers place a narrative before us as we throw a bone to a dog: their motto seems to be "Take it, or leave it; anyhow we have done with it." It is not so with Froude. As we read we feel that the narrative is not to him an end in itself: it is rather an opportunity of operating on our feelings, raising or dissipating our prejudices, suggesting new views, and influencing the present through the past. His conception of history is given in a fine passage in the *Life of Carlyle*, which will be found below. It is characteristic of his mental attitude that in the short mythical sketch called *A Siding at a Railway Station*, where judgment is passed on his own career, the one claim which he allows himself to make is that "The worst charge of wilfully and dishonestly setting down what I did not believe to be true was not alleged against me."

Froude cannot be called a master of style in the sense in which Gibbon, or Newman, or Macaulay deserves the name. There are few pages in his writings of which we could say with certainty, were they shown to us for the first time, that Froude,

and Froude alone, could have written them. There are many passages, on the other hand, especially in his earlier works, which reveal the disciple. "The spectacle of a living human being boiled to death was really witnessed three hundred years ago by the London citizens: an example terrible indeed, the significance whereof is not easily exhausted" (*History*, vol. i.). "The two last sharing between them the higher qualities of nobleness, enthusiasm, self-devotion; but in their faith being without discretion, and in their piety without understanding" (*ibid.*). The former sentence is an echo of Carlyle, the latter of Ruskin. "At first there was a universal panic. Seven ships were at Carrigafoyle. The Mayor of Limerick, in sending word of their appearance to the Council, converted them into seven score. Twenty-four men were said to have landed at Tralee. Sir William Fitzwilliam, who had returned to be Deputy, and was more inferior and incapable than ever, described them as twenty-four galleons. Rumour gradually took more authentic form" (*History*, vol. xii.). Here the influence of Macaulay is equally visible; and that influence, indeed, predominates over the narrative style of the later volumes of Froude's *History*, though no two writers are more dissimilar in tone than Froude and Macaulay. Froude's sentences, however, are much looser in their texture than Macaulay's; and there is a noble music in his style, when it is at its best, which takes us back far beyond the eighteenth century (to which Macaulay properly belongs) to those "spacious times of Great Elizabeth" which Froude and Kingsley, beyond all others, have opened to our view. In what he himself calls the "representative power," no modern historian, unless it be Michelet, has excelled him. His vivid imagination enabled him to bring not only scenes, but characters and motives, before the reader, in the most effective, sometimes in the most dramatic form; and it may be noted that more than any other recent English writer he affects that familiar, but dangerous, companion of our youth, the *oratio obliqua*.

JAMES MILLER DODDS.



## END OF THE MEDIÆVAL AGE

FOR, indeed, a change was coming upon the world, the meaning and direction of which even still is hidden from us, a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up ; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying ; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins ; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world were passing away, never to return. A new continent had risen up beyond the western sea. The floor of heaven, inlaid with stars, had sunk back into an infinite abyss of immeasurable space ; and the firm earth itself, unfixed from its foundations, was seen to be but a small atom in the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit in which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer.

And now it is all gone—like an unsubstantial pageant faded ; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of our cathedrals, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive ; and perhaps in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of mediæval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world.

(From *History*.)

## ENGLAND'S FORGOTTEN WORTHIES: DEATH OF JOHN DAVIS

AS the fool dieth, so dieth the wise, and there is no difference ; it was the chance of the sea, and the ill reward of a humane

action—a melancholy end for such a man—like the end of a warrior, not dying Epaminondas-like on the field of victory, but cut off in some poor brawl or ambushade. But so it was with all these men. They were cut off in the flower of their days, and few of them laid their bones in the sepulchres of their fathers. They knew the service which they had chosen, and they did not ask the wages for which they had not laboured. Life with them was no summer holiday, but a holy sacrifice offered up to duty, and what their Master sent was welcome. Beautiful is old age, beautiful as the slow-dropping mellow autumn of a rich glorious summer. In the old man, Nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with her blessings; she fills him with the fruits of a well-spent life; and, surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave, to which he is followed with blessings. God forbid we should not call it beautiful. It is beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow; the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows, this side the grave; which the grave gapes to finish, before the victory is won; and—strange that it should be so—this is the highest life of man. Look back along the great names of history; there is none whose life has been other than this. They to whom it has been given to do the really highest work in this earth—whoever they are, Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Christian, warriors, legislators, philosophers, priests, poets, kings, slaves—one and all, their fate has been the same—the same bitter cup has been given to them to drink. And so it was with the servants of England in the sixteenth century. Their life was a long battle, either with the elements or with men; and it was enough for them to fulfil their work, and to pass away in the hour when God had nothing more to bid them do. They did not complain, and why should we complain for them? Peaceful life was not what they desired, and an honourable death had no terrors for them. Theirs was the old Grecian spirit, and the great heart of the Theban poet lived again in them:

θανεῖν δ' οἷσιν ἀνάγκη, τί κέ τις ἀνώνυμον  
γῆρας ἐν σκότῳ καθήμενος ἔψοι μάταν,  
ἅπαντων καλῶν ἄμμορος;

“Seeing,” in Gibert’s own brave words, “that death is inevitable, and the fame of virtue is immortal; wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno*.”

(From *Short Studies*.)

RESULTS OF THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH  
ARMADA

ALWAYS and everywhere, even among the bravest people, the majority are spiritual cowards, and had England in the sixteenth century been governed by universal suffrage, the Roman Catholic system, considered as a rule of opinion, could not have been overthrown without violence. The allegiance to the Papacy might have been renounced, the Church courts might have been forced to conform themselves to the ordinary rules of justice, but transubstantiation and its kindred doctrines would have undoubtedly remained in the creed, with rope and faggot for its sanctions. Government by suffrage, however, is possible only in periods when the convictions of men have ceased to be vital to them. As long as there is a minority which would rather die than continue in a lie, there is a further court of appeal from which there is no reference. When ten men are so earnest on one side that they will sooner be killed than give way, and twenty are earnest enough on the other to cast their votes for it, but will not risk their skins, the ten will give the law to the twenty in virtue of a robust faith and of the strength which goes along with it. Left alone, therefore, and without interference from abroad, the English nation, had there been no Elizabeth, would probably sooner or later have taken the Reforming side. Had the Spanish invasion succeeded, however, had it succeeded even partially in crushing Holland and giving France to the League and the Duke of Guise, England might not have recovered from the blow, and it might have fared with Teutonic Europe as it fared with France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Either Protestantism would have been trampled out altogether, or expelled from Europe to find a home in a new continent; and the Church, insolent with another century or two of power, would have been left to encounter the inevitable ultimate revolution which is now its terror, with no reformed Christianity surviving to hold the balance between atheism and superstition.

The starved and ragged English seamen, so ill furnished by their sovereign that they were obliged to take from their enemies the means of fighting them, decided otherwise; they and the winds and the waves, which are said ever to be on the side of the

brave. In their victory they conquered not the Spaniards only, but the weakness of their Queen. Either she had been incredulous before that Philip would indeed invade her ; or she had underrated the power of her people ; or she discerned that the destruction of the Spanish fleet had created at last an irreparable breach with the Catholic governments. At any rate there was no more unwholesome hankering after compromise, no more unqueenly avarice or reluctance to spend her treasure in the cause of freedom. The strength and resources of England were flung heartily into the war, and all the men and all the money it could spare was given freely to the United Provinces and the King of Navarre. The struggle lasted into the coming century. Elizabeth never saw peace with Spain again. But the nation thrived with its gathering glory. The war on the part of England was aggressive thenceforward. One more great attempt was made by Philip in Ireland, but only to fail miserably, and the shores of England were never seriously threatened again. Portugal was invaded, and Cadiz burnt, Spanish commerce was made the prey of privateers, and the proud galleons chased from off the ocean. In the Low Countries the tide of reconquest had reached its flood, and thenceforward ebbed slowly back, while in France the English and the Huguenots fought side by side against the League and Philip.

(From *History*.)

## HISTORY

HISTORY is the account of the actions of men ; and in "actions" are comprehended the thoughts, opinions, motives, impulses of the actors and of the circumstances in which their work was executed. The actions without the motives are nothing, for they may be interpreted in many ways, and can only be understood in their causes. If "Hamlet" or "Lear" was exact to outward fact—were they and their fellow-actors on the stage exactly such as Shakespeare describes them, and if they did the acts which he assigns to them, that was perfect history ; and what we call history is only valuable as it approaches to that pattern. To say that the characters of real men cannot be thus completely known, that their inner nature is beyond our reach, that the dramatic portraiture of things is only possible to poetry, is to say that

history ought not to be written, for the inner nature of the persons of whom it speaks is the essential thing about them ; and, in fact, the historian assumes that he does know it, for his work without it is pointless and colourless. And yet to penetrate really into the hearts and souls of men, to give each his due, to represent him as he appeared at his best to himself, and not to his enemies, to sympathise in the collision of principles with each party in turn, to feel as they felt, to think as they thought, and to reproduce the various beliefs, the acquirements, the intellectual atmosphere of another age, is a task which requires gifts as great or greater than those of the greatest dramatists, for all is required which is required of the dramatist, with the obligation to truth of ascertained fact besides. It is for this reason that historical works of the highest order are so scanty. The faculty itself, the imaginative and reproductive insight, is among the rarest of human qualities. The moral determination to use it for purposes of truth only is rarer still—nay, it is but in particular ages of the world that such work can be produced at all. The historians of genius themselves, too, are creatures of their own time, and it is only at periods when men of intellect have “swallowed formulas,” when conventional and established ways of thinking have ceased to satisfy, that, if they are serious and conscientious, they are able “to sympathise with opposite sides.”

It is said that history is not of individuals ; that the proper concern of it is with broad masses of facts, with tendencies which can be analysed into laws, with the evolution of humanity in general. Be it so—but a science can make progress only when the facts are completely ascertained ; and before any facts of human life are available for philosophy we must have those facts exactly as they were. You must have Hamlet before you can have a theory of Hamlet, and it is to be observed that the more completely we know the truth of any incident, or group of incidents, the less it lends itself to theory. We have our religious historians, our constitutional historians, our philosophical historians ; and they tell their stories each in their own way, to point conclusions which they have begun by assuming—but the conclusion seems plausible only because they know their case imperfectly, or because they state their case imperfectly. The writers of books are Protestant or Catholic, religious or atheistic, despotic or liberal ; but nature is neither the one nor the other, but all in turn. Nature is not a partisan, but out of her ample

treasure house she produces children in infinite variety, of which she is equally the mother, and disowns none of them ; and when, as in Shakespeare, nature is represented truly, the impressions left upon the mind do not adjust themselves to any philosophical system. The story of Hamlet in Saxo Grammaticus might suggest excellent commonplace lessons on the danger of superstition, or the evils of uncertainty in the law of succession to the crown, or the absurdity of monarchical government when the crown can be the prize of murder. But reflections of this kind would suggest themselves only where the story was told imperfectly, and because it was told imperfectly. If Shakespeare's *Hamlet* be the true version of that Denmark catastrophe, the mind passes from commonplace moralising to the tragedy of humanity itself. And it is certain that if the thing did not occur as it stands in the play, yet it did occur in some similar way, and that the truth, if we knew it, would be equally affecting—equally unwilling to submit to any representation except the undoctinal and dramatic.

What I mean is this, that whether the history of humanity can be treated philosophically or not ; whether any evolutionary law of progress can be traced in it or not ; the facts must be delineated first with the clearness and fulness which we demand in an epic poem or a tragedy. We must have the real thing before we can have a science of a thing. When that is given, those who like it may have their philosophy of history, though probably they will care less about it ; just as wise men do not ask for theories of Hamlet, but are satisfied with Hamlet himself. But until the real thing is given, philosophical history is but an idle plaything to entertain grown children with.

(From *Life of Carlyle*.)



## CHARLES KINGSLEY

[Charles Kingsley was born at Holne Vicarage, near Ashburton, in one of the most characteristic districts of the county of which he was afterwards to be the landscape-painter in prose, on 12th June 1819. He took his degree at Cambridge (his College was Magdalene) in 1842 with double honours, became curate of Eversley in Hampshire as soon as he was ordained, succeeded to the living in 1844, and held it till his death there on 23rd January 1875. The only events of his life, except the dates of publication of his books, that need be mentioned are his tenure between 1860 and 1869 of the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge, his appointment to a Canonry at Chester when he resigned this post, his journey to the West Indies in 1871, and his translation, two years before his death, from Chester to Westminster.

Kingsley's works were somewhat voluminous, considering that his life was both short and busy professionally. He began by being what is called a Christian Socialist, and settled down into Broad Churchmanship. But his Sermons, which at their best are excellent, meddle very little with doctrine, either in the negative or positive way. Professorially, he wrote some historical books on which his fame does not rest. He was much interested in natural history, and one of his earliest books, *Glaucus* (1854), was the result of this interest, which appeared continuously in his work. And he was an excellent essayist, his contributions to magazines (chiefly to *Fraser*) being of remarkable excellence in their kind. But his great and durable claim in prose letters (his verse, small in amount, is excellent in quality) is as a writer of prose fiction. In this, beginning with two brilliant attempts in more or less political novel-writing, *Alton Locke* and *Yeast* (1849), he afterwards produced *Hyppatia*, which some put at the head of his work (1853); *Westward Ho!* the general favourite, and one of the strongest and most brightly coloured of historical novels (1855); *Two Years Ago* (1857, a more unequal production), the delightful fantasy piece of *The Water Babies* (1863); and *Hereward the Wake* (1866).]

THE merits of Kingsley as a writer, and especially as a writer of fiction, are so vivid, so various, and so unquestionable by any sound and dispassionate criticism, that while cynics may almost wonder at his immediate and lasting popularity with readers, serious judges may feel real surprise at his occasional disrepute



with critics. The reasons of this latter, however, are not really very hard to find. He was himself a passionate partisan, and exceedingly heedless as to the when, where, and how of obtruding his partisanship. He had that unlucky foible of inaccuracy in fact which sometimes, though by no means always, attends the faculty of brilliant description and declamation, and which especially characterised his own set or coterie. Although possessed of the keenest sense both of beauty and of humour, he was a little uncritical in expressing himself in both these departments, and sometimes laid himself open in reality, while he did so much oftener in appearance, to the charge of lapses in taste. Although fond of arguing he was not the closest or most guarded of logicians. And lastly, the wonderful force and spontaneity of his eloquence, flowing (like the pool of Bourne, that he describes at the opening of his last novel) a river all at once from the spring, was a little apt to carry him away with it.

This allowance is pretty ample, and will at once explain some critical depreciation of Kingsley, and cover everything that can fairly be said against him. But it must be a singularly hide-bound and prejudiced judgment which allows more than his merits can meet and yet leave an ample credit-balance. Those, indeed, who can never admire unless they agree, may have difficulty with Kingsley; but anyone who is subject to this limitation is in truth and in fact incapable of criticism altogether. The point in Kingsley as a partisan, which is a positive literary merit, far transcending any possible defect in his selection of sides, is the marvellous and contagious enthusiasm which he displays, and the atmosphere of passionate nobility which he throws around his own creeds and idols. Nothing of this sort could be created except by an intense sincerity working through literary faculty of the highest kind, and this being so, a true critic, even though he should disagree with the creed, and discredit the idol *in toto*, ought to bestow unreserved admiration on the advocate.

The literary faculty just mentioned shows itself in ways sufficiently various. Its most obvious achievement is a very unusual combination in descriptive power, both of scenery and action. As a rule the great landscape painters in words, like those in colours, are rather in need of somebody else to "put in the figures"; and the great depictees of action content them-

selves with a fair working background. But there are exceptions, and Kingsley is one of the most noteworthy. His pictures, not less true than brilliant, of scenery—whether the scenery of the chalk downs and streams that he knew by constant eye-witness, or that of the tropics, which till the last he got from books—are unsurpassed anywhere. But they are not more vivid or effective than scores of his scenes of mere action, from the poaching affray in *Yeast* to the death scene of *Hereward*. No novelist who has written so few books has left anything like the same number of pictures of both kinds permanently engraved in his readers' minds. His plots are at least respectable, and his dialogue, though his most unequal point, admirable at its best. But in the fourth element of novel writing, character, he rises once more to the first class. Strongly as his figures are affected by his own crotchets, they are yet almost always alive, while the best of them are much more than merely alive now; they are not likely ever to die.

In mere style he was more brilliant than impeccable. Like all Carlyle's pupils he had caught not a few of his master's tricks; and, in *Hyppatia* especially, the habit of arrested sentences, peppered with rows of points, may seriously endanger the equanimity even of a well-disposed reader. So also the extreme beauty of the best parts of *The Water Babies* is marred by the Rabelaisian imitations; while in *Hereward the Wake* there is an attempt to set off the antique story by a sort of modern smartness in dialogue which is totally wanting in "grace of congruity," and has not much of any other kind. But all these faults may be summed up in the one admission that Kingsley—not even a very good critic of others (whom, as Nemesis would have it, he mainly judged by his agreement or disagreement with their opinions, just as his unfavourable critics now judge him)—was a rather bad critic of himself. His creative and descriptive powers, whether in conception or in expression, were of such a high order that only greater certainty of touch was needed to put him with the very first.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## THE WEIR AT WHITFORD PRIORS

LAUNCELOT sat and tried to catch perch, but Tregarva's words haunted him. He lighted his cigar, and tried to think earnestly over the matter, but he had got into the wrong place for thinking. All his thoughts, all his sympathies, were drowned in the rush and whirl of the water. He forgot everything else in the mere animal enjoyment of sight and sound. Like many young men at his crisis of life, he had given himself up to the mere contemplation of nature till he had become her slave; and now a luscious scene, a singing bird, were enough to allure his mind away from the most earnest and awful thoughts. He tried to think, but the river would not let him. It thundered and spouted out behind him from the hatches, and leapt madly past him, and caught his eyes in spite of him, and swept them away down its dancing waves, and then let them go again only to sweep them down again and again, till his brain felt a delicious dizziness from the everlasting rush and the everlasting roar. And then below, how it spread, and writhed, and whirled into transparent fans, hissing and twining snakes, polished glass wreaths, huge crystal bells, which boiled up from the bottom, and dived again beneath long threads of creamy foam, and swung round posts and roots, and rushed blackening under dark weed-fringed boughs, and gnawed at the marly banks, and shook the ever restless bulrushes, till it was swept away and down over the white pebbles and olive weeds, in one broad rippling sheet of molten silver, towards the distant sea. Downwards it fleeted ever, and bore his thoughts floating on its oily stream; and the great trout, with their yellow sides and peacock backs, lunged among the eddies, and the silver grayling dimpled and wandered upon the shallows, and the May-flies flickered and rustled round him like water fairies, with their green gauzy wings; the coot clanked musically among the reeds; the frogs hummed their ceaseless vesper monotone; the kingfisher

darted from his hole in the bank like a blue spark of electric light; the swallow's bills snapped as they twined and hawked above the pool; the swifts' wings whirled like musket balls, as they rushed screaming past his head; and ever the river fled by, bearing his eyes away down the current, till its wild eddies began to glow with crimson beneath the setting sun.

(From *Yeast*.)

### ALTON LOCKE IN LORD LYNEDALE'S ROOM

AT four that afternoon, I knocked, proofs in hand, at the door of Lord Lynedale's rooms in the King's Parade. The door was opened by a little elderly groom, gray-coated, gray-gaitered, gray-haired, gray-visaged. He had the look of a respectable old family retainer, and his exquisitely neat groom's dress gave him a sort of interest in my eyes. Class costumes, relics though they are of feudalism, carry a charm with them. They are symbolic, definitive; they bestow a personality on the wearer, which satisfies the mind, by enabling it instantly to classify him, to connect him with a thousand stories and associations; and to my young mind, the wiry, shrewd, honest, grim old serving man seemed the incarnation of all the wonders of Newmarket and the hunting-kennel and the steeple-chase of which I had read, with alternate admiration and contempt, in the newspapers. He ushered me in with a good breeding which surprised me; without insolence to me or servility to his master, both of which I had been taught to expect.

Lord Lynedale bade me very courteously sit down while he examined the proofs. I looked round the low-wainscoted apartment, with its narrow mullioned windows, in extreme curiosity. What a real nobleman's abode could be like, was naturally worth examining, to one who had, all his life, heard of the aristocracy as of some mythic Titans—whether fiends or gods, being yet a doubtful point—altogether enshrined on "cloudy Olympus," invisible to mortal ken. The shelves were gay with morocco, Russia leather, and gilding—not much used, as I thought, till my eye caught one of those gorgeously bound volumes lying on the table in a loose cover of polished leather—a refinement of which poor I should never have dreamt. The walls were covered with

prints, which soon turned my eyes from everything else, to range delighted over Landseers, Turners, Roberts's Eastern sketches, the ancient Italian masters; and I recognised, with a sort of friendly affection, an old print of my favourite St. Sebastian, in the Dulwich Gallery. It brought back to my mind a thousand dreams and a thousand sorrows. Would those dreams be ever realised? Might this new acquaintance possibly open some pathway towards their fulfilment?—some vista towards the attainment of a station where they would, at least, be less chimerical? And at that thought my heart beat loud with hope. The room was choked up with chairs and tables, of all sorts of strange shapes and problematical uses. The floor was strewn with skins of bear, deer, and seal. In a corner lay hunting-whips, and fishing-rods, foils, boxing-gloves, and gun-cases; while over the chimney-piece, an array of rich Turkish pipes, all amber and enamel, contrasted curiously with quaint old swords and daggers—bronze classic casts, upon Gothic oak brackets, and fantastic scraps of continental carving. On the centre table, too, reigned the same rich profusion, or if you will, confusion—MSS., “Notes in Egypt,” “Goethe's Walverwandschaften,” “Murray's Handbooks,” and “Plato's Republic.” What was there not there? And I chuckled inwardly, to see how Bell's Life in London and the Ecclesiologist had, between them, got down “M'Culloch on Taxation,” and were sitting, arm-in-arm, triumphantly astride of him. Everything in the room, even to the fragrant flowers in a German glass, spoke of a travelled and cultivated luxury—manifold tastes and powers of self-enjoyment and self-improvement, which, Heaven forgive me if I envied, as I looked upon them. If I, now, had had one-twentieth part of those books, prints, that experience of life, not to mention that physical strength and beauty which stood towering there before the fire—so simple, so utterly unconscious of the innate nobleness and grace which shone out from every motion of those stately limbs and features—all the delicacy which blood can give, combined, as one does sometimes see, with the broad strength of the proletarian—so different from poor me!—and so different, too, as I recollected with perhaps a savage pleasure, from the miserable, stunted specimens of overbred imbecility whom I had often passed in London! A strange question that of birth! and one in which the philosopher, in spite of himself, must come to democratic conclusions. For, after all, the physical and intellectual superiority of the high-born is only

preserved, as it was in the old Norman times, by the continual practical abnegation of the very caste lie on which they pride themselves—by continual renovation of their race, by intermarriage with the ranks below them. The blood of Odin flowed in the veins of Norman William; true—and so did the tanner's of Falaise.

(From *Alton Locke*.)

## REFLECTIONS ON A BATTLEFIELD

THIS hopeful oration was delivered in a fitting lecture-room. Between the bare walls of a doleful fire-scarred tower in the Campagna of Rome, standing upon a knoll of dry brown grass, ringed with a few grim pines, blasted and black with smoke; there sat Raphael Aben-Ezra, working out the last formula of the great world problem—"Given self to find God." Through the doorless stone archway he could see a long vista of the plain below, covered with broken trees, trampled crops, smoking villas, and all the ugly scars of recent war, far onward to the quiet purple mountains and the silver sea, towards which struggled, far in the distance, long dark lines of moving specks, flowing together, breaking up, stopping short, recoiling back to surge forward by some fresh channel, while now and then a glitter of keen white sparks ran through the dense black masses . . . The Count of Africa had thrown for the empire of the world—and lost.

"Brave old Sun!" said Raphael, "how merrily he flashes off the sword-blades yonder, and never cares that every tiny sparkle brings a death shriek after it! Why should he? It is no concern of his. Astrologers are fools. His business is to shine; and on the whole, he is one of my few satisfactory sensations. How now? this is questionably pleasant!"

As he spoke, a column of troops came marching across the field, straight towards his retreat.

"If these new sensations of mine find me here, they will infallibly produce in me a new sensation, which will render all further ones impossible . . . Well? what kinder thing could they do for me? . . . Ay—but how do I know that they would do it? What possible proof is there, that if a two-legged phantasm pokes a hard iron-gray phantasm in among

my sensations, those sensations will be my last? Is the fact of my turning pale, and lying still, and being in a day or two converted into crow's flesh, any reason why I should not feel? And how do I know that would happen? It seems to happen to certain sensations of my eyeball—or something else—who cares! which I call soldiers; but what possible analogy can there be between what seems to happen to those single sensations called soldiers, and what may or may not really happen to all my sensations put together, which I call me? Should I bear apples if a phantasm seemed to come and plant me? Then why should I die if another phantasm seemed to come and poke me in the ribs?

"Still I don't intend to deny it . . . I am no dogmatist. Positively the phantasms are marching straight for my tower! Well, it may be safer to run away, on the chance. But as for losing feeling," continued he, rising and cramming a few mouldy crusts into his wallet, "that, like everything else, is past proof. Why—if now, when I have some sort of excuse for fancying myself one thing in one place, I am driven mad with the number of my sensations, what will it be when I am eaten, and turned to dust, and undeniably many things in many places? . . . Will not the sensations be multiplied by—unbearable! I would swear at the thought, if I had anything to swear by! To be transmuted into the sensoria of forty different nasty carrion crows, besides two or three foxes, and a large blackbeetle! I'll run away just like anybody else . . . if anybody existed. Come, Bran!

"Bran! where are you; unlucky inseparable sensation of mine? Picking up a dinner already off these dead soldiers. Well, the pity is that this foolish contradictory taste of mine, while it makes me hungry, forbids me to follow your example. Why am I to take lessons from my soldier-phantasms, and not from my canine one? Illogical! Bran! Bran!" and he went out and whistled in vain for the dog.

"Bran! unhappy phantom, who will not vanish by night or day, lying on my chest even in dreams; and who would not even let me vanish, and solve the problem—though I don't believe there is any—why did you drag me out of the sea there at Ostia? Why did you not let me become a whole shoal of crabs? How did you know, or I either, that they may not be

very jolly fellows, and not in the least troubled with philosophic doubts? . . . But perhaps there are no crabs, but only phantasms of crabs. . . . And, on the other hand, if the crab-phantasms give jolly sensations, why should not the crow-phantasms? So whichever way it turns out, no matter; and I may as well wait here, and seem to become crows, as I certainly shall do. Bran! . . . Why should I wait for her? What pleasure can it be to me to have the feeling of a four-legged, brindled lop-eared, toad-mouthed thing always between what seem to be my legs? There she is! Where have you been, madam? Don't you see I am in marching order, with staff and wallet ready shouldered? Come!"

But the dog, looking up in his face as only dogs can look, ran toward the back of the ruin, and up to him again, and back again, until he followed her.

"What's this? Here is a new sensation with a vengeance! O storm and cloud of material appearances, were there not enough of you already, that you must add to your number these also? Bran! Bran! Could you find no other day in the year but this, whereon to present my ears with the squeals of one—two—three—nine blind puppies?" . . .

(From *Hypatia*.)

## AT THE DEVIL'S LIMEKILN

SO on they went to the point, where the cyclopean wall of granite cliff, which forms the western side of Lundy, ends sheer in a precipice of some three hundred feet, topped by a pile of snow-white rock, bespangled with golden lichens. As they approached, a raven, who sat upon the topmost stone, black against the bright blue sky, flapped lazily away, and sank down the abysses of the cliff, as if he scented the corpses underneath the surge. Below them from the gull-rock rose a thousand birds, and filled the air with sound; the choughs cackled, the hacklets wailed, the great black-backs laughed querulous defiance at the intruders, and a single falcon, with an angry bark, dashed out from beneath their feet, and hung poised aloft, watching the sea fowl which swung slowly round and round below.



It was a glorious sight upon a glorious day. To the northward the glens rushed down toward the cliff, crowned with gray crags, and carpeted with purple heather and green fern; and from their feet stretched away to the westward the sapphire rollers of the vast Atlantic, crowned with a thousand crests of flying foam. On their left hand, some ten miles to the south, stood out against the sky the purple wall of Hartland cliffs, sinking lower and lower, as they trended away to the southward along the lonely iron-bound shores of Cornwall, until they faded, dim and blue, into the blue horizon, forty miles away.

The sky was flecked with clouds, which rushed toward them fast upon the roaring south-west wind; and the warm ocean breeze swept up the cliffs, and whistled through the heather bells, and howled in cranny and in crag,

Till the pillars and clefts of the granite  
Rang like a God-swept lyre;

while Amyas, a proud smile upon his lips, stood breasting that genial stream of airy wine with swelling nostrils and fast heaving chest, and seemed to drink in life from every gust. All three were silent for a while; and Jack and Cary, gazing downward with delight upon the glory and the grandeur of the sight, forgot for a while that their companion saw it not. Yet when they started sadly, and looked into his face, did he not see it? So wide and eager were his eyes, so bright and calm his face, that they fancied for an instant that he was once more even as they.

Wondering, they set him down upon the heather, while the bees hummed round them in the sun; and Amyas felt for a hand of each, and clasped it in his own hand, and began—

“When you left me there upon the rock, lads, I looked away and out to sea, to get one last snuff of the merry sea breeze, which will never sail me again. And as I looked, I tell you truth, I could see the water and the sky, as plain as ever I saw them, till I thought my sight was come again. But soon I knew it was not so; for I saw more than man could see; right over the ocean, as I live, and away to the Spanish Main. And I saw Barbados, and Grenada, and all the isles that we ever sailed by; and La Guayra in Carraccas, and the Silla, and the house beneath it where she lived. And I saw

him walking with her on the barbecu, and he loved her then. I saw what I saw; and he loved her; and I say he loves her still.

"Then I saw the cliffs beneath me, and the Gull rock, and the Shutter, and the Ledge; I saw them, William Cary, and the weeds beneath the merry blue sea. And I saw the grand old galleon, Will; she was righted with the sweeping of the tide. She lies in fifteen fathoms, at the edge of the rocks, upon the sand; and her men are all lying around her, asleep until the judgment day."

Cary and Jack looked at him, and then at each other. His eyes were clear, and bright, and full of meaning; and yet they knew that he was blind. His voice was shaping itself into a song. Was he inspired? Insane? What was it? And they listened with awe-struck faces, as the giant pointed down into the blue depths far below, and went on.

"And I saw him sitting in his cabin, like a valiant gentleman of Spain; and his officers were sitting round him, with their swords upon the table at the wine. And the prawns and the cray-fish, and the rockling, they swam in and out above their heads; but Don Guzman he never heeded, but sat still, and drank his wine. Then he took a locket from his bosom; and I heard him speak, Will, and he said: 'Here's the picture of my fair and true lady; drink to her, senors, all.' Then he spoke to me, Will, and called me, right up through the oarweed and the sea: 'We have had a fair quarrel, senor; it is time to be friends once more. My wife and your brother have forgiven me; so your honour takes no stain.' And I answered, 'We are friends, Don Guzman; God has judged our quarrel, and not we.' Then he said, 'I sinned, and I am punished. And I said, 'And, senor, so am I.' Then he held out his hand to me, Cary; and I stooped to take it, and awoke."

(From *Westward Ho!*)

## DOWN LEWTHWAITE CRAG

A MILE off, and a thousand feet down.

So Tom found it; though it seemed as if he could have chucked a pebble on to the back of the woman in the red petticoat

who was weeding in the garden, or even across the dale to the rocks beyond. For the bottom of the valley was just one field broad, and on the other side ran the stream; and above it, gray crag, gray down, gray stair, gray moor, walled up to heaven.

A quiet, silent, rich, happy place; a narrow crack cut deep into the earth; so deep, and so out of the way, that the bad bogies can hardly find it out. The name of the place is Vendale; and if you want to see it for yourself, you must go up into the High Craven, and search from Bolland Forest north by Ingleborough, to the Nine Standards and Cross Fell; and if you have not found it, you must turn south, and search the Lake Mountains, down to Scaw Fell and the sea; and then if you have not found it, you must go northward again by merry Carlisle, and search the Cheviots all across, from Annan 'water to Berwick Law; and then, whether you have found Vendale or not, you will have found such a country, and such a people, as ought to make you proud of being a British boy.

So Tom went to go down; and first he went down three hundred feet of steep heather, mixed up with loose brown gritstone, as rough as a file, which was not pleasant to his poor little heels, as he came bump, stump, jump, down the steep. And still he thought he could throw a stone into the garden.

Then he went down three hundred feet of limestone terraces, one below the other, as straight as if a carpenter had ruled them with his ruler and then cut them out with his chisel. There was no heath there, but—

First, a little grass slope, covered with the prettiest flowers, rockrose and saxifrage, and thyme and basil, and all sorts of sweet herbs.

Then bump down a two-foot step of limestone.

Then another bit of grass and flowers.

Then bump down a one-foot step.

Then another bit of grass and flowers, for fifty yards, as steep as the house roof, where he had to slide down on his dear little tail.

Then another step of stone, ten feet high; and there he had to stop himself, and crawl along the edge to find a crack; for if he had rolled over, he would have rolled right into the old woman's garden, and frightened her out of her wits.

Then, when he had found a dark narrow crack, full of green-stalked fern, such as hangs in the basket in the drawing-room,

and had crawled down through it, with knees and elbows, as he would down a chimney, there was another grass slope, and another step, and so on, till—oh, dear me! I wish it was all over; and so did he. And yet he thought he could throw a stone into the old woman's garden.

At last he came to a bank of beautiful shrubs; white beam with its great silver-backed leaves, and mountain ash and oak; and below them cliff and crag, cliff and crag, with great beds of crown ferns and wood sedge; while through the shrubs he could see the stream sparkling, and hear it murmur on the white pebbles. He did not know that it was three hundred feet below.

You would have been giddy, perhaps, at looking down; but Tom was not. He was a brave little chimney sweep; and when he found himself on the top of a high cliff, instead of sitting down and crying for his baba (though he never had any baba to cry for), he said—"Ah, this will just suit me!" though he was very tired; and down he went, by stock and stone, sedge and ledge, bush and rush, as if he had been born a jolly little black ape, with four hands instead of two.

(From *The Water Babies*.)

### MARTIN LIGHTFOOT

MARTIN LIGHTFOOT looked up with a cunning smile. "A man can always know his master's secrets if he likes. But that is no reason a master should know a man's."

"Thou shalt tell me thine, man, or I shall ride off and leave thee."

Not so easy, my lord. Where that heavy horse can go, Martin Lightfoot can follow. But I will tell you one secret, which I never told to living man. I can read and write like any clerk."

"Thou read and write?"

"Ay, good Latin enough, and French, and Irish too, what is more. And now, because I love you and because you I will serve, willy nilly, I will tell you all the secrets I have, as long as my breath lasts, for my tongue is rather stiff after that long story about the bell-wether. I was born in Ireland, in Waterford town. My mother was an English slave, one of those that Earl Godwin's wife—not this one that is now, Gyda, but the old one—used to sell out of England by the score, tied together with ropes, boys

and girls from Bristol town. Her master, my father that was (I shall know him again), got tired of her, and wanted to give her away to one of his kernes. She would not have that; so he hung her up hand and foot, and beat her that she died. There was an abbey hard by, and the Church laid on him a penance—all that they dared get out of him—that he should give me to the monks, being then a seven years' boy. Well, I grew up in that abbey; they taught me my fa fa mi fa; but I liked better conning ballads and hearing stories of ghosts and enchanter, such as I used to tell you. I'll tell you plenty more whenever you're tired. Then they made me work, and that I never could abide at all. Then they beat me every day, and that I could abide still less; but always I stuck to my book, for one thing I saw—that learning is power, my lord; and that the reason why the monks are masters of the land is, they are scholars, and you fighting men are none. Then I fell in love (as young blood will) with an Irish lass, when I was full seventeen years old; and when they found out that, they held me down on the floor and beat me till I was well-nigh dead. They put me in prison for a month; and between bread and water and darkness I went nigh foolish. They let me out, thinking I could do no more harm to man or lass; and when I found out how profitable folly was, foolish I remained, at least as foolish as seemed good to me. But one night I got into the abbey church, stole therefrom that which I have with me now, and which shall serve you and me in good stead yet—out and away aboard a ship among the buscarles, and off into the Norway sea. But after a voyage or two, so it befel, I was wrecked in the Wash by Botulfston Deep, and begging my way inland, met with your father, and took service with him, as I have taken service now with you."

"Now, what has made thee take service with me?"

"Because you are you."

"Give me none of thy parables and dark sayings, but speak out like a man. What canst see in me that thou shouldst share an outlaw's fortune with me?"

"I had run away from a monastery; so had you. I hated the monks; so did you. I liked to tell stories—since I found good to shut my mouth I tell them to myself all day long, sometimes all night too. When I found out you liked to hear them, I loved you all the more. Then they told me not to speak to you; I held my tongue. I bided my time. I knew you would be outlawed some

day. I knew you would turn Viking and kemperymen and kill giants and enchanters, and win yourself honour and glory; and I knew I should have my share in it. I knew you would need me some day; and you need me now, and here I am; and if you try to cut me down with your sword, I will dodge you, and follow you, and dodge you again, till I force you to let me be your man. I never loved you as I do now. You let me take that letter safe, like a true hero. You let yourself be outlawed, like a true hero. You made up your mind to see the world, like a true hero. You are the master for me, and with you I will live and die. And now I can talk no more."

"And with me thou shalt live and die," said Hereward, pulling up his horse, and frankly holding out his hand to his new friend.

Martin Lightfoot took his hand, kissed it, licked it almost, as a dog would have done. "I am your man," he said, "amen; and true man I will prove to you, if you will prove true to me." And he dropped quietly back behind Hereward's horse, as if the business of his life was settled, and his mind utterly at rest.

"There is one more likeness between us," said Hereward, after a few minutes' thought. "If I have robbed a church, thou hast robbed one too. What is this precious spoil which is to serve me and thee in such mighty stead?"

Martin drew from inside his shirt and under his waistband a small battle-axe, and handed it up to Hereward. It was a tool the like of which in shape Hereward had seldom seen, and never its equal in beauty. The handle was some fifteen inches long, made of thick strips of black whalebone, curiously bound with silver, and butted with narwhal ivory. This handle was evidently the work of some cunning Norseman of old. But who had been the maker of the blade? It was some eight inches long with a sharp edge on one side, a sharp crooked pick on the other: of the finest steel, inlaid with strange characters in gold, the work probably of some Circassian, Tartar, or Persian; such a battle-axe as Rustum or Tohrab may have wielded in fight upon the banks of Oxus; one of those magic weapons, brought, men knew not how, out of the magic East, which were hereditary in many a Norse family, and sung of in many a Norse saga.

"Look at it," said Martin Lightfoot. "There is magic in it. It must bring us luck. Whoever holds that must kill his man. It will pick a lock of steel. It will crack a mail corselet as a nut-hatch cracks a nut. It will hew a lance in two at a single blow.

Devils and spirits forged it—I know that ; Virgilius the Enchanter, perhaps, or Solomon the Great, or whosever's name is on it, graven there in letters of gold. Handle it, feel its balance ; but no—do not handle it too much. There is a devil in it who would make you kill me. Whenever I play with it I long to kill a man. It would be so easy—so easy. Give it me back, my lord, give it me back, lest the devil come through the handle into your palm, and possess you.”

(From *Hereward the Wake*.)

## GEORGE ELIOT

[Marian Evans, who assumed the *non de plume* of George Eliot, was born in Warwickshire in 1819. After much varied literary work, she wrote the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, her first work of fiction, in 1857 and 1858. This was followed in 1859 by *Adam Bede*, which placed her in the first rank of writers of fiction of the day. The *Mill on the Floss* was published in 1860; and *Silas Marner* in 1861. *Romola*, a work of an entirely different class, appeared in 1863; *Felix Holt* in 1866; and her two poetical works, *The Spanish Gypsy* and the *Legend of Jubal* in 1868 and 1869. Her later works, *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda*, were completed in 1872 and 1876. She died 22nd December 1880.]

THE time has scarcely yet arrived when an estimate can be formed of the permanent position of George Eliot in literature. Perhaps during her lifetime there was a tendency to rate her genius too high; but it may equally be true that the reaction has been too strong, and that her fame has in recent years suffered from undue disparagement. This at least seems indisputable, that early in her literary career she attained to an excellence of work which she never surpassed, and from which her later works present a distinct retrogression. The recognition of this fact need not imply any desire to derogate from her genius; but it is undoubtedly a misfortune for her as an author that she should have so far wandered from the sphere in which her special genius did its best work, and should have entered upon other regions in which that genius worked with less freedom. This is not the place to discuss her literary work, except in relation to its qualities of style; but the same process which, in the judgment of many, injuriously affected her work on the whole, did exercise its most baneful effect in the special sphere of style.

The work of George Eliot which first arrested attention and compelled admiration were the *Scenes of Clerical Life*. There the quality most conspicuous is the intensity of emotion, the concentration of tragic feeling within the sphere of commonplace



life. The canvas is small; the incident is uneventful; there is no complexity of plot, and no august dramatic picture. But what impresses us most is, nevertheless, the intense depth of tragic feeling. There is none of the delicate monotone of Jane Austen's novels, with their smoothness of movement, their subtle delicacy of description, their avoidance of any touch of tragedy. But in George Eliot the depth of feeling is portrayed with restless effort and certainty of hand, and no elaboration is spared that may heighten the effect. The commonplace, the humorous, the restful picture of everyday life, is skilfully worked in; but we never for one moment are allowed to forget that all the side touches are mere contributions to one special aim—that of increasing the intensity of the tragic chord that is to be struck. The style corresponds exactly to this central aim. Not a sentence is other than elaborately framed. Each antithesis of feeling is carefully pressed home. Each incident that is to heighten the effect is told with almost painful care. Each touch of humour is so expressed as to heighten the note of tragedy and contrast. In the very narrowing of the scene, and in the concentration with which it is focussed, we have another proof of the determination with which the author's purpose is kept in view.

With *Silas Marner* and with *Adam Bede* these qualities are still supreme. The movement of each story is more complete; its dramatic effect is more highly wrought; the canvas is enlarged, and the artist's hand works with greater boldness. But the incidents and the characters are still sought in a limited sphere—that of rural and provincial English life, every detail and characteristic of which she has studied with restless and surpassing care, and from which she has drawn all the humour, all the variety, all the range of tragedy and comedy which she has depicted with such elaborate truthfulness. There is still the same impression of highly-wrought sentences which are meant to arrest the reader's attention, and warn him what he is to look for of tragedy, of humour, of philosophy. But the ground is so familiar to the author, she works in it with such ease, she achieves her effect with such certainty—that this elaboration of style seems fitting and suitable, and is so entirely consistent with the intense emotion of the story, as to have a comparatively slight appearance of artificiality or strain. But with achieved success the author sought to extend her range, and in so doing

lost her nicety of touch. In the *Mill on the Floss* the decadence becomes most clear. The earlier part of that novel equals, if it does not exceed in genius the works that preceded it. The whole picture of the life of the Tullivers is as full of humour, of pathos, and of tragedy, as anything that George Eliot ever wrote. But turn to Book vi., where she has passed from the familiar scenes of which she writes with absolute mastery, and has sought to add some of the variety which she fancied would enhance the value of her fiction, and we see how lamentable is the decadence at once of matter and of style. The work is no longer a native one; the labour is conscious and painfully in evidence, the incident is trivial, and the elaboration of style is only an echo of that care which had previously been one sign of her overmastering emotion.

Of *Felix Holt* it is difficult to speak. As there are incidents of tragic force, so there are passages of striking eloquence and most marvellous rhythm. But the story is artificial and painful in construction. The preacher is ever preponderating over the novelist, the purple patches of style, the philosophical and political disquisitions are foisted upon us to the detriment of the story, and not to the enhancement of the tragedy.

This tendency undoubtedly dominated more and more the later style of George Eliot. It would lead us beyond the sphere of mere style were we to appraise the value, or to gauge the undoubted genius of *Romola* and her later novels. It is sufficient to say that the elaboration of style increased with each new book, and so also did the mannerisms. Some of these in their earlier phases were not unpleasant. The expression of a humorous fancy in a pedantic phrase; the reminiscence of a classical idiom applied to some everyday triviality; the slight exaggeration of verbiage which is to accentuate an aphorism—all these are quaint and not without their charm, especially when they stand in picturesque contrast with the simplicity of the theme. But when her plots became more elaborate, when her classical allusions became ever-recurrent mannerisms, when her aphorisms were no longer hewn out of the native rock of tragic emotion, but were moulded on the plaster casts of the schools—then the effect was lost, and the appetite is sated. The trick of fitting pedantic allusions to the ordinary commonplaces of life, or dressing these commonplaces in an affected guise of pedantry, is easily learned and infectious. When George Eliot wrote of a gardener, that he

had "the air of a Bacchus in a blue apron, who, in the present reduced circumstances of Olympus, had taken to the management of his own vines," the effect is quaint enough. But it becomes tedious by frequent repetition ; and the mechanical humour of the comic opera has, by its imitation, shown us how it may be dragged lower still. Her aphorisms, at first deftly expressed, and pregnant with significance, created a taste which she laboured to satisfy by elaborate psychological maxims whose sounding verbiage scarcely cloaks a truism.

Her genius was certainly great, and her style was often eloquent, always elaborate and skilful, and, in its earlier phases, instinct with feeling and force. But as she left the simplicity of her earlier canvas, so her style lost its distinctive character, and was less closely allied to her genius. Its analytical precision wearies us ; its elaboration seems to be studied in order to produce an impression upon that vague entity—the average reader ; and what was at first the impulse of the eager student of human nature, seeking an outlet for emotion in delicacy and subtlety of expression, became a literary trick and an imposing pedantry. It was only the strength of her intellectual power that preserved her genius from being even more depressed by an acquired and unnatural habit.

H. CRAIK.

## NATURE AND HUMANITY

IN this way Tina wore out the long hours of the windy moonlight, till at last, with weary, aching limbs, she lay down in bed again, and slept from mere exhaustion.

While this poor little heart was being bruised with a weight too heavy for it, Nature was holding on her calm inexorable way, in unmoved and terrible beauty. The stars were rushing in their eternal courses; the tides swelled to the level of the last expectant weed; the sun was making brilliant day to busy nations on the other side of the swift earth. The stream of human thought and deed was hurrying and broadening onward. The astronomer was at his telescope; the great ships were labouring over the waves; the toiling eagerness of commerce, the fierce spirit of revolution, were only ebbing in brief rest; and sleepless statesmen were dreading the possible crisis of the morrow. What were our little Tina and her trouble in this mighty torrent, rushing from one awful unknown to another? Lighter than the smallest centre of quivering life in the water-drop, hidden and uncared for as the pulse of anguish in the breast of the tiniest bird that has fluttered down to its nest with the long-sought food, and has found the nest torn and empty.

(From *Scenes from Clerical Life*.)

## EPILOGUE TO MR. GILFIL'S LOVE STORY

THIS was Mr. Gilfil's love-story, which lay far back from the time when he sat, worn and gray, by his lonely fireside in Shepperton Vicarage. Rich brown locks, passionate love, and deep early sorrow, strangely different as they seem from the scanty white hairs, the apathetic content, and the unexpectant quiescence of old age, are but part of the same life's journey; as the bright

Italian plains, with the sweet *Addio* of their beckoning maidens, are part of the same day's travel that brings us to the other side of the mountain, between the sombre rocky walls and among the guttural voices of the Valais.

To those who were familiar only with the gray-haired vicar, jogging leisurely along on his old chestnut cob, it would perhaps have been hard to believe that he had ever been the Maynard Gilfil, who, with a heart full of passion and tenderness, had urged his black Kitty to her swiftest gallop on the way to Callam, or that the old gentleman of caustic tongue and bucolic tastes and sparing habits had known all the deep secrets of devoted love, had struggled through its days and nights of anguish, and trembled under its unspeakable joys. And indeed the Mr. Gilfil of those late Shepperton days had more of the knots and ruggedness of poor human nature than there lay any clear hint of in the open-eyed loving Maynard. But it is with men as with trees: if you lop off their finest branches, into which they were pouring their young life-juice, the wounds will be healed over with some rough boss, some odd excrescence; and what might have been a grand tree expanding into liberal shade is but a whimsical, misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow, which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty; and the trivial erring life which we visit with our harsh blame may be but as the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered.

And so the dear old vicar, though he had something of the knotted whimsical character of the poor lopped oak, had yet been sketched out by Nature as a noble tree. The heart of him was sound, the grain was of the finest; and in the gray-haired man who filled his pocket with sugar-plums for the little children, whose most biting words were directed against the evil doing of the rich man, and who, with all his social pipes and slipshod talk, never sank below the highest level of his parishioners' respect, there was the main trunk of the same brave, faithful, tender nature that had poured out the finest, freshest forces of its life-current in a first and only love—the love of Tina.

(From the Same.)

## A PROVINCIAL TOWN

ASSUREDLY Milby had that salt of goodness which keeps the world together in greater abundance than was visible on the surface: innocent babes were born there, sweetening their parents' hearts with simple joys; men and women withering in disappointed worldliness, or bloated with sensual ease, had better moments in which they pressed the hand of suffering with sympathy, and were moved to deeds of neighbourly kindness. In church and in chapel there were honest-hearted worshippers who strove to keep a conscience void of offence; and even up the dimmest alleys you might have found here and there a Wesleyan to whom Methodism was the vehicle of peace on earth and good-will to men. To a superficial glance Milby was nothing but dreary prose: a dingy town surrounded by flat fields, lopped elms, and sprawling manufacturing villages, which crept on and on with their weaving-shops, till they threatened to graft themselves on the town. But the sweet spring came to Milby notwithstanding; the elm-tops were red with buds; the churchyard was starred with daisies; the lark showered his love-music on the flat fields; the rainbows hung over the dingy town, clothing the very roofs and chimneys in a strange transfiguring beauty. And so it was with the human life there, which at first seemed a dismal mixture of griping worldliness, vanity, ostrich feathers, and the fumes of brandy: looking closer, you found some purity, gentleness, and unselfishness, as you may have observed a scented geranium giving forth its wholesome odours amidst blasphemy and gin in a noisy pot-house. Little deaf Mrs. Crewe would often carry half her own spare dinner to the sick and hungry; Miss Phipps, with her cockade of red feathers, had a filial heart, and lighted her father's pipe with a pleasant smile; and there were gray-haired men in drab gaiters, not at all noticeable as you passed them in the street, whose integrity had been the basis of their rich neighbour's wealth.

Such as the place was, the people there were entirely contented with it. They fancied life must be but a dull affair for that large portion of mankind who were necessarily shut out from an acquaintance with Milby families, and that it must be an advantage to London and Liverpool that Milby gentlemen occasionally visited those places on business. But the inhabitants became more intensely conscious of the value they set upon all their

advantages when innovation made its appearance in the person of the Rev. Mr. Tryan, the new curate at the chapel-of-ease on Paddiford Common. It was soon notorious in Milby that Mr. Tryan held peculiar opinions ; that he preached extempore ; that he was founding a religious lending library in his remote corner of the parish ; that he expounded the Scriptures in cottages ; and his preaching was attracting the Dissenters, and filling the very aisles of his church. The rumour sprang up that Evangelicalism had invaded Milby parish—a murrain or blight all the more terrible because its nature was but dimly conjectured. Perhaps Milby was one of the last spots to be reached by the wave of a new movement ; and it was only now, when the tide was just on the turn, that the limpets there got a sprinkling. Mr. Tryan was the first Evangelical clergyman who had risen above the Milby horizon : hitherto that obnoxious adjective had been unknown to the townspeople of any gentility ; and there were even many Dissenters who considered “evangelical” simply a sort of baptismal name to the magazine which circulated among the congregation of Salem Chapel. But now, at length, the disease had been imported, when the parishioners were expecting it as little as the innocent Red Indians expected small-pox. As long as Mr. Tryan’s hearers were confined to Paddiford Common—which, by the by, was hardly recognisable as a common at all, but was a dismal district where you heard the rattle of the hand-loom and breathed the smoke of coal-pits—the “canting parson” could be treated as a joke. Not so when a number of single ladies in the town appeared to be infected, and even one or two men of substantial property, with old Mr. Landor, the banker, at their head, seemed to be “giving in” to the new movement—when Mr. Tryan was known to be well received in several good houses, where he was in the habit of finishing the evening with exhortation and prayer, Evangelicalism was no longer a nuisance existing merely in by-corners, which any well-clad person could avoid ; it was invading the very drawing-rooms, mingling itself with the comfortable fumes of port wine and brandy, threatening to deaden with its murky breath all the splendour of the ostrich feathers, and to stifle Milby ingenuousness, not pretending to be better than its neighbours, with a cloud of cant and lugubrious hypocrisy. The alarm reached its climax when it was reported that Mr. Tryan was endeavouring to obtain authority from Mr. Prendergast, the non-resident rector, to establish a Sunday

evening lecture in the parish church, on the ground that old Mr. Crewe did not preach the Gospel.

It now first appeared how surprisingly high a value Milby in general set on the ministrations of Mr. Crewe; how convinced it was that Mr. Crewe was the model of a parish priest, and his sermons the soundest and most edifying that had ever remained unheard by a church-going population. All allusions to his brown wig were suppressed, and by a rhetorical figure his name was associated with venerable gray hairs; the attempted intrusion of Mr. Tryan was an insult to a man deep in years and learning; moreover, it was an insolent effort to thrust himself forward in a parish where he was clearly distasteful to the superior portion of its inhabitants. The town was divided into two zealous parties; the Tryanites and the anti-Tryanites; and by the exertions of the eloquent Dempster, the anti-Tryanite virulence was soon developed into an organised opposition. A protest against the meditated evening lecture was framed by that orthodox attorney, and after being numerously signed, was to be carried to Mr. Prendergast by three delegates representing the intellect, morality, and wealth of Milby. The intellect, you perceive, was to be personified in Mr. Dempster, the morality in Mr. Budd, and the wealth in Mr. Tomlinson; and the distinguished triad was to set out on its great mission, as we have seen, on the third day from that warm Saturday evening when the conversation recorded in the previous chapter took place in the bar of the Red Lion.

(From the Same.)

## A WINTER NIGHT

WHILE Godfrey Cass was taking draughts of forgetfulness from the sweet presence of Nancy, willingly losing all sense of that hidden bond which at other moments galled and fretted him so as to mingle irritation with the very sunshine, Godfrey's wife was walking with slow uncertain steps through the snow-covered Raveloe lanes, carrying her child in her arms.

This journey on New Year's Eve was a premeditated act of vengeance which she had kept in her heart ever since Godfrey, in a fit of passion, had told her he would sooner die than acknowledge



her as his wife. There would be a great party at the Red House on New Year's Eve, she knew: her husband would be smiling and smiled upon, hiding *her* existence in the darkest corner of his heart. But she would mar his pleasure: she would go in her dingy rags, with her faded face, once as handsome as the best, with her little child that had its father's hair and eyes, and disclose herself to the Squire as his eldest son's wife. It is seldom that the miserable can help regarding their misery as a wrong inflicted by those who are less miserable. Molly knew that the cause of her dingy rags was not her husband's neglect, but the demon Opium to whom she was enslaved, body and soul, except in the lingering mother's tenderness that refused to give him her hungry child. She knew this well; and yet, in the moments of wretched unbenumbed consciousness, the sense of her want and degradation transformed itself continually into bitterness towards Godfrey. *He* was well off; and if she had her rights she would be well off too. The belief that he repented his unmarriage, and suffered from it, only aggravated her vindictiveness. Just and self-reproving thoughts do not come to us too thickly, even in the purest air and with the best lessons of heaven and earth; how should those white-winged, delicate messengers make their way to Molly's poisoned chamber, inhabited by no higher memories than those of a barmaid's paradise of pink ribbons and gentlemen's jokes?

She had set out at an early hour, but had lingered on the road, inclined by her indolence to believe that if she waited under a warm shed the snow would cease to fall. She had waited longer than she knew, and now that she found herself belated in the snow-hidden ruggedness of the long lanes, even the animation of a vindictive purpose could not keep her spirit from failing. It was seven o'clock, and by this time she was not very far from Raveloe, but she was not familiar enough with those monotonous lanes to know how near she was to her journey's end. She needed comfort, and she knew but one comforter—the familiar demon in her bosom; but she hesitated a moment, after drawing out the black remnant, before she raised it to her lips. In that moment the mother's love pleaded for painful consciousness rather than oblivion—pleaded to be left in aching weariness, rather than to have the encircling arms benumbed so that they could not feel the dear burden. In another moment Molly had flung something away, but it was not the black remnant—it was

an empty phial. And she walked on again under the breaking cloud, from which there came now and then the light of a quickly veiled star, for a freezing wind had sprung up since the snowing had ceased. But she walked always more and more drowsily, and clutched more and more automatically the sleeping child at her bosom.

Slowly the demon was working his will, and cold and weariness were his helpers. Soon she felt nothing but a supreme immediate longing that curtailed off all futurity—the longing to lie down and sleep. She had arrived at a spot where her footsteps were no longer checked by a hedgerow, and she had wandered vaguely unable to distinguish any objects notwithstanding the wide whiteness around her, and the growing starlight. She sank down against a straggling furze bush, an easy pillow enough; and the bed of snow, too, was soft. She did not feel that the bed was cold, and did not heed whether the child would wake and cry for her. But her arms had not yet relaxed their instinctive clutch; and the little one slumbered on as gently as if it had been rocked in a lace-trimmed cradle.

But the complete torpor came at last: the fingers lost their tension, the arms unbent; then the little head fell away from the bosom, and the blue eyes opened wide on the cold starlight. At first there was a little peevish cry of “mammy,” and an effort to regain the pillowing arm and bosom; but mammy’s ear was deaf, and the pillow seemed to be slipping away backward. Suddenly, as the child rolled downward on its mother’s knees, all wet with snow, its eyes were caught by a bright glancing light on the white ground, and with the ready transition of infancy, it was immediately absorbed in watching the bright living thing running towards it, yet never arriving. That bright living thing must be caught; and in an instant the child had slipped on all fours, and held out one little hand to catch the gleam. But the gleam would not be caught in that way, and now the head was held up to see where the cunning gleam came from. It came from a very bright place; and the little one rising on its legs, toddled through the snow, the old grimy shawl in which it was wrapped trailing behind it, and the queer little bonnet dangling at its back—toddled on to the open door of Silas Marner’s cottage, and right up to the warm hearth, where there was a bright fire of logs and sticks, which had thoroughly warmed the old sack (Silas’s greatcoat) spread out on the bricks to dry. The little one, accustomed to

be left to itself for long hours without notice from its mother, squatted down on the sack, and spread its tiny hands towards the blaze, in perfect contentment, gurgling and making many inarticulate communications to the cheerful fire, like a new-hatched gosling beginning to find itself comfortable. But presently the warmth had a lulling effect, and the little golden head sank down on the old sack, and the blue eyes were veiled by their delicate half-transparent lids.

(From *Silas Marner*.)

### A FARM HOUSE

EVIDENTLY that gate is never opened: for the long grass and the great hemlocks grow close against it; and if it were opened, it is so rusty, that the force necessary to turn it on its hinges would be likely to pull down the square stone-built pillars, to the detriment of the two stone lionesses which grin with a carnivorous affability above a coat of arms surmounting each of the pillars. It would be easy enough, by the aid of the nicks in the stone pillars, to climb over the brick wall with its smooth stone coping; but by putting our eyes close to the rusty bars of the gate, we can see the house well enough, and all but the very corners of the grassy enclosure.

It is a very fine old place, of red brick, softened by a pale powdery lichen, which has dispersed itself with a happy irregularity, so as to bring the red brick into terms of friendly companionship with the limestone ornaments surrounding the three gables, the windows, and the door-place. But the windows are patched with wooden panes, and the door, I think, is like the gate—it is never opened: how it would groan and grate against the stone floor if it were! For it is a solid, heavy, handsome door, and must once have been in the habit of shutting with a sonorous bang behind a liveried lackey, who had just seen his master and mistress off the grounds in a carriage and pair.

But at present one might fancy the house in the early stage of a chancery suit, and that the fruit from that grand double row of walnut-trees on the right hand of the enclosure would fall and rot among the grass, if it were not that we heard the booming bark of dogs echoing from great buildings at the back. And

now the half-weaned calves that have been sheltering themselves in a gorse-built hovel against the left-hand wall, come out and set up a silly answer to that terrible bark, doubtless supposing that it has reference to buckets of milk.

Yes, the house must be inhabited, and we will see by whom ; for imagination is a licensed trespasser ; it has no fear of dogs, but may climb over walls and peep in at windows with impunity. Put your face to one of the glass panes in the right-hand window ; what do you see ? A large open fireplace, with rusty dogs in it, and a bare-boarded floor ; at the far end, fleeces of wool stacked up ; in the middle of the floor, some empty corn-bags. That is the furniture of the dining-room. And what through the left-hand window ? Several clothes-horses, a pillion, a spinning-wheel, and an old box wide open, and stuffed full of coloured rags. At the edge of this box there lies a great wooden doll, which, so far as mutilation is concerned, bears a strong resemblance to the finest Greek sculpture, and especially in the total loss of its nose. Near it there is a little chair, and the butt-end of a boy's leather long-lashed whip.

The history of the house is plain now. It was once the residence of a country squire, whose family, probably dwindling down to mere spinsterhood, got merged in the more territorial name of Donnithorne. It was once the Hall ; it is now the Hall Farm. Like the life in some coast town that was once a watering-place, and is now a port, where the genteel streets are silent and grass-grown, and the docks and warehouses busy and resonant, the life at the Hall has changed its focus, and no longer radiates from the parlour, but from the kitchen and the farm-yard.

Plenty of life there ! though this is the drowsiest time of the year, just before the hay-harvest ; and it is the drowsiest time of the day too, for it is close upon three by the sun, and it is half-past three by Mrs. Poyser's handsome eight-day clock. But there is always a stronger sense of life when the sun is brilliant after rain ; and now he is pouring down his beams, and making sparks among the wet straw, and lighting up every patch of vivid green moss on the red tiles of the cow-shed, and turning even the muddy water that is hurrying along the channel to the drain into a mirror for the yellow-billed ducks, who are seizing the opportunity of getting a drink with as much body in it as possible. There is quite a concert of noises : the great bull-dog, chained against the stables, is thrown into furious exasperation

by the unwary approach of a cock too near the mouth of his kennel, and sends forth a thundering bark, which is answered by two fox-hounds shut up in the opposite cow-house; the old top-knotted hens, scratching with their chicks among the straw, set up a sympathetic croaking as the discomfited cock joins them; a sow with her brood, all very muddy as to the legs, and curled as to the tail, throws in some deep staccato notes; our friends the calves are bleating from the same home croft; and under all, a fine ear discerns the continuous hum of human voices.

For the great barn-doors are thrown wide open, and men are busy there mending the harness, under the superintendence of Mr. Goby, the "whittaw," otherwise saddler, who entertains them with the latest Treddleston gossip. It is certainly rather an unfortunate day that Alick, the shepherd, has chosen for having the whittaws, since the morning turned out so wet; and Mrs. Poyser had spoken her mind pretty strongly as to the dirt which the extra number of men's shoes brought into the house at dinner-time. Indeed she has not yet recovered her equanimity on the subject, though it is now nearly three hours since dinner, and the house floor is perfectly clean again; as clean as everything else in that wonderful house-place, where the only chance of collecting a few grains of dust would be to climb on the salt-coffer, and put your finger on the high mantel-shelf on which the glittering brass candle-sticks are enjoying their summer sinecure; for at this time of year, of course, every one goes to bed while it is yet light, or at least light enough to discern the outline of objects after you have bruised your shins against them. Surely nowhere else could an oak clock-case and an oak table have got such a polish by the hand: genuine "elbow polish," as Mrs. Poyser called it, for she thanked God she never had any of your varnished rubbish in her house. Hetty Sorrel often took the opportunity, when her aunt's back was turned, of looking at the pleasant reflection of herself in those polished surfaces, for the oak table was usually turned up like a screen, and was more for ornament than for use; and she could see herself sometimes in the great round pewter dishes that were ranged on the shelves above the long deal dinner table, or in the hobs of the grate, which always shone like Jasper.

Everything was looking at its brightest at this moment, for the sun shone right on the pewter dishes, and from their reflecting surfaces pleasant jets of light were thrown on mellow oak and bright brass;—and on a still pleasanter object than these; for

some of the rays fell on Dinah's finely moulded cheek, and lit up her pale red hair to auburn, as she bent over the heavy household linen which she was mending for her aunt. No scene could have been more peaceful; if Mrs. Poyser, who was ironing a few things that still remained from the Monday's wash, had not been making frequent clinking with her iron, and moving to and fro whenever she wanted it to cool; carrying the keen glance of her blue-gray eye from the kitchen to the dairy, where Hetty was making up the butter, and from the dairy to the back-kitchen, where Nancy was taking the pies out of the oven. Do not suppose, however, that Mrs. Poyser was elderly or shrewish in her appearance; she was a good-looking woman, not more than eight-and-thirty, of fair complexion and sandy hair, well-shapen, light-footed: the most conspicuous article in her attire was an ample checkered linen apron, which almost covered her skirt; and nothing could be plainer or less noticeable than her cap and gown, for there was no weakness of which she was less tolerant than feminine vanity, and the preference of ornament to utility. The family likeness between her and her niece Dinah Morris, with the contrast between her keenness and Dinah's seraphic gentleness of expression, might have served a painter as an excellent suggestion for a Martha and Mary. Their eyes were just of the same colour, but a striking test of the difference in their operation was seen in the demeanour of Trip, the black-and-tan terrier, whenever that much-suspected dog unwarily exposed himself to the freezing arctic ray of Mrs. Poyser's glances. Her tongue was not less keen than her eye, and, whenever a damsel came within earshot, seemed to take up an unfinished lecture, as a barrel-organ takes up a tune, precisely at the point where it had left off.

(From *Adam Bede*.)

## A LONELY LIFE

As Mrs. Transome descended the stone staircase in her old black velvet and point, her appearance justified Denner's personal compliment. She had that high-born imperious air which would have marked her as an object of hatred and reviling by a revolutionary mob. Her person was too typical of social distinctions to

be passed by with indifference by any one: it would have fitted an empress in her own right, who had had to rule in spite of faction, to dare the violation of treaties and dread retributive invasions, to grasp after new territories, to be defiant in desperate circumstances, and to feel a woman's hunger of the heart for ever unsatisfied. Yet Mrs. Transome's cares and occupations had not been at all of an imperial sort. For thirty years she had led the monotonous narrowing life which used to be the lot of our poorer gentry; who never went to town, and were probably not on speaking terms with two out of the five families whose parks lay within the distance of a drive. When she was young she had been thought wonderfully clever and accomplished, and had been rather ambitious of intellectual superiority—had secretly picked out for private reading the lighter parts of dangerous French authors—and in company had been able to talk of Mr. Burke's style, or of Chateaubriand's eloquence—had laughed at the *Lyrical Ballads* and admired Mr. Southey's *Thalaba*. She always thought that the dangerous French writers were wicked, and that her reading of them was a sin; but many sinful things were highly agreeable to her, and many things which she did not doubt to be good and true were dull and meaningless. She found ridicule of Biblical characters very amusing, and she was interested in stories of illicit passion; but she believed all the while that truth and safety lay in due attendance on prayers and sermons, in the admirable doctrines and ritual of the Church of England, equally remote from Puritanism and Popery; in fact in such a view of this world and the next as would preserve the existing arrangements of English society quite unshaken, keeping down the obtrusiveness of the vulgar and the discontent of the poor. The history of the Jews, she knew, ought to be preferred to any profane history; the Pagans, of course, were vicious and their religions quite nonsensical, considered as religions—but classical learning came from the Pagans; the Greeks were famous for sculpture; the Italians for painting; the middle ages were dark and Papistical but now Christianity went hand in hand with civilisation, and the providential government of the world, though a little confused and entangled in foreign countries, in our favoured land was clearly seen to be carried forward on Tory and Church of England principles sustained by the succession of the House of Brunswick, and by sound English divines. For Miss Lingon had a superior governess, who held that a woman should be able

to write a good letter, and to express herself with propriety on general subjects. And it is astonishing how effective this education appeared in a handsome girl, who sat supremely well on horseback, sang and played a little, painted small figures in water-colours, had a naughty sparkle in her eyes when she made a daring quotation, and an air of serious dignity when she recited something from her store of correct opinions. But however such a stock of ideas may be made to tell in elegant society, and during a few seasons in town, no amount of bloom and beauty can make them a perennial source of interest in things not personal; and the notion that what is true and, in general, good for mankind is stupid and drug-like is not a safe theoretic basis in circumstances of temptation and difficulty. Mrs. Transome had been in her bloom before this century began, and in the long painful years since then, what she had once regarded as her knowledge and accomplishments had become as valueless as old-fashioned stucco ornaments, of which the substance was never worth anything, while the form is no longer to the taste of any living mortal. Crosses, mortifications, money cares, conscious blameworthiness, had changed the aspect of the world for her: there was anxiety in the morning sunlight; there was unkind triumph or disapproving pity in the glances of greeting neighbours; there was advancing age, and a contracting prospect in the changing seasons as they came and went. And what could then sweeten the days to a hungry much-exacting self like Mrs. Transome? Under protracted ill every living creature will find something that makes a comparative ease, and even when life seems woven of pain, will convert the fainter pang into a desire. Mrs. Transome, whose imperious will had availed little to ward off the great evils of her life, found the opiate for her discontent in the exertion of her will about smaller things. She was not cruel, and could not enjoy thoroughly what she called the old woman's pleasure of tormenting; but she liked every little sign of power her lot had left her. She liked that a tenant should stand bareheaded below her as she sat on horseback. She liked to insist that work done without her orders should be undone from beginning to end. She liked to be curtsied and bowed to by all the congregation as she walked up the little barn of a church. She liked to change a labourer's medicine fetched from the doctor, and substitute a prescription of her own. If she had only been more haggard and less majestic, those who had glimpses of her outward life might have said she



was a tyrannical, griping harridan, with a tongue like a razor. No one said exactly that; but they never said anything like the full truth about her, or divined what was hidden under that outward life—a woman's keen sensibility and dread, which lay screened behind all her petty habits and narrow notions, as some quivering thing with eyes and throbbing heart may lie crouching behind withered rubbish. The sensibility and dread had palpitated all the faster in the prospect of her son's return; and now that she had seen him, she said to herself, in her bitter way, "It is a lucky eel that escapes skinning. The best happiness I shall ever know, will be to escape the worst misery."

(From *Felix Holt*.)

### SAVONAROLA'S BENEDICTION

ABOUT ten o'clock on the morning of the twenty-seventh of February the currents of passengers along the Florentine streets set decidedly towards San Marco. It was the last morning of the Carnival, and every one knew there was a second Bonfire of Vanities being prepared in front of the Old Palace; but at this hour it was evident that the centre of popular interest lay elsewhere.

The Piazza di San Marco was filled by a multitude who showed no other movement than that which proceeded from the pressure of new comers trying to force their way forward from all the openings, but the front ranks were already close-serried, and resisted the pressure. Those ranks were ranged around a semicircular barrier in front of the church, and within this barrier were already assembling the Dominican Brethren of San Marco.

But the temporary wooden pulpit erected over the church-door was still empty. It was presently to be entered by the man whom the Pope's command had banished from the pulpit of the Duomo, whom the other ecclesiastics of Florence had been forbidden to consort with, whom the citizens had been forbidden to hear on pain of excommunication. This man had said, "A wicked, unbelieving Pope who had gained the pontifical chair by bribery is not Christ's Vicar. His curses are broken swords: he grasps a hilt without a blade. His commands are contrary to the Christian life: it is lawful to disobey them—nay, *it is not*

*lawful to obey them.*" And the people still flocked to hear him as he preached in his own church of San Marco, though the Pope was hanging terrible threats over Florence if it did not renounce the pestilential schismatic, and send him to Rome to be "converted"—still, as on this very morning, accepted the Communion from his excommunicated hands. For how if this Frate had really more command over the Divine lightnings than that official successor of Saint Peter? It was a momentous question, which for the mass of citizens could never be decided by the Frate's ultimate test, namely, what was and what was not accordant with the highest spiritual law. No; in such a case as this, if God had chosen the Frate as his prophet to rebuke the High Priest who carried the mystic raiment unworthily, he would attest his choice by some unmistakable sign. As long as the belief in the prophet carried no threat of outward calamity, but rather the confident hope of exceptional safety, no sign was needed; his preaching was a music to which the people felt themselves marching along the way they wished to go; but now that belief meant an immediate blow to their commerce, the shaking of their position among the Italian States, and an interdict on their city, there inevitably came the question, "What miracle showest thou?" Slowly at first, then faster and faster, that fatal demand had been swelling in Savonarola's ear, provoking a response, outwardly in the declaration that at the fitting time the miracle would come; inwardly in the faith—not unwavering, for what faith is so?—that if the need for miracle became urgent, the work he had before him was too great for the Divine power to leave it halting. His faith wavered, but not his speech; it is the lot of every man who has to speak for the satisfaction of the crowd, that he must often speak in virtue of yesterday's faith, hoping it will come back to-morrow.

It was in preparation for a scene, which was really a response to the popular impatience for some supernatural guarantee of the Prophet's mission, that the wooden pulpit had been erected above the church door. But while the ordinary Frati in black mantles were entering and arranging themselves, the faces of the multitude were not yet eagerly directed towards the pulpit; it was felt that Savonarola would not appear just yet, and there was some interest in singling out the various monks, some of them belonging to high Florentine families, many of them having fathers, brothers, or cousins among the artisans and shopkeepers

who made the majority of the crowd. It was not till the tale of monks was complete, not till they had fluttered their books and had begun to chant, that people said to each other, "Fra Girolamo must be coming now."

That expectation rather than any spell from the accustomed wail of psalmody was what made silence, and expectation seemed to spread like a paling solemn light over the multitude of upturned faces, all now directed towards the empty pulpit.

The next instant the pulpit was no longer empty. A figure covered from head to foot in black cowl and mantle had entered it, and was kneeling with bent head and with face turned away. It seemed a weary time to the eager people while the black figure knelt and the monks chanted. But the stillness was not broken, for the Frate's audiences with heaven were yet charged with electric awe for that mixed multitude, so that those who already had the will to stone him felt their arms unnerved.

At last there was a vibration among the multitude, each seeming to give his neighbour a momentary aspen-like touch, as when men who have been watching for something in the heavens see the expected presence silently disclosing itself. The Frate had risen, turned towards the people, and partly pushed back his cowl. The monotonous wail of psalmody had ceased, and to those who stood near the pulpit, it was as if the sounds which had just been filling their ears had suddenly merged themselves in the force of Savonarola's flaming glance as he looked round him in the silence. Then he stretched out his hands, which, in their exquisite delicacy, seemed transfigured from an animal organ for grasping into vehicles of sensibility too acute to need any gross contact, hands that came like an appealing speech from that part of his soul which was masked by his strong passionate face, written on now with deeper lines about the mouth and brow than are made by forty-four years of ordinary life.

At the first stretching out of the hands some of the crowd in the front ranks fell on their knees, and here and there a devout disciple farther off; but the great majority stood firm, some resisting the impulse to kneel before this excommunicated man (might not a great judgment fall upon him even in this act of blessing?)—others jarred with scorn and hatred of the ambitious deceiver who was getting up this new comedy, before which, nevertheless, they felt themselves impotent, as before the triumph of a fashion.

But then came the voice, clear and low at first, uttering the words of absolution—“*Misereatur vestri*”—and more fell on their knees; and as it rose higher and yet clearer, the erect heads became fewer and fewer, till at the words “*Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus*,” it rose to a masculine cry, as if protesting its power to bless under the clutch of a demon that wanted to stifle it; it rang like a trumpet to the extremities of the Piazza, and under it every head was bowed.

After the utterance of that blessing, Savonarola himself fell on his knees, and hid his face in temporary exhaustion. Those great jets of emotion were a necessary part of his life; he himself had said to the people long ago, “Without preaching I cannot live.” But it was a life that shattered him.

In a few minutes more, some had risen to their feet, but a large number remained kneeling, and all faces were intently watching him. He had taken into his hands a crystal vessel containing the consecrated Host, and was about to address the people.

“You remember, my children, three days ago I besought you, when I should hold this Sacrament in my hand in the face of you all, to pray fervently to the Most High that if this work of mine does not come from Him, He will send a fire and consume me, that I may vanish into the eternal darkness away from His light which I have hidden with my falsity. Again I beseech you to make that prayer, and to make it *now*.”

It was a breathless moment; perhaps no man really prayed, if some in a spirit of devout obedience made the effort to pray. Every consciousness was chiefly possessed by the sense that Savonarola was praying, in a voice not loud, but distinctly audible in the wide stillness.

“Lord, if I have not wrought in sincerity of soul, if my word cometh not from Thee, strike me in this moment with Thy thunder, and let the fires of Thy wrath enclose me.”

He ceased to speak, and stood motionless with the consecrated Mystery in his hand, with eyes uplifted, and a quivering excitement in his whole aspect. Every one else was motionless and silent too, while the sunlight, which for the last quarter of an hour had here and there been piercing the grayness, made fitful streaks across the convent wall, causing some awe-stricken spectators to start timidly. But soon there was a wider parting, and with a gentle quickness, like a smile, a stream of brightness

poured itself on the crystal vase, and then spread itself over Savonarola's face with mild glorification.

An instantaneous shout rang through the Piazza, "Behold the answer!"

The warm radiance thrilled through Savonarola's frame, and so did the shout. It was his last moment of untroubled triumph, and in its rapturous confidence he felt carried to a grander scene yet to come, before an audience that would represent all Christendom, in whose presence he should again be sealed as the messenger of the supreme righteousness, and feel himself full charged with Divine strength. It was but a moment that expanded itself in that prevision. While the shout was still ringing in his ears, he turned away within the church, feeling the strain too great for him to bear it longer.

But when the Frate had disappeared, and the sunlight seemed no longer to have anything special in its illumination, but was spreading itself over all things clean and unclean, there began, along with the general movement of the crowd, a confusion of voices in which certain strong discords and varying scales of laughter made it evident that, in the previous silence and universal kneeling, hostility and scorn had only submitted unwillingly to a momentary spell.

"It seems to me the plaudits are giving way to criticism," said Tito, who had been watching the scene attentively from an upper loggia in one of the houses opposite the church. "Nevertheless it was a striking moment, eh, Messer Pietro? Fra Girolamo is a man to make one understand that there was a time when the monk's frock was a symbol of power over men's minds rather than over the keys of women's cupboards."

"Assuredly," said Pietro Cennini, "and until I have seen proof that Fra Girolamo has much less faith in God's judgments than the common run of men, instead of having considerably more, I shall not believe that he would brave Heaven in this way if his soul were laden with a conscious lie."

(From *Romola*.)

## HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL

[Henry Longueville Mansel was born in 1820. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and at St. John's College, Oxford, where his eminence in ability and learning soon brought him into notice, and where he became in due time Waynflete Professor of Moral Philosophy, and subsequently Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church. Until his residence at Oxford was terminated, shortly before his death, by his preferment to the Deanery of St. Paul's, he was by far the most distinguished and formidable champion of the Conservative party in the University; and he never for one instant flagged in his strenuous opposition to Liberal ideas, as they were understood in the middle of the century, and particularly as they were formulated in the report of the first Universities Commission. These theories he held up to merciless ridicule in *jeux d'esprit* like the brilliant *Phrontisterion*, as well as to unsparing reprobation from the pulpit of St. Mary's. Thence in 1858 he delivered his celebrated Bampton Lectures on *The Limits of Religious Thought Examined*, which aroused a tempest of discussion, and involved their author in an animated and often bitter controversy with sceptics like Mr. John Mill on the one hand, and latitudinarians like Mr. Maurice on the other. Dean Mansel died in 1871.]

PHILOSOPHY, like most other things, is subject to the vicissitudes of fashion, and a sufficient number of years has probably not yet elapsed to rehabilitate the popularity of the Hamiltonian system. If ever that body of doctrine find itself once more in vogue, due recognition will then perhaps be given to the powers of its greatest advocate, though their brilliance is essentially of a sort more apt to dazzle than to illuminate the vision of the general public. The qualities that almost inevitably condemn Mansel to neglect in an age when religious speculation is upon the wane are precisely those which recommend him to the true lover of metaphysics. He was a man of exceptionally wide reading and profound learning. He had applied himself assiduously not only to the writings of Aristotle, but also to those of his commentators and of the schoolmen, while a prodigious memory enabled him to turn that application to the best account. He chanced to be

endowed with one of the subtlest intellects of his generation; and the speculations of a subtle intellect must often seem mere logomachies to a plain man. Moreover, his mind was of a rigidly logical cast. It would have been impossible for him to perpetrate a work like Mr. Mill's *System of Logic*, the unique educational value of which consists in the number and transparency of its inconsistencies and blunders. It was, perhaps, this habit of severely accurate reasoning which, while it enabled him to maintain an impersonal and even judicial tone in his warmest moments, stung his opponents into ecstasies of irritation and bad temper. The petulance of Mr. Mill becomes almost majestic in the most famous sentence that ever came from his pen. Mr. Maurice's retorts it were common kindness not to disinter. Whether Mansel's views were right or wrong this is not the place to discuss or to determine; but it may at least be said that he was not of those who "guard the point no enemies attack"; that if he proved too much, many Christian apologists have been content to prove too little; that for grasp of subject and for instant and unerring perception of the point at issue it is neither partiality nor wrongheadedness to compare him to Butler; and that the view he consistently expounded must be reckoned with and fairly faced by any one who has the slightest pretensions to be a serious thinker.

To treat the most delicate topics of philosophy in the language of everyday life is to sow the seeds of confusion and misunderstanding. A technical vocabulary is indispensable, and a technical vocabulary Mansel never hesitated to employ. Yet he used as not abusing it, and studiously avoided those crude and ill-digested importations from the German, which even in his day were in a fair way to obtain currency. He had a happy gift of illustration and metaphor, and the dilemma is in his hands a weapon which seldom fails to inflict a deadly wound. For the rest his phraseology betrays no seeking after the curious, the quaint, or the affected, and he drew but little upon the inexhaustible stores of the Elizabethan and Caroline divines. His style is essentially manly and straightforward, and he never beats the bush without starting a hare. But his prose, though devoid of ornament, was far from being colloquial. On the contrary, much of what he wrote is pitched in a high strain of rhetoric. It is rhetoric charged with unbending gravity; rhetoric in which the strokes of humour are severe and grim; rhetoric that often breaks into scathing rebuke

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and merciless denunciation ; rhetoric withal that is never palpably forced, exaggerated, or insincere ; but it is rhetoric the sombre tone of which is scarce once relieved by a touch of the gentler sentiments or kindlier feelings. In this respect Mansel presents a curious contrast to Butler. Butler is nothing if not persuasive and winning. Mansel would compel assent by sheer force of logic, nor does he condescend to disguise or keep in the background the consequences necessarily involved in the acceptance of his first proposition in a chain of reasoning. To persons of loose habits of thought he must be unsympathetic, if not actually repellent. But he will ever occupy a high place in the esteem of those who value consistency in argument, skill in controversy, and a powerful and impressive style of writing, which is often lofty and impassioned, though never animated by those tender and amiable emotions which are so popular with the mass of mankind.

J. H. MILLAR.



## RATIONAL THEOLOGY NOT ATTAINABLE

IF there is one dream of a godless philosophy to which, beyond all others, every moment of our consciousness gives the lie, it is that which subordinates the individual to the universal, the person to the species ; which defies kinds and realises classifications ; which sees being in generalisation, and appearance in limitation ; which regards the living and conscious man as a wave on the ocean of the unconscious infinite ; his life, a momentary tossing to and fro on the shifting tide ; his destiny to be swallowed up in the formless and boundless universe. The final conclusion of this philosophy, in direct antagonism to the voice of consciousness, is "I think ; therefore I am not." When men look around them in bewilderment for that which lies within them ; when they talk of the enduring species and the perishing individual, and would find, in the abstractions which their own minds have made, a higher and truer existence than in the mind which made them ; they seek for that which they know, and know not that for which they seek. They would fain lift up the curtain of their own being, to view the picture which it conceals. Like the painter of old, they know not that the curtain is the picture.

It is our duty, then, to think of God as personal ; and it is our duty to believe that He is infinite. It is true that we cannot reconcile these two representations with each other, as our conception of personality involves attributes apparently contradictory to the notion of infinity. But it does not follow that this contradiction exists anywhere but in our own minds ; it does not follow that it implies any impossibility in the absolute nature of God. The apparent contradiction in this case, as in those previously noticed, is the necessary consequence of an attempt on the part of the human thinker to transcend the boundaries of his own consciousness. It proves that there are limits to man's power of thought, and it proves no more.

The preceding considerations are equally conclusive against both the methods of metaphysical theology described in my last lecture ; that which commences with the Divine to reason down to the human, and that which commences with the human to reason up to the Divine. For though the mere abstract expression of the infinite, when regarded as indicating nothing more than the negation of limitation, and therefore of conceivability, is not contradictory in itself, it becomes so the instant we attempt to apply it in reasoning to any object of thought. A thing, an object, an attribute, a person, or any other term signifying one out of many possible objects of consciousness, is by that very relation necessarily declared to be finite. An infinite thing, or object, or attribute, or person, is therefore in the same moment declared to be both finite and infinite. We cannot, therefore, start from any abstract assumption of the Divine infinity, to reason downwards to any object of human thought. And, on the other hand, if all human attributes are conceived under the conditions of difference, and relation, and time, and personality, we cannot represent in thought any such attribute magnified to infinity ; for this again is to conceive it as finite and infinite at the same time. We can conceive such attributes, at the utmost, only indefinitely, that is to say, we may withdraw our thoughts for the moment, from the fact of their being limited ; but we cannot conceive them as infinite : that is to say, we cannot positively think of the absence of the limit ; for the instant we attempt to do so, the antagonistic elements of the conception exclude one another, and annihilate the whole.

There remains but one subterfuge to which philosophy can have recourse, before she is driven to confess that the absolute and the infinite are beyond her grasp. If consciousness is against her, she must endeavour to get rid of consciousness itself. And accordingly, the most distinguished representatives of this philosophy in recent times, however widely differing upon other questions, agree in maintaining that the foundation for a knowledge of the infinite must be laid in a point beyond consciousness. But a system which starts from this assumption postulates its own failure at the outset. It attempts to prove that consciousness is a delusion ; and consciousness itself is made the instrument of proof ; for by consciousness its reasonings must be framed and apprehended. It is by reasonings, conducted in conformity to the ordinary laws of thought, that the philosopher attempts to show

that the highest manifestations of reason are above those laws. It is by representations, exhibited under the conditions of time and difference, that the philosopher endeavours to prove the existence, and deliver the results of an intuition in which time and difference are annihilated. They thus assume, at the same moment, the truth and the falsehood of the normal consciousness : they divide the human mind against itself ; and by that division prove no more than that two supposed faculties of thought mutually invalidate each other's evidence. Thus, by an act of reason, philosophy destroys reason itself ; it passes at once from rationalism to mysticism, and makes inconceivability the criterion of truth. In dealing with religious truths, the theory which repudiates with scorn the notion of believing a doctrine although it is incomprehensible, springs at one desperate bound clear over faith into credulity, and proclaims that its own principles must be believed because they are incomprehensible. The rhetorical paradox of the fervid African is adopted in cold blood as an axiom of metaphysical speculation : " It is certain, because it is impossible." Such a theory is open to two fatal objections—it cannot be communicated, and it cannot be verified. It cannot be communicated, for the communication must be made in words, and the meaning of those words must be understood ; and the understanding is a state of the normal consciousness. It cannot be verified ; for, to verify, we must compare the author's experience with our own ; and such a comparison is again a state of consciousness. Let it be granted for a moment, though the concession refutes itself, that a man may have a cognisance of the infinite by some mode of knowledge which is above consciousness. He can never say that the idea thus acquired is like or unlike that possessed by any other man ; for likeness implies comparison, and comparison is only possible as a mode of consciousness, and between objects regarded as limited and related to each other. That which is out of consciousness cannot be pronounced true ; for truth is the correspondence between a conscious representation and the object which it represents. Neither can it be pronounced false ; for falsehood consists in the disagreement between a similar representation and its object. Here then is the very suicide of rationalism. To prove its own truth and the falsehood of antagonistic systems, it postulates a condition under which neither truth nor falsehood is possible.

(From *The Limits of Religious Thought Examined.*)

## PHILOSOPHY AND REVELATION

THESE be thy gods, O Philosophy: these are the metaphysics of salvation. This is that knowledge of things divine and human, which we are called upon to substitute for the revealed doctrine of the Incarnation of the eternal Son in the fulness of time. It is for this philosophical idea, so superior to all history and fact,—this necessary process of the unconscious and impersonal infinite,—that we are to sacrifice that blessed miracle of Divine love and mercy, by which the Son of God of His own free act and will, took man's nature upon Him for man's redemption. It is for this that we are to obliterate from our faith that touching picture of the pure and holy Jesus, to which mankind for eighteen centuries has ever turned, with the devotion of man to God rendered only more heartfelt by the sympathy of love between man and man: which from generation to generation has nurtured the first seeds of religion in the opening mind of childhood, by the image of that Divine Child who was cradled in the manger of Bethlehem, and was subject to his parents at Nazareth: which has checked the fiery temptations of youth, by the thought of Him who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin: which has consoled the man struggling with poverty and sorrow, by the pathetic remembrance of Him who on earth had not where to lay His head: which has blended into one brotherhood the rich and the poor, the mighty and the mean among mankind, by the example of Him who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor; though he was equal with God, yet took upon Him the form of a servant: which has given to the highest and purest precepts of morality an additional weight and sanction, by the records of that life in which the marvellous and the familiar are so strangely yet so perfectly united;—that life so natural in its human virtue, so supernatural in its divine power: which has robbed death of its sting, and the grave of its victory, by faith in Him “who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification”: which has ennobled and sanctified even the wants and weaknesses of our mortal nature, by the memory of Him who was an hungered in the wilderness and athirst upon the cross; who mourned over the destruction of Jerusalem, and wept at the grave of Lazarus.

Let philosophy say what she will, the fact remains unshaken.

It is the consciousness of the deep wants of our human nature that first awakens God's presence in the soul: it is by adapting His revelation to those wants that God graciously condescends to satisfy them. The time may indeed come, though not in this life, when these various manifestations of God, at "sundry times and in divers manners," may be seen to be but different sides and partial representations of one and the same Divine reality;—when the light which now gleams in restless flashes from the ruffled waters of the human soul, will settle into the stedfast image of God's face shining on its unbroken surface. But ere this shall be, that which is perfect must come, and that which is in part must be done away. But as regards the human wisdom which would lead us to this consummation now, there is but one lesson which it can teach us; and that it teaches in spite of itself. It teaches the lesson which the wise king of Israel learned from his own experience: "I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven: I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit. And I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit." And if ever the time should come to any of us, when, in the bitter conviction of that vanity and vexation, we, who would be as gods in knowledge, wake up only to the consciousness of our own nakedness, happy shall we be, if then we may still hear, ringing in our ears and piercing to our hearts, an echo from that personal life of Jesus which our philosophy has striven in vain to pervert or to destroy: "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe, and are sure, that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."

(From the Same.)

## THE CONCEPTION OF GENERAL LAW

IF then the condition of Time is inseparable from all human conceptions of the Divine nature, what advantage do we gain, even in philosophy, by substituting the supposition of immutable order in time for that of special interposition in time? Both of these representations are doubtless speculatively imperfect: both depict the infinite God, under finite symbols. But for the regu-

lative purposes of human conduct in this life, each is equally necessary : and who may dare, from the depths of his own ignorance, to say that each may not have its prototype in the ineffable Being of God ? We are sometimes told that it gives us a more elevated idea of the Divine wisdom and power, to regard the Creator as having finished His work once for all, and then abandoned it to its own unerring laws, than to represent him as interfering, from time to time, by the way of direct personal superintendence ;—just as it implies higher mechanical skill to make an engine which shall go on perpetually by its own motion, than one which requires to be continually regulated by the hand of its maker. This ingenious simile fails only in the important particular, that both its terms are utterly unlike the objects which they profess to represent. The world is not a machine ; and God is not a mechanic. The world is not a machine ; for it consists, not merely of wheels of brass, and springs of steel, and the fixed properties of inanimate matter, but of living and intelligent and free-acting persons, capable of personal relations to a living and intelligent and free-acting Ruler. And God is not a mechanic ; for the mechanic is separated from his machine by the whole diameter of being ; as mind, giving birth to material results ; as the conscious workman, who meets with no reciprocal consciousness in his work. It may be a higher evidence of mechanical skill to abandon brute matter once for all to its own laws ; but to take this as the analogy of God's dealings with His living creatures—as well tell us that the highest image of parental love and forethought is that of the ostrich, “which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in dust.”

But if such conclusions are not justified by our *a priori* knowledge of the Divine nature, are they borne out empirically by the actual constitution of the world ? Is there any truth in the assertion, so often put forth as an undeniable discovery of modern science, that cause and effect are indissolubly chained together, and that one follows the other in inevitable succession ? There is just that amount of half truth which makes an error dangerous ; and there is no more. Experience is of two kinds, and philosophy is of two kinds :—that of the world of matter, and that of the world of mind ; that of physical succession, and that of moral action. In the material world, if it be true that the researches of science tend towards—though who can say that they will ever reach ?—the establishment of a system of fixed

and orderly recurrence ; in the mental world we are no less confronted, at every instant, by the presence of contingency and free-will. In the one we are conscious of a chain of phenomenal effects ; in the other of self, as an acting and originating cause. Nay, the very conception of the immutability of the law of cause and effect is not so much derived from the positive evidence of the former, as from the negative evidence of the latter. We believe the succession to be necessary, because nothing but mind can be conceived as interfering with the successions of matter ; and, where mind is excluded, we are unable to imagine contingency. But what right has this so-called philosophy to build a theory of the universe on material principles alone, and to neglect what experience daily and hourly forces upon our notice—the perpetual interchange of the relations of matter and mind ? In passing from the material to the moral world, we pass at once from the phenomenal to the real ; from the successive to the continuous ; from the many to the one ; from an endless chain of mutual dependence to an originating and self-determining source of power. That mysterious, yet unquestionable presence of Will—that agent, uncompelled yet not uninfluenced, whose continuous existence and productive energy are summed up in the word *Myself* ; that perpetual struggle of good with evil ; those warnings and promptings of a spirit striving with our spirit, commanding, yet not compelling—acting upon us, yet leaving us free to act for ourselves ; that twofold consciousness of infirmity and strength in the hour of temptation ; that grand ideal of what we ought to be, so little, alas ! to be gathered from the observation of what we are ; that overwhelming conviction of sin in the sight of One higher and holier than we ; that irresistible impulse to prayer, which bids us pour out our sorrows and make our wants known to One who hears and will answer us ; that indefinable yet inextinguishable consciousness of a direct intercourse and communion of man with God, of God's influence upon man, yea, and—with reverence be it spoken—of man's influence upon God—these are facts of experience, to the full as real and as certain as the laws of planetary motions and chemical affinities—facts which philosophy is bound to take into account, or to stand convicted as shallow and one-sided—facts which can deceive us only if our whole consciousness is a liar, and the boasted voice of reason itself but an echo of the universal lie.

(From the Same.)

## THE LIMITS OF MORAL REASON

THE same argument from analogy is indeed applicable to every one of the difficulties which rationalism professes to discover in the revealed ways of God's dealings with man. The fall of Adam and the inherited corruption of his posterity find their parallel in the liability to sin which remains unextinguished throughout man's moral progress ; and in that mysterious, though certain dispensation of Providence, which ordains that not only bodily taints and infirmities, but even moral dispositions and tendencies, should in many instances descend from father to son ; and which permits the child of sinful parents to be depraved by evil example, before he knows how, by his own reason, clearly to discern between right and wrong ; before he has strength of his own will, to refuse the evil and choose the good. There is a parallel too in that strange yet too familiar fact, of vice persisted in, with the clearest and strongest conviction of its viciousness and wretchedness : and the scepticism which denies that man, if created sinless, could so easily have fallen from innocence, finds its philosophical counterpart in the paradox of the ancient moralist, who maintained that conscious sin is impossible, because nothing can be stronger than knowledge. Justification by faith through the merits of Christ is at least in harmony with that course of things established by Divine Providence in this world, in which so many benefits which we cannot procure for ourselves or deserve by any merit of our own are obtained for us by the instrumentality of others ; and in which we are so often compelled, as an indispensable condition of obtaining the benefit, to trust in the power and goodwill of those whom we have never tried, and to believe in the efficacy of means whose manner of working we know not. The operations of Divine grace, influencing, yet not necessitating, the movements of the human soul, find their corresponding fact and their corresponding mystery in the determinations of the will ;—in that freedom to do or leave undone, so certain in fact, so inexplicable in theory, which consists neither in absolute indifference nor in absolute subjection ; which is acted upon and influenced by motives, yet in its turn acts upon and controls their influences, prevented by them, and yet working with them. But it is unnecessary to pursue further an argument which, in all its essential features, has already been fully exhibited



by a philosopher whose profound and searching wisdom has answered by anticipation nearly every cavil of the latest form of rationalism, no less than those of his own day. We may add here and there a detail of application, as the exigencies of controversy may suggest; but the principle of the whole, and its most important consequences, have been established and worked out more than a century ago, in the unanswerable argument of Butler.

The warning which his great work contains against "that idle and not very innocent employment of forming imaginary models of a world, and schemes of governing it," is as necessary now as then, as applicable to moral as to speculative theories. Neither with regard to the physical nor to the moral world, is man capable of constructing a cosmogony; and those Babels of reason which philosophy has built for itself, under the names of rational theories of religion, and criticisms of every revelation, are but the successors of those elder children of chaos and night, which, with no greater knowledge, but with less presumption, sought to describe the generation of the visible universe. It is no disparagement of the value and authority of the moral reason in its regulative capacity, within its proper sphere of human action, if we refuse to exalt it to the measure and standard of the absolute and infinite goodness of God. The very philosopher whose writings have most contributed to establish the supreme authority of conscience in man, is also the one who has pointed out most clearly the existence of analogous moral difficulties in nature and in religion, and the true answer to both,—the admission that God's government, natural as well as spiritual, is a scheme imperfectly comprehended.

In His moral attributes, no less than in the rest of His infinite Being, God's judgments are unsearchable, and His ways past finding out. While He manifests Himself clearly as a moral governor and legislator, by the witness of the moral law which He has established in the hearts of men, we cannot help feeling, at the same time, that that law, grand as it is, is no measure of His grandeur, that He Himself is beyond it, though not opposed to it, distinct, though not alien from it. We feel that He who planted in man's conscience that stern unyielding imperative of duty, must Himself be true and righteous altogether; that He from Whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, must Himself be more holy, more good, more just

than these. But when we try to realise in thought this sure conviction of our faith, we find that here, as everywhere, the finite cannot fathom the infinite, that, while in our hearts we believe, yet our thoughts at times are sore troubled. It is consonant to the whole analogy of our earthly state of trial, that, in this as in other features of God's providence, we should meet with things impossible to understand and difficult to believe; by which reason is baffled and faith tried;—acts whose purpose we see not; dispensations whose wisdom is above us; thoughts which are not our thoughts, and ways which are not our ways. In these things we hear, as it were, the same loving voice which spoke to the wondering disciple of old: "What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." The luminary by whose influence the ebb and flow of man's moral being is regulated, moves around and along with man's little world, in a regular and bounded orbit: one side, and one side only, looks downwards upon its earthly centre; the other, which we see not, is ever turned upwards to the all-surrounding Infinite. And those tides have their seasons of rise and fall, their places of strength and weakness; and that light waxes and wanes with the growth or decay of man's mental and moral and religious culture; and its borrowed rays seem at times to shine as with their own lustre, in rivalry, even in opposition, to the source from which they emanate. Yet is that light still but a faint and partial reflection of the hidden glories of the Sun of Righteousness, waiting but the brighter illumination of His presence, to fade and be swallowed up in the full blaze of the heaven kindling around it;—not cast down indeed from its orbit, nor shorn of its true brightness and influence, but still felt and acknowledged in its real existence and power, in the memory of the past discipline, in the product of the present perfectness,—though now distinct no more, but vanishing from sight, to be made one with the glory that beams from the "Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

(From the Same.)



## MATTHEW ARNOLD

[Matthew Arnold was born at Laleham on 24th December 1822, and was educated at Winchester and Rugby (of which latter school his father had meanwhile become Head Master) until he obtained a scholarship at Balliol in 1840. He took the Newdigate in 1843, his degree next year, and an Oriel fellowship in 1845. Then he became private secretary to Lord Lansdowne for some years; but in 1851 married and was made Inspector of Schools, an appointment from which he only retired a short time before his death. His official work was from time to time varied by missions to report on foreign systems of education, which missions had no inconsiderable influence on some of his ideas: and in 1857 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He had begun publishing verse very early, his first volume, *The Strayed Reveller*, having appeared in 1848 under the signature of "A." only; and this was followed by others, new and collected. That of 1853 contained an exceedingly remarkable preface, which not only formulated the author's views on poetry, but showed him as master of a distinct and original style in prose. His further productions in verse (which were increased from time to time till at his death they amounted to a very considerable total) do not concern us here. But though the above-mentioned preface, with others, some official reports, his *Lectures on Translating Homer* (1861), and his scattered essays in periodicals had displayed his talents in "the other harmony," it was not till the collection and publication in 1865, when he was forty-three years old, of his *Essays in Criticism*, that he made an indisputable mark as a prose writer. This volume had an almost immediate influence on students of literature in England, while the fascinating mannerism of its style attracted the general reader. Shortly afterwards Mr. Arnold began a series of prose works not so much in pure literature as in a sort of middle region between literature, religion, politics, and ethics in the widest sense. These covered about a decade from *Culture and Anarchy* 1869 (after the title of which as well as for other reasons the author was often nicknamed "the Apostle of Culture") through *St. Paul and Protestantism* (1870), *Friendship's Garland*, a quaint satire on the English middle class (1871), *Literature and Dogma* (1873), to *Last Essays on Church and Religion* (1877). He then returned to more purely literary criticism, diverging from it, however, not a little, as in *Mixed Essays* (1879), *Irish Essays* (1882), and others. He died suddenly (1888), having strained his heart in imprudently vaulting a fence. No complete collection of his prose work has yet been made, which is a misfortune; but in 1880 he permitted, if he did not himself arrange, a volume of *Prose Passages*, which includes specimens of almost all his best work.]

NO English prose writer for quite half a century has, in the opinion of some competent judges, attained to so high a position in pure literature as Matthew Arnold; while in regard to technical excellence and distinction of style in the two kinds we should probably have to go back to Dryden before finding his equal or superior. It is in such cases almost always found, as it is found in the history of literature itself, that accomplishment in verse comes first, and to a great extent shapes the conditions of the subsequent accomplishment in prose. As the above biographical note will have shown, Mr. Arnold's production in prose was for very many years scanty and occasional; but it was sufficient, with the assistance of his practice in a decidedly classical variety of verse, distinguished by a somewhat economical and precise use of words, in treating even modern and romantic subjects, to enable him to elaborate one of the most peculiar and marked prose styles of this century.

It may indeed be contended that when the *Essays in Criticism* attracted public attention, the attraction was due at least as much to the subject and to the thought of the writer as to his style. All three were, in almost the highest degree, possessed of the interest of novelty. Except to a very few readers, familiar with the work of French critics, Mr. Arnold's fashion of handling literary subjects must have seemed almost entirely new; while no one could say that he was a servile or a very exact follower even of Sainte-Beuve himself. The attempt to bring literature, ancient and modern, under a sort of comparative inspection, and to handle it from general points of view, was almost as novel in the special way in which it was done. Behind this was the pretty fully revealed personal idiosyncrasy of the writer, which was in the highest degree distinct, piquant, and varied—an extreme academic polish with a hardly disguised contempt for academic routine, liberalism of a very decided kind in some ways, combined with a profound and not in the least disguised disdain not merely of the vulgar but of the majority, very wide reading, with an earnest, an almost painful endeavour to disclaim the pedant and assume the man of the world. And behind this again (or to some tastes which might take the things in reverse order, first and foremost of all) there lay the style—brilliant and polished to a nicety, condemning "Corinthian" ornament in a manner which itself showed the most laboured mannerism, relying to a great extent on obvious devices which

might almost be called tricks, yet extolling the virtues of quietness and proportion, intensely individual and English, in spite of the affectation of cosmopolitanism, discussing grave subjects with something more nearly approaching to levity than almost any one except Sydney Smith had recently permitted himself, and in a way as different from Sydney's as possible. It was no wonder that critics first, and the public afterwards, were attracted, irritated, amused, or charmed.

It was almost impossible that such an attitude and such a style should not by degrees subject their practitioner to the danger which more specially attends an artist of this kind, the danger of caricaturing himself. Nor can it be reasonably denied that Mr. Arnold did encounter this danger, and did not always escape scatheless from it. His mode of *persiflage* when pursued too far towards the religious ideas of his countrymen, was sometimes thought even by those who were not rigidly orthodox to savour of bad taste; his attitude as of a more elegant Socrates subjecting the politics, the ethics, the social arrangements of his country to ironic scrutiny was in the same way thought, not always by strict adherents of convention, to savour of presumption; and his laudations of "sweetness," of "culture," his denunciations (if things so suave could be called denunciations) of the "Philistine," the "Barbarian," and so forth, found unkind critics of criticism who dismissed them as amusing, but perhaps slightly overdone, jingles and plays with cant and question-begging terms. In particular certain mechanical devices of style—highly effective, but like all highly effective devices almost as highly dangerous—began to irritate after a time, especially a certain trick of identical repetition of the same word and phrase, with a sort of refrain-effect which Mr. Arnold much affected, sometimes with the object of driving home his argument, and sometimes with that of barbing his ridicule. His severer censors called this, not without some justice, "damnable iteration," and were wont to say that in it and in some other ways his smile was too apt to become a grimace, his easy urbanity a forced affectation, and his critical comment an uncritical impertinence.

Such expressions were of course not much less exaggerated than the exaggeration of idiosyncrasy which occasioned them; but there was something of justice behind them, and it was possible to suspect in Mr. Arnold's latest years and latest writings a certain silent concession.

When he returned from religion and politics to his natural sphere of literature, and to a certain debateable land between actions and manners in which he was also at home, the substance of his criticisms—excepting a few freaks and flings from which he never could refrain, and which communicated to his writings much of their salt and spirit—was always admirably sound and its expression was always delightful and distinguished. It has also to be noted, very much to the credit of Mr. Arnold's prose, that despite its extreme mannerism and the apparently obvious tricks by which that mannerism is reached, it is anything but an easy style to imitate, and has, as a matter of fact, seldom or never been successfully copied even by deliberate and well-skilled parodists. While Carlyle, and Macaulay, and Mr. Ruskin have been copied and caricatured by scores and hundreds of writers, it is not easy to think of one who has reproduced the peculiarities of the Arnoldian style in any considerable degree. Yet the temptation to do so must have been very great; for not only was it an eminently popular style, but its characteristics were such as specially appeal to persons of literary tastes. It was almost perfectly clear, with a clearness rather French than English, with a sufficient volume of thought pervading it, but with that volume translucent to its very bottom—which perhaps lay at no very extraordinary depth from the surface. It sparkled with wit, but the wit was never of the kind which diverts or distracts the attention. It succeeded in being allusive and strongly charged with literary reminiscence and suggestion, without exciting any of the not quite intelligible wrath which allusiveness and suggestiveness in other writers have frequently aroused. Although it constantly introduced foreign words, and more constantly strove to introduce foreign ideas, it did not seem to offend the John Bullishness of Englishmen in this respect. It really could challenge for itself its author's famous desiderata of "sweetness and light"; and the only countercharge that even Momus could make was that the sweetness occasionally became a little cloying, and that the light was not so much given or even reflected as purely transmitted—that the style indeed obscured nothing, but did not illuminate very much.

Such a style was eminently fitted for the purposes of criticism. It would probably have been found fretting in narrative at any length, though *Friendship's Garland*, and the half anecdotic passages scattered about other works, are most agreeable. It was felt to be

a little incongruous and "over-parted," as Costard says when Mr. Arnold tried serious argument. But for light comment and insinuation, for suggestion in passing, for exhibiting in a series of vivid and skilfully combined touches, the character of a book or an author, above all for contrasts and comparisons of national and individual types in their more salient features, it was incomparably well suited. In the seventeenth century Mr. Arnold would certainly have been a preacher, and a most remarkable one, for he had the didactic, not to say the pedagogic element very strongly in him, and occupying, as he intellectually did, a place somewhere near the centre of the triangle whose points are Taylor, Fuller, and South, he could not but have produced extraordinary work. In the nineteenth century he was as necessarily an essayist. And when he chose his subjects happily and did not overcharge his treatment of them, he was an essayist who had no superior among the men of his own time, and who is not likely ever to be displaced from the first rank of his own division in literature. It seems impossible that he should ever be far surpassed in a certain mild ironic handling, which implies no indignation and not much serious contempt, but a great deal of amused disapproval, which resembles a shrug rather than a frown or even a sneer. It is not likely that he will soon be equalled in that masterly faculty of presenting the unfamiliar which appears in his Essay on Heine, or in that "On the Literary Influence of Academies." No doubt his work will be not a little injuriously affected by the very characteristic which helped it at first, the constant presence of local and temporal allusions, the way in which the substance of it is, so to speak, shot with reference to the thoughts, the facts, the cant, the caprice, the fashion of the moment. To read for instance *Friendship's Garland* after a lapse of many years is not quite to experience afresh the sensations with which one read it first; and yet such a reader of it is necessarily supplied with the keys to the various enigmas. What the keyless or almost keyless reader of the future will make of it will probably be something less satisfactory still.

But this is the almost inevitable penalty of attention to the ephemeral, the fated operation of that principle of "losing life to save it" and *vice versa*, which was such a favourite with Mr. Arnold's contemporary, analogue, friend (I believe), and (I am sure to some extent) master M. Renan. And an ample residuum will abide even this test. Matthew Arnold will probably never be rated by competent judges among the strongest



writers of English prose. But he must always hold one of the highest places in it for grace, for an elaborate and calculated charm, and—to employ the only single word which really expresses him, though at the moment it is out of fashion and fallen from the best sense in which alone he deserves it—for the rare and delightful if not exactly consummate quality of *elegance*.

GEORGE SAINTSEURY.

## OF ENERGY IN LITERATURE

LET me remark, however, that not only in the moral sphere, but also in the intellectual and spiritual sphere, energy and honesty are most important and fruitful qualities; that, for instance, of what we call genius energy is the most essential part. So, by assigning to a nation energy and honesty as its chief spiritual characteristics,—by refusing to it, as at all eminent characteristics, openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence,—we do not by any means, as some people might at first suppose, relegate its importance and its power of manifesting itself with effect from the intellectual to the moral sphere. We only indicate its probable special line of successful activity in the intellectual sphere, and, it is true, certain imperfections and failings to which, in this sphere, it will always be subject. Genius is mainly an affair of energy, and poetry is mainly an affair of genius; therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterised by energy may well be eminent in poetry;—and we have Shakespeare. Again, the highest reach of science is, one may say, an inventive power, a faculty of divination, akin to the highest power exercised in poetry; therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterised by energy may well be eminent in science;—and we have Newton. Shakespeare and Newton: in the intellectual sphere there can be no higher names. And what that energy, which is the life of genius, above everything demands and insists upon, is freedom; entire independence of all authority, prescription, and routine—the fullest room to expand as it will. Therefore, a nation whose chief spiritual characteristic is energy, will not be very apt to set up, in intellectual matters, a fixed standard, an authority, like an academy. By this it certainly escapes certain real inconveniences and dangers, and it can, at the same time, as we have seen, reach undeniably splendid heights in poetry and science. On the other hand, some of the requisites of intellectual work are specially the

affair of quickness of mind and flexibility of intelligence. The form, the method of evolution, the precision, the proportion, the relation of the parts to the whole, in an intellectual work, depend mainly upon them. And these are the elements of an intellectual work which are really most communicable from it, which can most be learned and adopted from it, which have, therefore, the greatest effect upon the intellectual performance of others. Even in poetry, these requisites are very important; and the poetry of a nation, not eminent for the gifts on which they depend, will more or less suffer by this shortcoming. In poetry, however, they are, after all, secondary, and energy is the first thing; but in prose they are of first-rate importance. In its prose literature, therefore, and in the routine of intellectual work generally, a nation with no particular gifts for these will not be so successful. These are what, as I have said, can to a certain degree be learned and appropriated, while the free activity of genius cannot. Academies consecrate and maintain them, and, therefore, a nation with an eminent turn for them naturally establishes academies. So far as routine and authority tend to embarrass energy and inventive genius, academies may be said to be obstructive to energy and inventive genius, and, to this extent, to the human spirit's general advance. But then this evil is so much compensated by the propagation, on a large scale, of the mental aptitudes and demands which an open mind and a flexible intelligence naturally engender, genius itself, in the long run, so greatly finds its account in this propagation, and bodies like the French Academy have such power for promoting it, that the general advance of the human spirit is perhaps on the whole, rather furthered than impeded by their existence.

(From *Essays in Criticism*.)

### IDEAS IN FRANCE, GERMANY, AND ENGLAND

A FRENCH critic of Heine thinks he has said enough in saying that Heine proclaimed in German countries, with beat of drum, the ideas of 1789, and that, at the cheerful noise of his drum, the ghosts of the Middle Ages took to flight. But this is rather too French an account of the matter. Germany, that vast mine of ideas, had no need to import ideas, as such, from any

foreign country; and if Heine had carried ideas, as such, from France into Germany, he would but have been carrying coals to Newcastle. But that for which France, far less meditative than Germany, is eminent, is the prompt, ardent, and practical application of an idea, when she seizes it, in all departments of human activity which admit it. And that in which Germany most fails, and by failing in which she appears so helpless and impotent, is just the practical application of her innumerable ideas. "When *Candide*," says Heine himself, "came to El Dorado, he saw in the streets a number of boys who were playing with gold nuggets instead of marbles. This degree of luxury made him imagine that they must be the king's children, and he was not a little astonished when he found that in El Dorado gold nuggets are of no more value than marbles are with us, and that the schoolboys play with them. A similar thing happened to a friend of mine, a foreigner, when he came to Germany and first read German books. He was perfectly astounded at the wealth of ideas which he found in them; but he soon remarked that ideas in Germany are as plentiful as gold nuggets in El Dorado, and that those writers whom he had taken for intellectual princes, were in reality only common schoolboys." Heine was, as he calls himself, a "Child of the French Revolution," an "Initiator," because he vigorously assured the Germans that ideas were not counters or marbles, to be played with for their own sake; because he exhibited in literature modern ideas applied with the utmost freedom, clearness, and originality. And therefore he declared that the great task of his life had been the endeavour to establish a cordial relation between France and Germany. It is because he thus operates a junction between the French spirit, and German ideas and German culture, that he founds something new, opens a fresh period, and deserves the attention of criticism far more than the German poets his contemporaries, who merely continue an old period till it expires. It may be predicted that in the literature of other countries too, the French spirit is destined to make its influence felt,—as an element, in alliance with the native spirit, of novelty and movement,—as it has made its influence felt in German literature; fifty years hence a critic will be demonstrating to our grandchildren how this phenomenon has come to pass.

We in England, in our great burst of literature during the first thirty years of the present century, had no manifestation of the modern spirit, as this spirit manifests itself in Goethe's works or

Heine's. And the reason is not far to seek. We had neither the German wealth of ideas, nor the French enthusiasm for applying ideas. There reigned in the mass of the nation that inveterate inaccessibility to ideas, that Philistinism—to use the German nickname—which reacts even on the individual genius that is exempt from it. In our greatest literary epoch, that of the Elizabethan age, English society at large was accessible to ideas, was permeated by them, was vivified by them, to a degree which has never been reached in England since. Hence the unique greatness in English literature of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. They were powerfully upheld by the intellectual life of their nation; they applied freely in literature the then modern ideas,—the ideas of the Renaissance and the Reformation. A few years afterwards the great English middle class, the kernel of the nation, the class whose intelligent sympathy had upheld a Shakespeare, entered the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned on its spirit there for two hundred years. "He enlargeth a nation," says Job, "and straiteneth it again."

In the literary movement of the beginning of the nineteenth century the signal attempt to apply freely the modern spirit was made in England by two members of the aristocratic class, Byron and Shelley. Aristocracies are, as such, naturally impenetrable by ideas; but their individual members have a high courage and a turn for breaking bounds; and a man of genius, who is the born child of the idea, happening to be born in the aristocratic ranks, chafes against the obstacles which prevent him from freely developing it. But Byron and Shelley did not succeed in their attempt freely to apply the modern spirit in English literature; they could not succeed in it; the resistance to baffle them, the want of intelligent sympathy to guide and uphold them, were too great. Their literary creation, compared with the literary creation of Shakespeare and Spenser, compared with the literary creation of Goethe and Heine, is a failure. The best literary creation of that time in England proceeded from men who did not make the same bold attempt as Byron and Shelley. What, in fact, was the career of the chief English men of letters, their contemporaries? The gravest of them, Wordsworth, retired (in middle age phrase) into a monastery. I mean, he plunged himself in the inward life, he voluntarily cut himself off from the modern spirit. Coleridge took to opium. Scott became the historiographer-royal of feudalism. Keats passionately gave

himself up to a sensuous genius, to his faculty for interpreting nature ; and he died of consumption at twenty-five. Wordsworth, Scott, and Keats have left admirable works ; far more solid and complete works than those which Byron and Shelley have left. But their works have this defect : they do not belong to that which is the main current of the literature of modern epochs, they do not apply modern ideas to life ; they constitute, therefore, minor currents, and all other literary work of our day, however popular, which has the same defect, also constitutes but a minor current. Byron and Shelley will long be remembered—long after the inadequacy of their actual work is clearly recognised, for their passionate, their Titanic effort to flow in the main stream of modern literature ; their names will be greater than their writings ; *stat magni nominis umbra*.

(From the Same.)

#### ARMINIUS CRITICISES

I SUPPOSE your Government will do so. But forgive me if I tell you that to us disrespectful foreigners it makes very little difference in our estimate of you and of the future whether your Government does so or not. What gives the sense and significance to a Government's declarations is the power which is beyond the Government. And what is the power which is behind the Government of England at the present epoch ? The Philistines.

Simply and solely the Philistines, my dear friend, take my word for it ! No, you will say, it is the nation. Pardon me, you have no nation. France is fused into one nation by the military spirit, and by her democracy, the great legacy of 1789, and subsisting even amidst her present corruption. Germany is fused into one nation by her idea of union and of the elevation of her whole people through culture. You are made up, as I have often told you, through my poor disciple whom you so well know, of three distinct and unfused bodies,—Barbarians, Philistines, populace. You call them aristocracy, middle, and lower class. One of these three must be predominant and lead. Your lower class counts as yet for little or nothing. There is among them a small body of workmen with modern ideas, ideas of organisation, who may be a nucleus for the future ; there are more of them Philistines in a small way, Philistines in embryo ; but most of

them are mere populace, or to use your own kindly term, residuum. Such a class does not lead. Formerly your aristocracy led; it commanded the politics of the country; it had an aristocracy's ideas,—limited enough, but the idea of the country's grandeur and dignity among them;—it took your middle and lower class along with it, and used them in its own way, and it made the great war which the battle of Waterloo crowned. But countries must outgrow a feudal organisation and the political command of an aristocracy; your country has outgrown it. Your aristocracy tells upon England socially; by all the power of example of a class high-placed, rich, idle, self-indulgent, without mental life, it teaches your Philistines how to live fast. But it no longer rules; at most it but administers; the Philistines rule. That makes the difference between Lord Grenville and Lord Granville. When Lord Grenville had to speak to Europe in 1793, he had behind him your aristocracy, not indeed fused with your middle and lower class, but wielding them and using their force; and all the world knew what your aristocracy meant, for they knew it themselves. But Lord Granville has behind him, when he speaks to Europe in 1870, your Philistines or middle class; and how should the world know, or much care, what your middle class mean? for they do not know it themselves.

You may be mortified, but such is the truth. To be consequent and powerful, men must be bottomed on some vital idea or sentiment, which lends strength and certainty to their action. Your aristocracy of seventy years ago had the sentiment of the greatness of the old aristocratical England, and that sentiment gave them force to endure labours, anxiety, danger, and disappointment, loss, restrictions of liberty. Your ruling middle class has no such foundation; hence its imbecility. It would tell you it believes in industrial development and liberty. Examine what it means by these, and you find it means getting rich and not being meddled with. And these it imagines to be self-acting powers for good, and agents of greatness; so that if more trade is done in England than anywhere else, if your personal independence is without a check, and your newspaper publicity unbounded, your Philistines think they are by the nature of things great, powerful, and admirable, and that their England has only to speak with "promptitude and energy" in order to prevail.

My dear friend, do not hold your notions in this mechanical fashion, and do not be misled by that magnificent *Times* of yours;

it is not the failing to speak with "promptitude and energy" which injures you, it is the having nothing wise or consistent to say. Your ruling middle class have no great, seriously and truly conceived end; therefore no greatness of soul or mind; therefore no steadfastness and power in great affairs. While you are thus, in great affairs you do and must fumble. You imagine that your words must have weight with us because you are very rich and have unbounded liberty and publicity; you will find yourselves mistaken, and you will be bewildered. Then you may get involved in war, and you imagine that you cannot but make war well by dint of being so very rich; that you will just add a penny or two to your income tax, change none of your ways, have clap-trap everywhere, as at present, unrestricted independence, legions of newspaper correspondents, boundless publicity; and thus, at a grand high pressure of expenditure, bustle, and excitement, arrive at a happy and triumphant result. But authority and victory over people who are in earnest means being in earnest oneself, and your Philistines are not in earnest; they have no idea great enough to make them so. They want to be important and authoritative; they want to enforce peace and curb the ambitious; they want to drive a roaring trade; they want to know and criticise all that is being done; they want no restrictions on their personal liberty, no interference with their usual way of going on; they want all these incompatible things equally and at once, because they have no idea deep and strong enough to subordinate everything else to itself. A correspondent of your own *Times* wrote from Berlin the other day, "The complete control of this people by the state is most striking." How would your Philistines like that? Not at all. But it is by sacrifices of this kind that success in great affairs is achieved; and when your Philistines find this out, or find that a raised income-tax, torrents of clap-trap, everybody saying what he likes and doing what he likes, newspaper correspondents everywhere, and a generally animated state of the public mind, are not enough to command success, they will be still more bewildered.

(From *Friendship's Garland*.)



## ANCIENT AND MODERN CRITICISM OF POETRY

THE date of an action, then, signifies nothing; the action itself, its selection and construction, this is what is all-important. This the Greeks understood far more clearly than we do. The radical difference between their poetical theory and ours consists, as it appears to me, in this: that, with them, the poetical character of the action in itself, and the conduct of it, was the first consideration; with us, attention is fixed mainly on the value of the separate thoughts and images which occur in the treatment of an action. They regarded the whole: we regard the parts. With them, the action predominated over the expression of it; with us, the expression predominates over the action. Not that they failed in expression, or were inattentive to it; on the contrary, they are the highest models of expression, the unapproached masters of the grand style. But their expression is so excellent because it is so admirably kept in its right degree of prominence; because it is so simple and so well subordinated; because it draws its force directly from the pregnancy of the matter which it conveys. For what reason was the Greek tragic poet confined to so limited a range of subjects? Because there are so few actions which unite in themselves, in the highest degree, the conditions of excellence: and it was not thought that on any but an excellent subject could an excellent poem be constructed. A few actions, therefore, eminently adapted for tragedy, maintained almost exclusive possession of the Greek tragic stage. Their significance appeared inexhaustible; they were as permanent problems, perpetually offered to the genius of every fresh poet. This too is the reason of what appears to us moderns a certain baldness of expression in Greek tragedy; of the triviality with which we often reproach the remarks of the chorus, where it takes part in the dialogue; that the action itself, the situation of Orestes, or Merope, or Alcmæon, was to stand the central point of interest, unforgotten, absorbing, principal; that no accessories were for a moment to distract the spectator's attention from this; that the tone of the parts was to be perpetually kept down, in order not to impair the grandiose effect of the whole. The terrible old mythic story on which the drama was founded stood, before he entered the theatre, traced in its bare outlines upon the spectator's mind; it stood in his memory, as a group of statuary, faintly seen, at the end of a long

and dark vista ; then came the poet, embodying outlines, developing situations, not a word wasted, not a sentiment capriciously thrown in ; stroke upon stroke, the drama proceeded : the light deepened upon the group ; more and more it revealed itself to the riveted gaze of the spectator : until at last, when the final words were spoken, it stood before him in broad sunlight, a model of immortal beauty.

This was what a Greek critic demanded ; this was what a Greek poet endeavoured to effect. It signified nothing to what time an action belonged. We do not find that the Persæ occupied a particularly high rank among the dramas of Æschylus, because it represented a matter of contemporary interest ; this was not what a cultivated Athenian required. He required that the permanent elements of his nature should be moved ; and dramas of which the action, though taken from a long-distant mythic time, yet was calculated to accomplish this in a higher degree than that of the Persæ, stood higher in his estimation accordingly. The Greeks felt, no doubt, with their exquisite sagacity of taste, that an action of present times was too near them, too much mixed up with what was accidental and passing, to form a sufficiently grand, detached, and self-subsistent object for a tragic poem. Such objects belonged to the domain of the comic poet, and of the lighter kinds of poetry. For the more serious kinds, for pragmatic poetry, to use an excellent expression of Polybius, they were more difficult and severe in the range of subjects which they permitted. Their theory and practice alike, the admirable treatise of Aristotle, and the unrivalled works of their poets, exclaim with a thousand tongues—"All depends upon the subject ; choose a fitting action, penetrate yourself with the feeling of its situations ; this done, everything else will follow."

But for all kinds of poetry alike there was one point on which they were rigidly exacting ; the adaptability of the subject to the kind of poetry selected, and the careful construction of the poem.

How different a way of thinking from this is ours ! We can hardly at the present day understand what Menander meant, when he told a man who inquired as to the progress of his comedy that he had finished it, not having yet written a single line, because he had constructed the action of it in his mind. A modern critic would have assured him that the merit of his piece depended on the brilliant things which arose under his pen as he went along. We have poems which seem to exist merely for the sake of single

lines and passages; not for the sake of producing any total impression. We have critics who seem to direct their attention merely to detached expressions, to the language about the action, not to the action itself. I verily think that the majority of them do not in their hearts believe that there is such a thing as a total impression to be derived from a poem at all, or to be demanded from a poet; they think the term a commonplace of metaphysical criticism. They will permit the poet to select any action he pleases, and to suffer that action to go as it will, provided he gratifies them with occasional bursts of fine writing, and with a shower of isolated thoughts and images. That is, they permit him to leave their poetical sense ungratified, provided that he gratifies their rhetorical sense and their curiosity. Of his neglecting to gratify these, there is little danger. He needs rather to be warned against the danger of attempting to gratify these alone; he needs rather to be perpetually reminded to prefer his action to everything else; so to treat this, as to permit its inherent excellencies to develop themselves, without interruption from the intrusion of his personal peculiarities; most fortunate, when he most entirely succeeds in effacing himself, and in enabling a noble action to subsist as it did in nature.

(From *Preface to Poems.*)

#### MR. ARNOLD AS BARBARIAN AND POPULACE

THIS is an experience which we may all verify every day. For instance, I myself (I again take myself as a sort of *corpus vile* to serve for illustration in a matter where serving for illustration may not by everyone be thought agreeable),—I myself am properly a Philistine,—Mr. Swinburne would add, the son of a Philistine. And although, through circumstances which will perhaps one day be known if ever the affecting history of my conversion comes to be written, I have, for the most part, broken with the ideas and the tea-meetings of my own class, yet I have not on that account, been brought much nearer to the ideas and works of the Barbarians or of the Populace. Nevertheless, I never take a gun or a fishing rod in my hands without feeling that I have in the ground of my nature the self-same seeds which, fostered by circumstances, do so much to make the Barbarian; and that,

with the Barbarian's advantages, I might have rivalled him. Place me in one of his great fortified posts, with these seeds of a love for field sports sown in my nature, with all the means of developing them, with all pleasures at my command, with most whom I met deferring to me, everyone I met smiling on me, and with every appearance of permanence and security before me and behind me,—then I too might have grown, I feel, into a very passable child of the established fact, of commendable spirit and politeness, and, at the same time, a little inaccessible to ideas and light; not, of course, with either the eminent fine spirit of our type of aristocratic perfection, or the eminent turn for resistance of our type of aristocratic excess, but, according to the measure of the common run of mankind, something between the two. And as to the Populace, who, whether he be Barbarian or Philistine, can look at them without sympathy, when he remembers how often,—every time that we snatch up a vehement opinion in ignorance and passion, every time that we long to crush an adversary by sheer violence, every time that we are envious, every time that we are brutal, every time that we adore mere power or success, every time that we add our voice to swell a blind clamour against some unpopular personage, every time that we trample savagely on the fallen,—he has found in his bosom the eternal spirit of the Populace, and that there needs only a little help from circumstances to make it triumph in him untamably?

The second thing to be borne in mind I have indicated several times already. It is this. All of us, so far as we are Barbarians, Philistines, or Populace, imagine happiness to consist in doing what one's ordinary self likes. What one's ordinary self likes differs according to the class to which one belongs, and has its severer and lighter side; always, however, remaining machinery, and nothing more. The graver self of the Barbarian likes honours and consideration; his more relaxed self, field sports and pleasure. The graver self of one kind of Philistine likes fanaticism, business, and money-making; his more relaxed self, comfort and tea-meetings. Of another kind of Philistine, the graver self likes rattening; the relaxed self, deputations, or hearing Mr. Odger speak. The sterner self of the Populace likes bawling, hustling, and smashing; the lighter self, beer. But in each class there are born a certain number of natures with a curiosity about their best self, with a bent for seeing things as

they are, for disentangling themselves from machinery, for simply concerning themselves with reason and the will of God, and doing their best to make these prevail;—for the pursuit, in a word, of perfection. To certain manifestations of this love for perfection mankind have accustomed themselves to give the name of genius; implying by this name, something original and heaven-bestowed in the passion. But the passion is to be found far beyond those manifestations of it to which the world usually gives the name of genius, and in which there is, for the most part, a talent of some kind or other, a special and striking faculty of execution, informed by the heaven-bestowed ardour or genius. It is to be found in many manifestations besides these, and may best be called, as we have called it, the love and pursuit of perfection; culture being the true nurse of the pursuing love, and sweetness and light the true character of the pursued perfection. Natures with this bent, emerge in all classes,—among the Barbarians, among the Philistines, among the Populace. And this bent always tends to take them out of their class, and to make their distinguishing characteristic, not their Barbarianism or their Philistinism, but their humanity. They have, in general, a rough time of it in their lives; but they are sown more abundantly than one might think, they appear where and when one least expects it, they set up a fire which enfilades, so to speak, the class with which they are ranked; and, in general, by the extrication of their best self as the self to develop, and by the simplicity of the ends fixed by them as paramount, they hinder the unchecked predominance of that class life which is the affirmation of our ordinary self, and seasonably disconcert mankind in their worship of machinery.

(From *Culture and Anarchy*.)

## EUTRAPELIA

THE word I will take is the word *Eutrapelos*, *Eutrapelia*. Let us consider it first as it occurs in the famous Funeral Oration put by Thucydides into the mouth of Pericles. The word stands there for one of the chief of those qualities which have made Athens, says Pericles, “the school of Greece”; for a quality by which Athens is eminently representative of what is called Hellenism: the quality of flexibility. “A happy and gracious

flexibility," Pericles calls this quality of the Athenians, and it is no doubt a charming gift. Lucidity of thought, clearness and propriety of language, freedom from prejudice and freedom from stiffness, openness of mind, amiability of manners, all these seem to go along with a certain happy flexibility of nature, and to depend upon it. Nor does this suppleness and flexibility of nature at all necessarily imply, as we English are apt to suppose, a relaxed moral fibre and weakness. In the Athenian of the best time it did not. "In the Athenians," says Professor Curtius, "the sense of energy abhorred every kind of waste of time, their sense of measure abhorred bombast and redundancy, and their clear intelligence everything partaking of obscurity or vagueness; it was their habit in all things to advance directly and resolutely to the goal. Their dialect is characterised by a superior seriousness, manliness, and vigour of language."

There is no sign of relaxation of moral fibre here; and yet, at the same time, the Athenians were eminent for a happy and gracious flexibility. That quality, as we all know, is not a characteristic quality of the Germanic nations, to which we ourselves belong. Men are educable, and when we read of the abhorrence of the Attic mind for redundancy and obscurity of expression, its love for direct and telling speech, and then think of modern German, we may say with satisfaction that the circumstances of our life have at any rate educated us into the use of straightforward and vigorous forms of language. But they have not educated us into flexibility. All around us we may observe proofs of it. The state of Ireland is a proof of it. We are rivals with Russia in Central Asia, and at this moment it is particularly interesting to note, how the want of just this one Athenian quality of flexibility seems to tell against us in our Asiatic rivalry with Russia. "Russia," observes one who is perhaps the first of living geographers,—an Austrian, Herr von Hellwald,—"possesses far more shrewdness, flexibility, and congeniality than England; qualities adapted to make the Asiatic more tractable." And again: "there can be no dispute which of the two, England or Russia, is the more civilised nation. But it is just as certain that the highly civilised English understand but indifferently how to raise their Asiatic subjects to their own standard of civilisation; whilst the Russians attain, with their much lower standard of civilisation, far greater results amongst the Asiatic tribes, whom they know how to assimilate in the most remarkable manner. Of

course they can only bring them to the same level which they have reached themselves ; but the little which they can and do communicate to them counts actually for much more than the great boons which the English do not know how to impart. Under the auspices of Russia the advance in civilisation amongst the Asiatics is indeed slow and inconsiderable, but steady, and suitable to their natural capacities and the disposition of their race. On the other hand, they remain indifferent to British civilisation, which is absolutely incomprehensible to them."

Our word "flexibility" has here carried us a long way, carried us to Turkestan and the valleys of the Jaxartes and Oxus. Let us go back to Greece, at any rate. The generation of Pericles is succeeded by the generation of Plato and Aristotle. Still the charming and Athenian quality of *eutrapelia* continues to be held in high esteem. Only the word comes to stand more particularly for flexibility and felicity in the give-and-take way of gay and light social intercourse. With Aristotle it is one of the virtues ; the virtue of him who in this pleasant sort of intercourse, so relished by the Greeks, manages exactly to hit the happy and right mean ; the virtue opposed to buffoonery on the one side, and to morose rusticity, or clownishness on the other. It is in especial the virtue of the young, and is akin to the grace and charm of youth. When old men try to adapt themselves to the young, says Plato, they betake themselves, in imitation of the young, to *eutrapelia* and pleasantry.

Four hundred years pass, and we come to the date of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The word *eutrapelia* rises in the mind of the writer of that Epistle. It rises to St. Paul's mind, and he utters it ; but in how different a sense from the praising and admiring sense in which we have seen the word used by Thucydides and Aristotle ! *Eutrapelia*, which once stood for that eminently Athenian and Hellenic virtue of happy and gracious flexibility, now conveys this favourable sense no longer, but is ranked, with filthiness and foolish talking, among things which are not convenient. Like these, it is not to be even so much as once named among the followers of God : neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting (*eutrapelia*), which are not convenient.

This is an extraordinary change you will say. But now, as we have descended four hundred years from Aristotle to St. Paul, let us ascend, not four hundred, not quite even one hundred years from Thucydides to Pindar. The religious Theban poet

we shall see (and the thing is surely very remarkable) speaks of the quality of *eutrapelia* in the same disapproving and austere way as the writer of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The young and noble Jason appears at Iolcos, and being questioned about himself by Pelias, he answers that he has been trained in the nurture and admonition of the old and just Centaur, Chiron. "From his cave I come, from Chariclo and Philyra, his stainless daughters who there nursed me. Lo, these twenty years am I with them, and there hath been found in me neither deed nor word that is not convenient; and now, behold I am come home that I may recover my father's kingdom." The adjective *eutrapelos*, as it is here used in connexion with two nouns, means exactly a word or deed, in biblical phrase of vain lightness, a word or deed such as is not convenient.

There you have the history of the varying use of the words *eutrapelos*, *eutrapelia*. And now see how this varying use gives us a clue to the order and sense, as we say, of all that Greek world, so nearly and wonderfully connected with us, so profoundly interesting for us, so full of precious lessons.

(From *A Speech at Eton.*)

## ENGLISH AND GERMAN POETRY

IF I were asked where English poetry got these three things, its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic, for catching and rendering the charm of nature in a wonderfully near and vivid way, I should answer with some doubt, that it got much of its turn for style from a Celtic source; with less doubt, that it got much of its melancholy from a Celtic source; with no doubt at all, that from a Celtic source it got nearly all its natural magic.

Any German with penetration and tact in matters of literary criticism will own that the principal deficiency of German poetry is in style; that for style, in the highest sense, it shows but little feeling. Take the eminent masters of style, the poets who best give the idea of what the peculiar power which lies in style is,—Pindar, Virgil, Dante, Milton. An example of the peculiar effect which these poets produce, you can hardly give from German poetry. Examples enough you can give from German poetry of





from that of prose, a manner changed and heightened; the Elizabethan style, regnant in most of our dramatic poetry to this day, is mainly the continuation of this manner of Shakespeare's. It was a manner much more turbid and strown with blemishes than the manner of Pindar, Dante, or Milton; often it was detestable; but it owed its existence to Shakespeare's instinctive impulse towards style in poetry, to his native sense of the necessity for it; and without the basis of style everywhere, faulty though it may in some places be, we should not have had the beauty of expression, unsurpassable for effectiveness and charm, which is reached in Shakespeare's best passages. The turn for style is perceptible all through English poetry, proving to my mind, the genuine poetical gift of the race; this turn imparts to our poetry a stamp of high distinction, and sometimes it doubles the force of a poet not by nature of the very highest order, such as Gray, and raises him to a rank beyond what his natural richness and power seem to promise. Goethe with his fine critical perception, saw clearly enough both the power of style in itself, and the lack of style in the literature of his own country; and perhaps if we regard him solely as a German, not as a European, his great work was that he laboured all his life to impart style into German literature, and firmly to establish it there. Hence the immense importance to him of the world of classical art, and of the productions of Greek or Latin genius, where style so eminently manifests its power. Had he found in the German genius and literature an element of style existing by nature and ready to his hand, half his work, one may say, would have been saved him, and he might have done much more in poetry. But as it was, he had to try and create out of his own powers, a style for German poetry, as well as to provide contents for this style to carry, and thus his labour as a poet was doubled.

(From *The Study of Celtic Literature*.)



## EDWARD FREEMAN

[Edward Augustus Freeman was born at Mitchley Abbey, Staffordshire, on 2nd August 1823, and died at Alicante, on 16th March 1892. From the time when he surrendered his fellowship at Trinity College, Oxford, on his marriage in 1847, till his return to the University in 1884 as Regius Professor of History, he passed a retired life in the country and abroad in the pursuit of historical study. The first volume of his largest work, *The History of the Norman Conquest*, appeared in 1867, and the sixth in 1879. These were supplemented in 1882 by two volumes on *William Rufus*. His earliest writings were on architectural subjects, probably suggested by the Oxford Movement of his undergraduate days. Architecture continued to be his favourite study to the last, and his application of it and geography in the interpretation of historical fact exerted a strong influence on younger Oxford. His four volumes of *Historical Essays* contain the best of his contributions to the Reviews and many of his public lectures as Professor of History. The Crimean War turned his attention to the *History and Conquest of the Saracens*, the American Civil War to *Federal Government*, and the troubles in the East in 1877 to the *Ottoman Power in Europe*. In 1872 he published the *Growth of the English Constitution*, and in the month in which he died appeared the third of the four volumes of his *History of Sicily*.]

THE reputation of the historian of the *Norman Conquest* rests rather on his doctrine of history and his method of study than on any outstanding merit of style. He will be remembered as one of the pioneers, perhaps the doughtiest, who discredited alike the piecemeal interpretation and superficial treatment of Hume and Robertson by a vigorous insistence on the Unity of History and on the necessity of accuracy and research. His style shows the effects of this reforming mood: it inspires confidence by its straightforwardness and emphasis, but it is often wearisome in repetition, too didactic to be artistic, and too accurate to be suggestive.

In all his work he is essentially analytic, just as, by curious contrast, his predecessors, who had no thought of the Unity of History, were nothing if not synthetic. At times he reaches to

what has been called "epic grandeur," as in the description of the night after the Battle of Hastings, but more often he suffers the pedantry of explanation or the temptations of minor criticism to play havoc with his literary opportunities. Even in the most stirring episodes of Norman prowess he will not let us forget that Senlac, not Hastings, was the name of the great battlefield. This love of analysis and accuracy prompted him to look askance at the "literary" history of his day, and often forced him to a disregard of the finer qualities of style. It is thus probable that when he made a persistent attack upon a more brilliant contemporary for peccadillos in names and dates, he was really proclaiming his dislike of that writing which sometimes seeks effect at the expense of detail. As a result of this strong analytic tendency he shows a lack of proportion in his treatment of light and shade, and in the just relationship of the great and small. This is noticeable in his ill-considered use of the paragraph, especially in the *Essays*, though within the paragraph he is punctilious in syntax and the choice of words. His style has been called "architectural"; but the epithet is hardly just, for he shows little of the inspiration which his deep study of architecture might have given. His work is rather strong conscientious masonry, without that harmony of line and disposition of parts which reveal the mind of the artist.

His natural emphasis of manner gives to certain themes a polemical, sometimes eloquent, expression. He is fond of the trick of repetition, especially in those passages which were written to be spoken, and, when once he is satisfied as to his facts, defends his view with the pertinacity of an advocate. In this way he weakens the judicial value of his work, which the reader, impressed by the learned investigation of fact and argument, is ready to assume. What of fervour he denies himself in description he makes good in polemic. It is there he is at his best: in strictly historical narrative he is unequal and irritatingly slow, but in the swing of political passion he may be impressive. His literary art is at the highest when it approaches the grandiloquent: he fails when he attempts a light and vivacious manner. His humour is ponderous and provokes a smile by reason of its ingenuous pedantry.

G. GREGORY SMITH.

## THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

AND now the night came on, the night of Friday the thirteenth of October, the night which was to usher in the ever memorable morn of Saint Calixtus. Very different, according to our Norman informants, was the way in which that night was spent by the two armies. The English spent the night in drinking and singing, the Normans in prayer and confession of their sins. Among the crowds of clergy in William's host were two prelates of all but the highest rank in the Norman Church. One was Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, who in his temporal character was soon to have so large a share of the spoils of England. The other was the Duke's own half-brother, the famous Odo, who, to his bishop's seat at Bayeux, was soon to add the temporal cares of the Kentish Earldom. And with them was one not yet their equal in ecclesiastical rank, but who was, unlike them, to leave an abiding name in English ecclesiastical history. Remigius the Almoner of Fécamp, in after days the first Bishop of Lincoln, was the leader of the knights whom his Abbot had sent under his orders. Under the pious care of the two bishops and of the other clergy, the Norman host seems to have been wrought up to a kind of paroxysm of devotion. Odo received from every man a special vow, that those who outlived the struggle of the coming Saturday would never again eat flesh on any Saturday that was to come. Tales like these are the standing accusations which the victors always bring against the vanquished. The reproach which is cast on the English host on the night before the battle of Senlac is also cast on the French host on the night before the fight of Azincourt. And yet there may well be some ground-work of truth in these stories. The English were not, like the Normans, fighting under the influence of that strange spiritual excitement which had persuaded men that an unprovoked aggression on an unoffending nation was in truth a war of religion, a crusade for the good of the souls of Normans

and English alike. It may therefore well be that there was more of ceremonial devotion in the camp of William than in the camp of Harold. And yet even a Norman legend gives us a picture of the English king bending before the body of his Lord, and Englishmen may deem that the prayers and blessings of Ælfwig and Leofric were at least as holy and acceptable as the prayers and blessings of Geoffrey and Odo. And we must not forget that the devotions of William and his followers are recorded by William's own chaplain and flatterer, while we have no narrative of that night's doings from the pen of any canon of Waltham or any monk of the New Minster. And we shall hardly deem the worse of our countrymen, if that evening's supper by the camp fires was enlivened by the spirit-stirring strains of old Teutonic minstrelsy. Never again were those ancient songs to be uttered by the mouth of English warriors in the air of a free and pure Teutonic England. They sang, we well may deem, the song of Brunanburh and the song of Maldon; they sang how Æthelstan conquered and how Brihtnoth fell; and they sang, it well may be, in still louder notes, the new song which the last English gleeman had put into their mouths,

How the wise King  
Made fast his realm  
To a high-born man,  
Harold himself,  
The noble Earl.

And thoughts and words like these may have been as good a preparation for the day of battle as all the pious oratory with which the warlike prelate of Bayeux could hound on the spoilers on their prey.

(From *The History of the Norman Conquest*.)

## THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

THE fight was now over; night had closed in, and those among the English host who had not fallen around their King had left the field under cover of the darkness. William now came back to the hill, where all resistance had long been over. He looked around, we are told, on the dead and dying thousands, not without a feeling of pity that so many men had fallen, even as a sacrifice to his own fancied right. But the victory was truly his own; in the

old phrase of our Chroniclers, the Frenchmen had possession of the place of slaughter. A place of slaughter indeed it was, where, from morn till twilight, the axe and javelin of England, the lance and bow of Normandy, had done their deadly work at the bidding of the two mightiest captains upon earth. Dead and dying men were heaped around, and nowhere were they heaped so thickly as around the fallen Standard of England. There, where the flower of England's nobility and soldiery lay stretched in death, there, where the banner of the Fighting Man now lay beaten to the ground, the Conqueror knelt, he gave his thanks to God, and bade his own banner be planted as the sign of the victory which he had won. He bade the dead be swept aside; the ducal tent was pitched in this, as it were, the innermost sanctuary of the Conquest, and meat and drink were brought for his repast in the midst of the ghastly trophies of his prowess. In vain did Walter Giffard warn him of the rashness of such an act. Many of the English who lay around were not dead; many were only slightly wounded; they would rise and escape in the night, or they would seek to have their revenge, well pleased to sell their lives at the price of the life of a Norman. But the strong heart of William feared not; God had guarded him thus far, and he trusted in God to guard him still. Then he took off his armour; his shield and helmet were seen to be dented with many heavy blows, but the person of the Conqueror was unhurt. He was hailed by the loud applause of his troops, likening him to Roland and Oliver and all the heroes of old. Again he gave thanks to God, again he thanked his faithful followers, and sat down to eat and drink among the dead.

(From the Same.)

## THE HISTORICAL GENIUS OF THUCYDIDES

BUT the greatness of Thucydides is, after all, of a somewhat cold and unattractive character. He does not, like many other writers, draw us near to himself personally. What reader of Herodotus does not long for a talk face to face with the genial and delightful old traveller, who had been everywhere and had seen everything—who could tell you the founder of every city and the architect of every temple—who could recite oracles and legends from the beginnings of things to his own day, and who could season all



with a simple moral and political commentary, not the less acceptable for being a little commonplace? What would one not give for the chance of asking why it was, after all, that the Scythians blinded their slaves, or of finding out, in some unguarded moment, in honour of what deity the Egyptians submitted themselves to the discipline? Xenophôn again would evidently not have been the less agreeable a companion on account of his unpatriotic heresies and his historical unfairness. If he was a bitter enemy and an unscrupulous partizan, his very faults arose from carrying into excess the amiable character of a zealous friend. The pupil of Sôkratês could not help being unfair to the government by which his master was condemned; the officer of Agêsilaos could not mete out common justice to those pestilent Thebans by whom all the schemes of Agêsilaos were brought to nought. But Thucydides awakens no feelings of the kind. We might have highly esteemed the privilege of sitting at his feet as a lecturer; but we should hardly have been very eager for his company in our lighter moments. Genial simplicity, hearty and unconscious humour, are, after all, more attractive than the stern perfection of wisdom; a little superstition and a little party spirit, if they render a man less admirable, do not always make him less agreeable. Impartiality is a rare and divine quality; but a little human weakness sometimes commends itself more to frail mortals. There is something lofty in the position of a man who records the worst deeds of Athenian and Lacedæmonian alike, as a simple matter of business, without a word of concealment, palliation, or rebuke for either. But we feel quite sure that Herodotus would have told us that the massacre of Plataia and the massacre of Mêlos were each of them a *πρῆγμα οὐχ ὀσίων*. We suspect that Xenophôn would have been so ashamed of the evil deed of that side on which his own feelings might be enlisted that he would not have set down both crimes in his history. But we get a little puzzled as to the moral condition of the man who minutely dissects the intellectual and political characters of Themistoklês and Periklês without a word of moral praise or dispraise of either. Our perplexity grows when we find the historian recording the treachery of Pachês towards Hippias without a word of comment. It grows yet more when we find him honestly recording the assassinations in which Antiphôn was at least an accomplice, and yet pronouncing this same Antiphôn to have been inferior to no Athenian of his day—Konôn and Thrasyboulos among them,—

not only in ability but in virtue. Herodotus would have lifted up his hands in pious horror; Xenophôn would either have shirked so unpleasant a subject, or would at least have found out some ingenious sophism to cloak the crime. Then again, human nature craves for something like religion, and it does not always kick at a little superstition. We do not think the worse of Herodotus, Xenophôn, Pausanias, and Arrian for believing in oracles, visions, and the whole art and mystery of divination. It is perhaps very admirable, but is not altogether amiable, in Thucydides to have got so far in advance of his age as to make it pretty certain that he believed in nothing of the kind, and to leave it by no means clear whether he believed in any Gods at all. Finally, we cannot forget, possibly even a contemporary Greek could not forget, how easy, how pleasant, it is to read Herodotus and Xenophôn, how very hard it often is to read Thucydides. We admire, but we cannot bring ourselves to love, the man who has clothed the words of wisdom with a veil so hard to uplift. We are sometimes tempted to prefer a teaching less profound in substance, but more conformable to the ordinary laws of human and Hellenic grammar. There is no denying that a speech of Thucydides is far more profitable than one of Xenophôn, or even than one of Herodotus. But there are times of weakness when we prefer pleasure to profit, —the ἡδύ to the χρήσιμον,—times when, even in spite of the repeated exhortations of Periklēs to prefer deeds to words, we still for a moment prefer the ἀγώνισμα ἐς τὸ παραχρήμα even to the κτήμα ἐς αἰεί.

(From *Historical Essays*.)

## A FIRST VIEW OF PÉRIGUEUX

LET the traveller, if he can, take his first view of Périgueux from one of the bridges over the Lisle where the river flows almost immediately under the great church of Saint Front. Standing there, he seems to see a model Gaulish city. The slope of a low hill rising above the river is covered by the houses of a considerable town, with the wonderful minster to carry our thoughts to Eastern lands. Its five cupolas stand out like those of Saint Sophia or Saint Mark; only, unlike Sophia or Saint Mark, the tall bell-tower rises also to remind us that we are still in Western Europe. Save for the special outline of the church, the site is essentially the

same that we see in a crowd of other Gaulish cities. As we look across the Lisle at Périgueux, to most eyes the story would seem plain. Here is the usual tale; the head fortress of the Gaulish tribe has become the Roman, the mediæval, the modern city; the great church stands, as usual, as the central point of the whole. Everything seems perfect, everything lies compact, according to the received model of Gaulish cities. Could it come into the head of any man to think that he is looking at a spot whose story is wholly different, that he is not looking at any site of early days, that the wonderful church before him is not the original head church of Périgueux, but a secondary church, the fellow of Saint Ouen at Rouen or Saint Germain at Auxerre, which has supplanted the more ancient seat of the bishopric? It is true that, if he should go through every nook and corner of the Périgueux on which he now gazes, he will nowhere find a scrap, not a stone or a brick, of Roman work. But that is perhaps not very wonderful; on not a few undoubted sites of Roman towns the remains of the Imperial age have utterly vanished, or have to be sought for underground. We cannot conceive that any man who should know no more of Périgueux than he sees from the bridges, no more even than he would learn by making his way into every street of the town which he sees from those bridges, would ever doubt for a moment that he was looking on a town which had gone through the usual story of a city of France or Aquitaine from the days before Cæsar till our own.

To get rid of this very natural error our traveller must follow as he can the course of the stream downwards. At some little distance from the closely packed town which he has been studying, parted from it by ground partly left in open spaces, partly covered by buildings of very modern date, his eye will sooner or later be caught by quite another group of objects. From almost any point that he can reach—some of the best points are quite to the south, on the causeway between the river and the canal that runs alongside of it—two, from some points three, buildings will strike him, which throw themselves from different points into various forms of grouping. Unlike Saint Front and the town which surrounds it, they lie at some distance from the river. They lie on the same bank as Saint Front, that is on the right, but not, like it, on distinctly rising ground. Indeed, from some of the points in this quarter one might doubt whether Saint Front stood on rising ground at all. When we go up from the quay to

the church by steps or by steep streets, we feel that the *pu*y of Saint Front—the name familiar in Auvergne and Vélav is found here also—is a real height; yet the height of the church from base to cupola is clearly greater than the height of its own foundations above the quay. Still the *pu*y is a hill, one of those hills which count for something when covered with houses, though they hardly pass for hills when free and covered with green grass. But at the point at which we are now looking, the ground is nearly level: there is of course some slope down to the river, but nothing that can be called a hill. The low ground indeed looks up to hills that are really of some height, a line of round-topped grassy hills, rising from the other side of the river. Will the thought of Dorchester on the Thames, of the Roman camp, growing into the Roman town, that looks up at the British site on Sinodun, come into the mind of any man? If so, he will have grasped the first key to the true story. If there are no traces of Roman occupation among the streets that surround Saint Front, here we have signs of the universal conqueror of no mean account.

(From the Same.)

## NATIONAL PROSPERITY

NATIONAL prosperity, it must be remembered, is of two kinds, which may go together or may not. A state may be great in the sense of being powerful, great in extent and population; its counsels may be listened to in peace, and its armies may be dreaded in war. It may be placed beyond all fear of being conquered itself, and it may have the means of conquering other states, if it chooses to use them. On the other hand, there may be a state whose physical extent and power could not successfully resist some of its neighbours, whose voice is never heard in diplomacy except with regard to its own affairs, and yet which may be thoroughly free, well governed, and materially prosperous within its own borders. It may well be better off in all these things than many of the powers which in physical strength far surpass it. Of course either kind of prosperity is more likely to be permanent when it is backed up by the other. The external power of a state cannot last if it is thoroughly ill governed and discontented at home. On the other hand, there is always a fear

that the internal prosperity and good government of the small state may be put an end to by its conquest by some greater state.

Now we Englishmen are apt to fancy, and there is a germ or truth in the fancy, that we have the advantage over all other nations in the union of various forms of what the prayer-book calls health and wealth. Internal freedom, external importance, material prosperity, are three excellent things. Other nations have one or two of them separately. Frenchmen, notwithstanding that they live under a despotism,<sup>1</sup> contrive to get rich at home and to make a noise all over the world. Dutchmen, Belgians, Swiss, are free and happy in their own fashion at home, but nobody cares about them as European powers. Even Russia, however lacking in the other points, is at least very big and is not to be meddled with without due forethought. As for Spain, Greece, and the dominions of the Turk, they are supposed to lack everything at home and abroad. We, on the other hand, are supposed to unite all advantages. We are as great as the great powers, as free and happy as the small ones. If we are all this, and if the Blessed Reformation has made us all this, then the Blessed Reformation is very blessed indeed, and is the cause of much blessedness. It is *Beatrix* as well as *Beata*.

(From the Same.)

## PRINCIPLES OF REFORM

"STAND fast in the old paths"; "Respect the wisdom of your forefathers"; are the sayings which the dull Conservative throws in the teeth of Reformers. If his scholarship goes as far as a little ecclesiastical Greek, he perhaps adds τὰ ἀρχαία εἶθι κρατεῖτω. All these are very good sayings; but it is to the Reformer and not to the Conservative that they belong. The Reformer obeys them; the Conservative tramples them under foot. The wisdom of our forefathers consisted in always making such changes as were needed at any particular time; we may freely add, in never making greater changes than were needed at that particular time. The old path was ever a path of reform; the ancient customs will ever be found to be far freer than these modern innovations which men whose notion of the good old times does not go back

<sup>1</sup> 1868.

beyond Charles the First or Henry the Eighth fondly look upon as ancient. If a man will cast aside the prejudices of birth and party, if he will set himself free from the blind guidance of lawyers, he will soon learn how very modern indeed is the antiquity of the Tory. All his idols, game-laws, primogeniture, the hereditary king, the hereditary legislator, the sacred and mysterious nature of anything that is called "Royal Highness," the standing army with its commands jobbed for money—all these venerable things are soon found to be but things of yesterday, by any man who looks with his eyes open into the true records of the immemorial—there are lands in which we may say the eternal—democracy of our race. The two grand idols of lawyers, the King and the Lord of the Manor, are soon found to be something which has not been from eternity, something which has crept in unawares, something which has gradually swallowed up the rights and the lands which once belonged to the people. Do I plead for any violent dispossession of either? There is no man from whose mind such a thought is further removed. Whatever exists by law should be changed only by law, and when things, however wrongful in their origin, have become rightful by long prescription, even lawful changes are not to be made hastily or lightly. But it is well to remind babblers that the things which they most worship, which they fondly believe to be ancient, are, in truth, innovations on an earlier state of things towards which every modern reform is in truth a step backwards. It is well to remind them that the prerogatives of the hereditary king, of the hereditary noble, of the local territorial potentate, can all of them be historically shown to be encroachments on the ancient rights of the people. It does not follow that anything is to be changed recklessly; it does not follow that anything need be changed at all. But it does follow that none of these things is so ancient and so sacred as to be beyond the reach of discussion, that none is so ancient and so sacred that it is wicked even to think of the possibility of changing it. I see no reason to meddle with our constitutional monarchy—that is, to make a change in the form of our executive government—because I hold that, while it has its good and its bad points, its good points overbalance the bad. But I hold that a man who thinks otherwise has as good a right to maintain his opinion, and to seek to compass his ends by lawful means, as if it were an opinion about school-boards or public-houses or the equalization of the county and borough

franchise. I respect the kingly office as something ordained by law, and I see no need to alter the law which ordains it. But I can go no further. I cannot take on myself to condemn other nations, nor can I hasten to draw general inferences from single instances. But I do hold that the witness of history teaches us that, in changing a long-established form of executive government, whether it be the change of a kingdom into a commonwealth or of a commonwealth into a kingdom, the more gently and warily the work is done, the more likely it is to be lasting.

(From the Same.)

## JOHN RICHARD GREEN

[John Richard Green, born on 12th December 1837, spent his earlier years in his native city of Oxford. He took his degree in 1859, after an uneventful career at Jesus College, during which he showed the first signs of his historical taste in a series of contributions to the *Oxford Chronicle* on *Oxford in the Eighteenth Century*. He was ordained in 1860 and was appointed incumbent of St. Philip's, Stepney, in 1866, but, on account of ill-health, he surrendered his charge in 1869 and became librarian at Lambeth. From 1862 he was a frequent contributor to the *Saturday Review*, but in his enforced leisure he turned his attention to serious historical work, and he produced in 1874 his first and most memorable book, *A Short History of the English People*. This he recast and expanded into four volumes (1877-80) as the *History of the English People*. He supplemented it in 1881 by *The Making of England*: and a further continuation, *The Conquest of England*, was published posthumously, in 1883, under the editorship of his widow. In 1876 he collected some of his occasional writings under the title of *Stray Studies from England and Italy*. He suggested the foundation of the Oxford Historical Society and the *English Historical Review*, and he acted as general editor of several successful series of Primers on literature and history. He died on 7th March 1883.]

GREEN's characteristics are best discovered in his *Short History of the English People*. It was a new departure both in historical conception and in literary treatment. He had felt the discipline of the newer methods of accuracy in historical work and he had strong sympathies with Freeman's doctrine of the use of architecture and geography in the interpretation of the past, but his subtler historical sense perceived the forces behind the facts and his superior literary art saved him from pedantry and anti-quarianism. He had the power of catching the salient features of an episode or a movement and of presenting them in a vivid and impressive way, not in the classical manner of older writers, but with a rapid sketchiness peculiarly his own. His writing remains, despite Dean Stanley's warning, a notable example of what we call the picturesque, strong alike in the merits and faults of that style. It was once an Oxford saying that if the young



student who sought further culture was too poor to travel he should turn to the pages of the *Short History*. And it is true that he may there feel much of the atmosphere, life, and miscellaneous interest of a *wanderjahr*.

Green had an undoubted power of the "imaginative sense of fact." The problem of his style was not how to present the facts in the least wearisome manner, but how to transform exposition into a higher literature, and to excite in the reader the writer's own artistic fervour. This imaginative treatment disturbed, and still disturbs, the scientific historians, who see in it the undoing of that very virtue of exactness on which Green prided himself. He may not be infallible in facts, nor altogether convincing in argument, but he expounds the continuity of national life and retells its greater events in a manner impossible to the experts in accuracy. He popularised history, not merely in the sense of tempting the masses to their own profit, but of showing to more capable minds the interest and possibilities of the historian's work. We may incline to think his effects overstrained, because we are unused to metaphor in historical exposition, and because they often show the frowardness of studied innovation; but there is too much unity in his work, too subtle an interpretation of fact ever to justify the criticism that his art is the mere glamour of the ready writer.

It is not difficult to point out the defects of his picturesque method. The interest of his style lies to a great extent in his power of illustration, but at times he uses it in excess. The elaboration of analogy and the extravagant quotation of the memorable sayings of his characters interrupt the flow of his paragraphs; and by his favourite device of a succession of short jerky sentences he often signally fails in his endeavour to be vivid. There is a suggestion that the writer has not assimilated his material, and is only feeling his way to a complete description through a multitude of notes. The well-known passage on the character of Elizabeth (of which only a part is here given) illustrates this: it is too long and too miscellaneous in style. The result is little else than a bare summation of the details, not that artistic whole which should be something more than the total of the contributing facts. This flaw in individual passages is the more striking as in the general conception of his subject, especially in the *Short History*, he shows the sublimating power of a writer of high order. Green's habit of work, moreover, was too hurried for a

perfect style. His constitutional keenness, increased rather than diminished by ill-health, made his style at times immature, as at others it made it vivacious. It was not from lack of revision—for he recast his more important books—that a certain restlessness remains in his more finished work. In his papers for the *Saturday Review*—the “stray studies” of the serious historian—the tendency towards a journalistic picturesqueness is not fully explained when we take into account the amazing speed at which they were written. His style is not majestic. In his best passages his art is impressionist, fresh, and suggestive; when he seems to fail it is by excess of colour and crudeness of composition. The shortcomings of his technique, however, can never make us forget that he is essentially an artist in prose.

G. GREGORY SMITH.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH

IT was no wonder that the statesmen whom she outwitted held Elizabeth almost to the last to be little more than a frivolous woman ; or that Philip of Spain wondered how "a wanton" could hold in check the policy of the Escorial. But the Elizabeth whom they saw was far from being all of Elizabeth. The wilfulness of Henry, the triviality of Anne Boleyn played over the surface of a nature hard as steel, a temper purely intellectual, the very type of reason untouched by imagination or passion. Luxurious and pleasure-loving as she seemed, Elizabeth lived simply and frugally, and she worked hard. Her vanity and caprice had no weight whatever with her in state affairs. The coquette of the presence chamber became the coolest and hardest of politicians at the council board. Fresh from the flattery of her courtiers, she would tolerate no flattery in the closet ; she was herself plain and downright of speech with her counsellors, and she looked for a corresponding plainness of speech in return. Her expenditure was parsimonious and even miserly. If any trace of her sex lingered in her actual statesmanship, it was seen in the simplicity and tenacity of purpose that often underlies a woman's fluctuations of feeling. It was this in part which gave her her marked superiority over the statesmen of her time. No nobler group of ministers ever gathered round a council board than those who gathered round the council board of Elizabeth. But she is the instrument of none. She listens, she weighs, she uses or puts by the counsels of each in turn, but her policy as a whole is her own. Her aims were simple and obvious : to preserve her throne, to keep England out of war, to restore civil and religious order. Something of womanly caution and timidity, perhaps, backed the passionless indifference with which she set aside the larger schemes of ambition which were ever opening before her eyes. She was resolute in her refusal of the Low Countries. She rejected with

a laugh the offers of the Protestants to make her "head of the Religion" and "mistress of the Seas." But her amazing success in the end sprang mainly from this wise limitation of her aims. She had a finer sense than any of her counsellors of her real resources; she knew instinctively how far she could go, and what she could do. Her cold, critical intellect was never swayed by enthusiasm or by panic either to exaggerate or to under-estimate her risks or her power.

Of political wisdom, indeed, in its larger and more generous sense, Elizabeth had little or none; but her political tact was unerring. She seldom saw her course at a glance, but she played with a hundred courses, fitfully and discursively, as a musician runs his fingers over the key-board, till she hit suddenly upon the right one. Such a nature was essentially practical and of the present. She distrusted a plan, in fact, just in proportion to its speculative range, or its out-look into the future. Her notion of statesmanship lay in watching how things turned out around her, and in seizing the moment for making the best of them. A policy of this limited, practical, tentative order was not only best suited to the England of her day, to its small resources and the transitional character of its religious and political belief, but it was one eminently suited to Elizabeth's peculiar powers. It was a policy of detail, and in details her wonderful readiness and ingenuity found scope for their exercise. "No War, my Lords," the queen used to cry imperiously at the council board, "No War!" but her hatred of war sprang less from aversion to blood or to expense, real as was her aversion to both, than from the fact that peace left the field open to the diplomatic manoeuvres and intrigues in which she excelled. It was her delight in the consciousness of her ingenuity which broke out in a thousand puckish freaks, freaks in which one can hardly see any purpose beyond the purpose of sheer mystification. She revelled in "bye-ways" and "crooked ways." She played with grave cabinets as a cat plays with a mouse, and with much of the same feline delight in the mere embarrassment of her victims. When she was weary of mystifying foreign statesmen she turned to find fresh sport in mystifying her own ministers. Had Elizabeth written the story of her reign she would have prided herself, not on the triumph of England or the ruin of Spain, but on the skill with which she had hoodwinked and outwitted every statesman in Europe during fifty years. Nor was her trickery without political value. Ignoble, inexpressibly

wearisome as the Queen's diplomacy seems to us now, tracing it as we do through a thousand despatches, it succeeded in its main end. It gained time, and every year that was gained doubled Elizabeth's strength. Nothing is more revolting in the Queen, but nothing is more characteristic, than her shameless mendacity. It was an age of political lying, but in the profusion and recklessness of her lies Elizabeth stood without a peer in Christendom. A falsehood was to her simply an intellectual means of meeting a difficulty ; and the ease with which she asserted or denied whatever suited her purpose was only equalled by the cynical indifference with which she met the exposure of her lies as soon as their purpose was answered. The same purely intellectual view of things showed itself in the dexterous use she made of her very faults. Her levity carried her gaily over moments of detection and embarrassment where better women would have died of shame. She screened her tentative and hesitating statesmanship under the natural timidity and vacillation of her sex. She turned her very luxury and sports to good account. There were moments of grave danger in her reign when the country remained indifferent to its perils, as it saw the Queen give her days to hawking and hunting, and her nights to dancing and plays. Her vanity and affectation, her womanly fickleness and caprice, all had their part in the diplomatic comedies she played with the successive candidates for her hand. If political necessities made her life a lonely one, she had at any rate the satisfaction of averting war and conspiracies by love sonnets and romantic interviews, or of gaining a year of tranquillity by the dexterous spinning out of a flirtation.

(From *A Short History of the English People*.)

### PITT AND HIS AGE

IT is this personal and solitary grandeur which strikes us most as we look back to William Pitt. The tone of his speech and action stands out in utter contrast with the tone of his time. In the midst of a society critical, polite, indifferent, simple even to the affectation of simplicity, witty and amusing but absolutely prosaic, cool of heart and of head, sceptical of virtue and enthusiasm,

sceptical above all of itself, Pitt stood absolutely alone. The depth of his conviction, his passionate love for all that he deemed lofty and true, his fiery energy, his poetic imaginativeness, his theatrical airs and rhetoric, his haughty self-assumption, his pompousness and extravagance, were not more puzzling to his contemporaries than the confidence with which he appealed to the higher sentiments of mankind, the scorn with which he turned from a corruption which had till then been the great engine of politics, the undoubting faith which he felt in himself, in the grandeur of his aims, and in his power to carry them out, "I know that I can save the country," he said to the Duke of Devonshire on his entry into the Ministry, "and I know no other man can." The groundwork of Pitt's character was an intense and passionate pride; but it was a pride which kept him from stooping to the level of the men who had so long held England in their hands. He was the first statesman since the Restoration who set the example of a purely public spirit. Keen as was his love of power, no man ever refused office so often, or accepted it with so strict a regard to the principles he professed. "I will not go to Court," he replied to an offer which was made him, "if I may not bring the Constitution with me." For the corruption about him he had nothing but disdain. He left to Newcastle the buying of seats and the purchase of members. At the outset of his career Pelham appointed him to the most lucrative office in his administration, that of Paymaster of the Forces; but its profits were of an illicit kind, and poor as he was, Pitt refused to accept one farthing beyond his salary. His pride never appeared in loftier and nobler form than in his attitude towards the people at large. No leader had ever a wider popularity than "the great commoner," as Pitt was styled, but his air was always that of a man who commands popularity, not that of one who seeks it. He never bent to flatter popular prejudice. When mobs were roaring themselves hoarse for "Wilkes and liberty," he denounced Wilkes as a worthless profligate; and when all England went mad in its hatred of the Scots, Pitt haughtily declared his esteem for a people whose courage he had been the first to enlist on the side of loyalty. His noble figure, his flashing eye, his majestic voice, the fire and grandeur of his eloquence, gave him a sway over the House of Commons far greater than any other minister has possessed. He could silence an opponent with a look of scorn, or hush the whole House with a single word. But he never stooped to the arts by

which men form a political party, and at the height of his power his personal following hardly numbered half a dozen members.

(From the Same.)

### THE PHYSICAL ASPECT OF EARLY BRITAIN

IT was not merely its distance from the seat of rule or the later date of its conquest that hindered the province from passing completely into the general body of the Empire. Its physical and its social circumstances offered yet greater obstacles to any effectual civilization. Marvellous as was the rapid transformation of Britain in the hands of its conquerors, and greatly as its outer aspect came to differ from that of the island in which Claudius landed, it was far from being in this respect the land of later days. In spite of its roads, its towns, and its mining works, it remained, even at the close of the Roman rule, an "isle of blowing woodland," a wild and half-reclaimed country, the bulk of whose surface was occupied by forest and waste. The rich and lower soil of the river valleys, indeed, which is now the favourite home of agriculture, had in the earliest times been densely covered with primæval scrub; and the only open spaces were those whose nature fitted them less for the growth of trees, the chalk downs and oolitic uplands that stretched in long lines across the face of Britain from the Channel to the Northern Sea. In the earliest traces of our history these districts became the seats of a population and a tillage which have long fled from them as the gradual clearing away of the woodland drew men to the richer soil. Such a transfer of population seems faintly to have begun even before the coming of the Romans; and the roads which they drove through the heart of the country, the waste caused by their mines, the ever-widening circle of cultivation round their towns, must have quickened this social change. But even after four hundred years of their occupation the change was far from having been completely brought about. It is mainly in the natural clearings of the uplands that the population concentrated itself at the close of the Roman rule, and it is over these districts that the ruins of the villas or country houses of the Roman landowners are most thickly scattered.

(From *The Making of England*.)

## CAPRI

AMONG the broken heights to the east or in the two central valleys there are scores of different walks and a hundred different nooks, and each walk and nook has its own independent charm. Steeps clothed from top to bottom in the thick greenery of the lemon or orange; sudden breaks like that of Metromania where a blue strip of sea seems to have been cunningly let in among the rocks; backgrounds of tumbled limestone; slopes dusty grey with wild cactus; thickets of delightful greenery where one lies hidden in the dense scrub of myrtle and arbutus; olive-yards creeping thriftily up the hill-sides and over the cliffs and down every slope and into every rock-corner where the Caprese peasant-farmer can find footing; homesteads of grey stone with low domed Oriental roofs on which women sit spinning, their figures etched out against the sky; gardens where the writhed fig-trees stand barely waiting for the foliage of the spring; nooks amidst broken boulders and vast fingers of rock with the dark mass of the carouba flinging its shade over them; heights from which one looks suddenly northward and southward over a hundred miles of sea—this is Capri. The sea is everywhere. At one turn its waters go flashing away unbroken by a single sail towards the far-off African coast where the Caprese boatmen are coral-fishing through the hot summer months; at another the eye ranges over the tumbled mountain masses above Amalfi to the dim sweep of coast where the haze hides the temples of Pæstum; at another the Bay of Naples opens suddenly before us, Vesuvius and the blue deep of Castellamare and the white city-line along the coast seen with a strange witchery across twenty miles of clear air.

The island is a paradise of silence for those to whom silence is a delight. One wanders about in the vineyards without a sound save the call of the vinedressers; one lies on the cliff and hears a thousand feet below the dreamy wash of the sea. There is hardly the cry of a bird to break the spell; even the girls who meet one with a smile on the hill-side smile quietly and gravely in the Southern fashion as they pass by. It is the stillest place that the sun shines on; but with all its stillness it is far from being a home of boredom. There are in fact few places in the world so full of interest. The artist finds a world of "studies" in its rifts and cliff-walls, in the sailor groups along its beach and the



Greek faces of the girls in its vineyards. The geologist reads the secret of the past in its abruptly tilted strata, in a deposit or volcanic ash, in the fossils and bones which Augustus set the fashion of collecting before geology was thought of. The historian and the archæologist have a yet wider field. Capri is a perfect treasure-house of Roman remains, and though in later remains the island is far poorer, the ruins of mediæval castles crown the heights of Castiglione and Anacapri, and the mother church of San Costanzo with its central dome supported on marble shafts from the ruins hard by is an early specimen of Sicilian or southern Italian architecture. Perhaps the most remarkable touch of the South is seen in the low stone vaults which form the roofs of all the older houses of Capri, and whose upper surface serves as a terrace where the women gather in the sunshine in a way which brings home to one oddly the recollections of Syria and Jerusalem.

(From *Stray Studies*.)

### THE POETRY OF EAST LONDON LIFE

FEW regions are more unknown than the Tower Hamlets. Not even Mrs. Riddell has ventured as yet to cross the border which parts the City from their weltering mass of busy life, their million of hard workers packed together in endless rows of monotonous streets, broken only by ship-yard or factory or huge breweries, streets that stretch away eastward from Aldgate to the Essex marshes. And yet, setting aside the poetry of life which is everywhere, there is poetry enough in East London; poetry in the great river which washes it on the south, in the fretted tangle of cordage and mast that peeps over the roofs of Shadwell or in the great hulls moored along the wharves of Wapping; poetry in the "Forest" that fringes it to the east, in the few glades that remain of Epping and Hainault,—glades ringing with the shouts of school-children out for their holiday and half mad with delight at the sight of a flower or a butterfly; poetry of the present in the work and toil of these acres of dull bricks and mortar where everybody, man woman and child, is a worker, this England without a "leisure class"; poetry in the thud of the steam-engine, and the white trail of steam from the tall sugar refinery, in the blar eyes of the Spitalfields weaver, or the hungering faces of the group of

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labourers clustered from morning till night round the gates of the docks and watching for the wind that brings the ships up the river : poetry in its past, in strange old-fashioned squares, in quaint gabled houses, in grey village churches, that have been caught and overlapped and lost, as it were, in the great human advance that has carried London forward from Whitechapel, its limit in the age of the Georges, to Stratford, its bound in that of Victoria.

(From the Same.)



## WALTER H. PATER

[The life of Walter Horatio Pater (who in his later work signed Walter Pater only) was even more destitute of remarkable outward events than that of most men of letters. Born in London in 1839, he went to the King's School, Canterbury, and then to Queen's College, Oxford. He was elected to a fellowship at Brasenose in 1862; and there or in London spent all his remaining years, dying in August 1894. He had early acquired a reputation at Oxford for careful attention to literature, and contributed some essays to periodicals. But it was not till 1873 that he collected and refashioned these in a book called *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (in its later and slightly altered form *The Renaissance* only). This collection was received with warm approval in some quarters, with equally warm disapproval in others; and Mr. Pater's fastidiousness or his doubts induced him, it was said, to cancel a second volume, most of the intended contents of which, however, appeared later. He did not actually publish anything of bulk for twelve years; but then, in 1885, the remarkable philosophical romance of *Marius the Epicurean* (2 vols.) appeared. It was followed in 1887 by *Imaginary Portraits*, a not wholly happy attempt to embody the author's views in symbolic-fictional form; in 1889 by *Appreciations*, a fresh collection of essays which drew its contents from the work of nearly five-and-twenty years; and later by *Greek Studies*. But death had taken the author meanwhile, and his uncollected remains have not even yet been completely published.]

MR. PATER'S work (which perhaps requires, for the complete comprehension and appreciation of its nature, either some personal acquaintance with its author, or more biographical detail than has yet been given to the public) has two characteristics which usually, if not always, impart distinction. It was full of personal note without any personal intrusion, and it was also full of a certain note of the time. Further, it was capable of being regarded from at least three rather different points of view: as containing an ethical theory, as giving a certain appreciation of literature, and as literature itself, marked by qualities of style rather than of matter. From the ethical side we need not here consider it at any length; it is perhaps sufficient to say that it usually illustrated, and some-

times inculcated directly, a sort of intellectual Hedonism—a neo-Cyrenaicism, as its author preferred to call it, in treatments half-critical, half-expository—which was, scarcely with more accuracy than kindness, called by some literary Paganism. Its critical as distinguished from its ethical note was, as distinctly and now not at all contentiously, Hedonist—that is to say, it recommended and exemplified what may be called the intellectual *degustation* of styles, periods, and literary manners, with the object of extracting from them the greatest possible amount of intelligent enjoyment. It was objected by some that the periods and examples which seemed most to Mr. Pater's taste—the late and curious classical time which exhibits, so to speak, reflections of Oriental and anticipations of mediæval sentiment and thought, the Renaissance, the remoter and more mystical exertions of the modern Romantic movement—all had in them something morbid.

It is not necessary to take sides on either of these questions here, though it may be fairly said that Mr. Pater's views were, if not entirely shared, yet understood, and the expression of them admired, by persons who certainly have no sympathy with Paganism or with morbidity. But what is less contentious, and fortunately more germane, is the peculiarity, and, according to some tastes at least, the excellence of his style. This style, which is shown at its best in the *Renaissance* studies and in *Marius the Epicurean*, with some passages of *Appreciations* (for in *Imaginary Portraits* it is extremely unequal, and sometimes even slipshod), has no pretension to please or to be praised if the judge is wedded either to an exceedingly simple and natural style, or to one which, though ornate, observes the traditions of English prose as fashioned between 1660 and 1800. But for those who do not "rule out" Corinthian or even Composite from their list of orders of rhetorical architecture, Mr. Pater's style at its best had from the first an extreme attraction, and has not lost it in nearly a quarter of a century's acquaintance.

In one point indeed Mr. Pater may challenge the respect of even the severest critics who do not allow their dislike in other matters to obscure their vision in this. No writer since the revolutionary movement in English prose at the beginning of this century, not even Landor, has paid such extraordinary and successful attention to the architecture of the sentence. As against the snipsnap shortness of some writers, the lawless length of others, and the formlessness of a third class, his best sentences are

arranged with an almost mathematical precision of clause-building, while their rhythm, though musical, is rarely poetic. Yet it must be acknowledged that this elaborate construction never became a perfectly learnt art with him; and that his sentences in his later work were sometimes apt to waver and wander. Still, on the whole, Mr. Pater, as an exponent in prose of the tendencies of which in verse Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne have been the chief masters, deserves a rank which it is impossible for any careful and impartial critic to ignore or to refuse. Few writers are fortunate in their imitators, and he has been especially unfortunate. His theories sometimes, his style often, have been the victims of a following not seldom silly, and not very seldom disgusting. But it would be unjust to charge this on the author himself. In him self, though owing a little, and not always happily, to Matthew Arnold and more to Newman, he is an extremely careful and on the whole a distinctly original producer of literature, who has chosen to make literature itself the main subject of his production, and has enforced views distinct in kind in a manner still more distinct. It is possible that Oxford men may be sometimes disposed to undervalue Mr. Pater, and sometimes to overvalue him, for the exact reason that he has not merely conveyed to outsiders much of the special flavour and *ethos* of Oxford teaching for some generations past, but has perhaps over-flavoured it with essences of his own. But from the expressions of the more intelligent among such outsiders it may be not obscurely gathered that he has partially effected the conveyance—which, if in a more aristocratic age capable of being regarded as sacrilege, is in a democratic one perhaps a public service. And, apart from these disputable points, he is, as must be once more said, a remarkable, a very remarkable writer as such.

The least contentious, and, to the classical scholar at any rate, not the least satisfactory documents of his powers may perhaps be found in the masterly paraphrases of "Cupid and Psyche," of the *Pervigilium Veneris*, and of Lucian's *Hermotimus* to be found in *Marius the Epicurean*. But it has seemed better and fairer, in the present selection, to take things more purely original. The passages given below have been chosen with a view to exhibit Mr. Pater, not so much at his most florid, as at the perfection of the peculiar mood of ornate literary quietism—of delicate appreciation of shades of thought and vision—of which he was, as it seems to the present writer, the great exponent, and which he would prob-

ably not have disclaimed. The defect of this mood, in substance as in expression, is its extreme one-sidedness, and its consequent liability to topple over into the positively unhealthy and deformed. But if we take things at their best, it is worthy, not indeed of an unqualified, but of a decided admiration.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

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## THE CURIOSITY OF LIONARDO

THE movement of the fifteenth century was twofold : partly the Renaissance, partly also the coming of what is called the modern spirit, with its realism, its appeal to experience ; it comprehended a return to antiquity, and a return to nature. Raffaello represents the return to antiquity, and Lionardo the return to nature. In this return to nature he was seeking to satisfy a boundless curiosity by her perpetual surprises, a microscopic sense of finish by her finesse or delicacy of operation, that *subtilitas naturæ* which Bacon notices. So we find him often in intimate relations with men of science, with Fra Luca Paccioli, the mathematician, and the anatomist Marc Antonio della Torre. His observations and experiments fill thirteen volumes of manuscript ; and those who can judge describe him as anticipating long before, by rapid intuition, the later ideas of science. He explained the obscure light of the unilluminated part of the moon, knew that the sea had once covered the mountains which contain shells, and the gathering of the equatorial waters above the polar.

He who thus penetrated into the most secret parts of nature preferred always the more to the less remote, what, seeming exceptional, was an instance of law more refined, the construction about things of a peculiar atmosphere and mixed lights. He paints flowers with such curious felicity that different writers have attributed to him a fondness for particular flowers, as Clement the cyclamen, and Rio the jasmine ; while at Venice there is a stray leaf from his portfolio dotted all over with studies of violets and the wild rose. In him first appears the taste for what is *bizarre* or *recherché* in landscape ; hollow places full of the green shadow of bituminous rocks, ridged reefs of trap rock which cut the water into quaint sheets of light—their exact antitype is in our own western seas ; all solemn effects of moving water ; you may follow it springing from its distant source among the rocks on the heath of the



"Madonna of the Balances," passing as a little fall into the treacherous calm of the "Madonna of the Lake," next, as a goodly river below the cliffs of the "Madonna of the Rocks," washing the white walls of its distant villages, stealing out in a network of divided streams in "La Gioconda" to the sea-shore of the "Saint Anne"—that delicate place where the wind passes like the hand of some fine etcher over the surface, and the untorn shells lie thick upon the sand, and the tops of the rocks, to which the waves never rise, are green with grass grown fine as hair. It is the landscape, not of dreams or of fancy, but of places far withdrawn, and hours selected from a thousand with a miracle of finesse. Through his strange veil of sight things reach him so; in no ordinary night or day, but as in faint light of eclipse, or in some brief interval of falling rain at daybreak, or through deep water.

And not into nature only; but he plunged also into human personality and became above all a painter of portraits; faces of a modelling more skilful than has been seen before or since, embodied with a reality which almost amounts to illusion on dark air. To take a character as it was, and delicately sound its stops, suited one so curious in observation, curious in invention. So he painted the portraits of Ludovico's mistresses, Lucretia Crivelli and Cecilia Galerani the poetess, of Ludovico himself, and the Duchess Beatrice. The portrait of Cecilia Galerani is lost, but that of Lucretia Crivelli has been identified with "La Belle Feronnière" of the Louvre, and Ludovico's pale anxious face still remains in the Ambrosian. Opposite is the portrait of Beatrice d'Este, in whom Lionardo seems to have caught some presentiment of early death, painting her precise and grave, full of the refinement of the dead, in sad earth-coloured raiment, set with pale stones.

### THE ÆSCULAPIAN THEORY

HE caught a lesson from what was then said still somewhat beyond his years, a lesson in the skilled cultivation of life, of experience, of opportunity, which seemed to be the aim of the young priest's recommendations. The sum of them, through various forgotten intervals of argument, as might really have

happened in a dream, was the precept, repeated many times under slightly varied aspects, of a diligent promotion of the capacity of the eye, inasmuch as in the eye would lie for him the determining influence of life : he was of the number of those who, in the words of a poet who came long after, must be "made perfect by the love of visible beauty." The discourse was conceived from the point of view of a theory Marius found afterwards in Plato's *Phædrus*, which supposes men's spirits susceptible to certain influences, diffused after the manner of streams or currents, by fair things or persons visibly present—green fields, for instance, or children's faces—into the air around them, acting, in the case of some peculiar natures, like potent material essences, and conforming the seer to themselves as with some cunning physical necessity. This theory, in itself so fantastic, had, however, determined in a range of methodical suggestions, altogether quaint here and there from their circumstantial minuteness. And throughout, the possibility of some vision, as of a new city coming down "like a bride out of heaven," a vision still indeed, it might seem, a long way off, but to be granted perhaps one day to the eyes thus trained, was presented as the motive of this laboriously practical direction.

"If thou wouldst have all about thee like the colours of some fresh picture, in a clear light," so the discourse recommenced after a pause, "be temperate in thy religious motions, in love, in wine, in all things, and of a peaceful heart with thy fellows." To keep the eye clear by a sort of exquisite personal alacrity and cleanliness, extending even to his dwelling-place ; to discriminate ever more and more fastidiously, select form and colour in things from what was less select ; to meditate much on beautiful visible objects, on objects, more especially, connected with the period of youth—on children at play in the morning, the trees in early spring, on young animals, on the fashions and amusements of young men ; to keep ever by him if it were but a single choice flower, a graceful animal or sea-shell, as a token and representative of the whole kingdom of such things ; to avoid jealousy in his way through the world everything repugnant to sight ; and should any circumstance tempt him to a general converse in the range of such objects, to disentangle himself from that circumstance at any cost of place, money, or opportunity ;—such were in brief outline the duties recognised, the rights demanded, in this new formula of life. And it was delivered with conviction ; as if the

speaker verily saw into the recesses of the mental and physical being of the listener, while his own expression of perfect temperance had in it a fascinating power—the merely negative element of purity, the mere freedom of taint or flaw, in exercise as a positive influence. Long afterwards, when Marius read the *Charmides*—that other dialogue of Plato into which he seems to have expressed the very genius of old Greek temperance—the image of this speaker came back vividly before him to take the chief part in the conversation.

(From *Marius the Epicurean*.)

### IN THE CAMPAGNA

THAT flawless serenity, better than the most pleasurable excitement, yet so easily ruffled by chance collision even with the things and persons he had come to value as the greatest treasure in life, was to be wholly his to-day, he thought, as he rode towards Tibur under the early sunshine; the marble of its villas glistening all the way before him on the hillside. And why could he not hold such serenity of spirit ever at command? he asked, expert as he was at last become in the art of setting the house of his thoughts in order. "'Tis in thy power to think as thou wilt," he repeated to himself: it was the most serviceable of all the lessons enforced on him by those imperial conversations;—" 'Tis in thy power to think as thou wilt." And were the cheerful, sociable, restorative beliefs, of which he had there read so much, that bold adhesion, for instance, to the hypothesis of an eternal friend to man, just hidden behind the veil of a mechanical and material order, but only just behind it, ready perhaps even now to break through:—were they, after all, really a matter of choice, dependent on some deliberate act of volition on his part? Were they doctrines one might take for granted, generously take for granted, and led on by them, at first as but well-defined objects of hope, come at last into the region of a corresponding certitude of the intellect? "It is the truth I seek," he had read, "the truth, by which no one," gray and depressing though it might seem, "was ever really injured." And yet, on the other hand, the imperial wayfarer he had been able to go along with so far on his intellectual pilgrimage, let fall many things concerning the

practicability of a methodical and self-forced assent to certain principles or pre-suppositions "one could not do without." Were there, as the expression "*one could not do without*" seemed to hint, beliefs without which life itself must be almost impossible, principles which had their sufficient ground for evidence in that very fact? Experience certainly taught that, as regarding the sensible world he could attend or not, almost at will, to this or that colour, this or that train of sounds, in the whole tumultuous concourse of colour and sound, so it was also, for the well-trained intelligence, in regard to that hum of voices which besiege the inward, no less than the outward, ear. Might it be not otherwise with those various and competing hypotheses, the permissible hypotheses, which in that open field for hypothesis—one's own actual ignorance of the origin and tendency of our being—present themselves so importunately, some of them with so emphatic a reiteration through all the mental changes of successive ages? Might the will itself be an organ of knowledge, of vision?

On this day truly no mysterious light, no irresistibly leading hand from afar, reached him; only, the peculiarly tranquil influence of its first hour increased steadily upon him in a manner with which, as he conceived, the aspects of the place he was then visiting had something to do. The air there, air supposed to possess the singular property of restoring the whiteness of ivory, was pure and thin. An even veil of lawn-like white cloud had now drawn over the sky; and under its broad, shadowless light every hue and tone of time came out upon the yellow old temples, the elegant pillared circle of the shrine of the patronal Sibyl, the houses seemingly of a piece with the ancient fundamental rock. Some half-conscious motive of poetic grace would appear to have determined their grouping; in part resisting, partly going along with, the natural wildness and harshness of the place, its floods and precipices. An air of immense age possessed, above all the vegetation around—a world of evergreen trees—the olives especially, older than how many generations of men's lives! fretted and twisted by the combining forces of life and death, into every conceivable caprice of form. In the windless weather all seemed to be listening to the roar of the immemorial waterfall, plunging down so unassociably among these human habitations, and with a motion so unchanging from age to age as to count, even in this time-worn place, as an image of unalterable rest. Yet the clear sky all but broke to let through the ray which was

silently quickening everything in the late February afternoon, and the unseen violet refined itself through the air. It was as if the spirit of life in nature were but withholding any too precipitate revelation of itself, in its slow, wise, maturing work.

(From the Same.)

### SIR THOMAS BROWNE AT NORWICH

THEIR house at Norwich, even then an old one, it would seem, must have grown, through long years of acquisition, into an odd cabinet of antiquities—antiquities properly so called; his old Roman, or Romanised British urns, from Walsingham or Brampton, for instance, and those natural objects which he studied somewhat in the temper of curiosity-hunter, or antiquary. In one of the old churchyards of Norwich he makes the first discovery of *adipocere*, of which grim substance “a portion still remains with him.” For his multifarious experiments he must have had his laboratory. The old window-stanchions had become magnetic, proving, as he thinks, that iron “acquires verticity from long lying in one position.” Once we find him re-tiling the place. It was then, perhaps, that he made the observation that bricks and tiles also acquire “magnetic alliciency”—one’s whole house, one might fancy! as indeed he holds the earth itself to be a vast lodestone.

The very faults of his literary work, its desultoriness, the time it costs his readers, that slow Latinity which Johnson imitated from him, those lengthy leisurely terminations which busy posterity will abbreviate, all breathe of the long quiet of the place. Yet he is by no means indolent. Besides wide book-learning, experimental research at home, and indefatigable observation in the open air, he prosecutes the ordinary duties of a physician; contrasting himself indeed with other students, “whose quiet and unmolested doors afford no such distractions.” To most persons of mind sensitive as his, his chosen studies would have seemed full of melancholy, turning always, as they did, upon death and decay. It is well perhaps that life should be something of a “meditation upon death”: but to many, certainly, Browne’s would have seemed too like a lifelong following of one’s own funeral. A museum is seldom a cheerful place—oftenest induces the feeling

that nothing could ever have been young ; and to Browne the whole world is a museum ; all the grace and beauty it has being of a somewhat mortified kind. Only, for him (poetic dream, or philosophic apprehension, it was this that never failed to evoke his wonderful genius for exquisitely impassioned speech), over all those ugly anatomical preparations, as though over miraculous saintly relics, there was the perpetual flicker of a surviving spiritual ardency, one day to reassert itself—stranger far than any fancied odylic gravelights !

(From *Appreciations*.)

## STYLE

AN acute philosophical writer, the late Dean Mansel (a writer whose works illustrate the literary beauty there may be in closeness, and with obvious repression or economy of a fine rhetorical gift), wrote a book of fascinating precision in a very obscure subject, to show that all the technical laws of logic are but means of securing, in each and all of its apprehensions, the unity, the strict identity with itself of the apprehending mind. All the laws of good writing aim at a similar unity or identity of the mind in all the processes by which the word is associated to its import. The term is right, and has its essential beauty, when it becomes in a manner, what it signifies, as with the names of simple sensations. To give the phrase, the sentence, the structural member, the entire composition, song, or essay, a similar unity with its subject and with itself:—style is in the right way when it tends toward that. All depends upon the original unity, the vital wholeness and identity of the initiatory apprehension or view. So much is true of all art, which therefore requires always its logic, its comprehensive reason—insight, foresight, retrospect, in simultaneous action—true, most of all, of the literary art, as being of all the arts most closely cognate to the abstract intelligence. Such logical coherency may be evidenced not merely in the lines of composition as a whole, but in the choice of a single word, while it by no means interferes with, but may even prescribe, much variety, in the building of the sentence for instance, or in the manner—argumentative, descriptive, discursive—of this or that part or member of the entire design. The blithe crisp sentence, decisive as a child's expression of its needs, may alternate with

the long-contending, victoriously intricate sentence ; the sentence, born with the integrity of a single word, relieving the sort of sentence in which, if you look closely, you can see much contrivance, much adjustment, to bring a highly qualified matter into compass at one view. For the literary architecture, if it is to be rich and expressive, involves not only foresight of the end in the beginning, but also development or growth of design, in the process of execution, with many irregularities, surprises, and afterthoughts ; the contingent as well as the necessary being subsumed under the unity of the whole. As truly, to the lack of such architectural design of a single, almost visual, image, vigorously informing an entire, perhaps very intricate, composition, which shall be austere, ornate, argumentative, fanciful, yet true from first to last to that vision within, may be attributed those weaknesses of conscious or unconscious repetition of word, phrase, motive, or member of the whole matter, indicating as Flaubert was aware, an original structure in thought not organically complete. With such foresight, the actual conclusion will most often get itself written out of hand, before, in the more obvious sense, the work is finished. With some strong and leading sense of the world, the tight hold of which secures true *composition* and not mere loose accretion, the literary artist, I suppose, goes on considerably, setting joint to joint, sustained by, yet restraining, the productive ardour, retracing the negligences of his first sketch, repeating his steps only that he may give the reader a sense of secure and restful progress, readjusting mere assonances even, that they may soothe the reader, or at least not interrupt him on his way ; and then, somewhere before the end comes, is burdened, inspired, with his conclusion, and betimes delivered of it, leaving off not in weariness and because he finds *himself* at an end, but in all the freshness of volition. His work now structurally complete, with all the accumulating effect of secondary shades of meaning, he finishes the whole up to the just proportion of that antepenultimate conclusion, and all becomes expressive. The house he has built is rather a body he has informed. And so it happens to its greater credit, that the better interest even of a narrative to be recounted, a story to be told, will often be in its second reading. And though there are instances of great writers who have been no artists, an unconscious tact sometimes directing work in which we may detect, very pleasurably, many of the effects of conscious art, yet one of the greatest pleasures of really

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good prose literature is in the critical tracing out of that conscious artistic structure, and the pervading sense of it as we read. Yet of poetic literature too ; for, in truth, the kind of constructive intelligence here supposed is one of the forms of the imagination.

(From the Same.)





## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

[Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson, who dropped his third name for the purposes of authorship, was born in Edinburgh, November 1850, the son of Thomas Stevenson, Secretary to the Commissioners of the Northern Lights. He was educated at private schools and at the University of Edinburgh, whence he passed to the Scottish Bar. But his health was bad, and his literary calling imperative, so that his career was one of ubiquitous travel and indefatigable authorship. His experiences of Scotland and America, of the *Quartier Latin* in Paris, and the artist society of Barbizon, of Bournemouth, and of the South Pacific Islands, have all left their brilliant record in his essays, books of travel, and romances. His later years were spent in Samoa, where he established himself permanently, and commenced *grand seigneur*, interesting himself in the natives of the island, and intervening occasionally, with lyric effect, in the mess of international mercantile politics. He died suddenly, at the height of his power and fame, in December 1894.]

IF the critics of this century were ready to agree with Sir Philip Sidney, Ben Jonson, and their contemporaries, in the opinion that verse is "an ornament and no cause to poetry," and that a poet may consequently write in prose, it would be easy to find in the word "poetry" a comprehensive description of all Stevenson's work. Alike in his essays and romances, in his critical judgments and his records of fact, what he touches is transfigured by the light of his imagination, and expressed in periods as carefully modelled as the periods of blank verse. He has not one set of themes for his verse and another for his prose, his poems are often echoes of what he has rendered elsewhere by the instrument of his dearer choice and study. But it would be unfair to so great an artist in prose to confuse the issue even for a moment. For it was a true instinct that led Stevenson through the arduous course of training that he gave himself in the schools of Sir Thomas Browne and Montaigne, Bunyan and Defoe, on the way to his own style. The subjects that appealed to him, the handling that was his natural gift, alike are ill-suited to the

severity of verse. He is a traveller and no architect; the Latins, in calling prose *sermo pedestris*, described by anticipation the chief merits of the happiest master of vagabond discourse in all the nineteenth century. And hence those critics are ill-advised who separate his essays and his romances to give preference to the former. The fireside talker, who said wise and gay things concerning love and marriage, art and death, to a select and delighted company at the inn, came thither for a night's lodging with no intention of residence. Romance, or what is happening round the next turn of the road, and beyond the next bend of the river, was the lodestar of his life. Now and again he would describe the scenes he passed through, sometimes he would beguile the way with reflections and aphorisms gathered by the roadside or caught out of the air; but for the most part the accidents of travel served him by suggesting the unknown history of the past and the untried possibilities of the future. Experience, which was a law of limitation to Fielding, was to Stevenson an incessantly renewed provocation to dreaming. A short story like *The Pavilion on the Links* serves to show how his fancy worked on the suggestions caught from the sand-dunes and the sea, with perhaps a stray figure passing in the dusk. What is best in his romances and essays they catch from each other; the romances are convincing by virtue of their sheer hold on the ultimate conditions of human life, the essays deal in no abstract fashion with high themes of policy and philosophy, but flash their light upon common objects at an angle that reveals the glitter in the quartz.

The constant quantity in all Stevenson's writing is himself. A complete life of him might be compiled from his works; the skeleton itinerary of his wanderings, with names and dates, might easily be clothed with the living tissue of sensations and impressions that is furnished by his books. Yet he is the least obtrusive of egotists, and his heroic endeavours to escape from himself in the creation of character achieve some veritable successes. Alan Breck Stewart is perhaps the finest Highlander in English literature—he is at any rate second to none. David Balfour, Captain Nares, Jim Pinkerton, and some half-dozen others, are breathing human beings, created by sympathy and never really deformed by the humours of the comic spirit. The rival heroines of Stevenson's longest work may safely challenge comparison with any of Scott's goddesses. Indeed it is not in

his firmer grasp of character that Scott's superiority as a romancer is made manifest, but rather in his frank unquestioning acceptance of the fundamental facts of life, its loves and hates, its joys and sorrows. Axioms are as necessary in romance as in mathematics, and Stevenson might perhaps have raised his structure of romance higher had he been less addicted to digging at the foundations. His attitude towards the business and desire of grown men had always something of the child's open-eyed wonder; he was to the last a stranger on the earth. His view of human things is as clear as it is fresh, but he stands aloof from them, and his sympathies are not to be tamed by the affections. He knew this touch of chilliness in himself, as he knew most things that can be discovered by introspection, and he shunned the introduction of women in his earlier stories. Although he learned from Scott how to make pirates seem execrably wicked without the minute reproduction of ruffianly talk, he would not have dared to follow Scott to the blunt extremity of terror by letting his heroines fall into the hands of a drunken pirate crew. Such a crisis could never bear the curious consideration which Stevenson, in the very vein of Hamlet, would have given it. The broad gust and generous prejudices of his great forerunners are no part of his faculty; he is unwilling to owe the greatness of his effects to the strength of a universal passion rather than to his own exquisite and subtle treatment of it.

Hence it is that style, which is the intrusion of the artist's individuality upon lifeless matter and impersonal truth, is the beginning and end of his writing. Commonplace morality and conventional expression are impossible to him, his questing avidity could never be harnessed in the shafts of everyday purpose. In an age of journalism, of barren repetition and fruitless expatiation, it is high praise to give even to a great prose-writer to say of him that he never prosed. This praise is due to Stevenson; his chisel, which rang in the workshops of many masters, was always wielded under the direction of a marvellously quick eye, by a hand that gathered strength and confidence every year. He has left no slovenly work, none that has not an inimitable distinction, and the charm of expression that belongs only to a rare spirit. If the question be raised of his eventual place in the great hierarchy of English writers, it is enough to say that the tribunal that shall try his claims is not yet in session; when the time comes he will be summoned to the bar, not

with the array of contemporaries whose names a foolish public linked to his, but with the chief prose-writers of the century, few of whom can face the trial with less to extenuate and less to conceal.

W. A. RALEIGH.

## PULVIS ET UMBRA

OF the Kosmos in the last resort, science reports many doubtful things, and all of the appalling. There seems no substance to this solid globe on which we stamp; nothing but symbols and ratios. Symbols and ratios carry us and bring us forth and beat us down; gravity that swings the incommensurable suns and worlds, through space is but a figment varying inversely as the squares of distances; and the suns and worlds themselves, imponderable figures of abstraction,  $\text{NH}_3$  and  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$ . Consideration dares not dwell upon this view; that way madness lies; science carries us into zones of speculation, where there is no habitable city for the mind of man.

But take the Kosmos with a grosser faith, as our senses give it us. We behold space sown with rotatory islands, suns and worlds and the shards and wrecks of systems: some, like the sun, still blazing; some rotting, like the earth; others, like the moon, stable in desolation. All of these we take to be made of something we call matter: a thing which no analysis can help us to conceive; to whose incredible properties no familiarity can reconcile our minds. This stuff, when not purified by the lustration of fire, rots uncleanly into something we call life; seized through all its atoms with a pediculous malady; swelling into tumours that become independent, sometimes even (by an abhorrent prodigy) locomotory; one splitting into millions, millions cohering into one, as the malady proceeds through varying stages. This vital putrescence of the dust, used as we are to it, yet strikes us with occasional disgust, and the profusion of worms in a piece of ancient turf, or the air of a marsh darkened with insects, will sometimes check our breathing so that we aspire for cleaner places. But none is clean: the moving sand is infected with lice; the pure spring, where it bursts out of the mountain, is a mere issue of worms; even in the hard rock the crystal is forming.

In two main shapes this eruption covers the countenance of the earth ; the animal and the vegetable : one in some degree the inversion of the other ; the second rooted to the spot, the first coming detached out of its natal mud, and scurrying abroad with the myriad feet of insects or towering into the heavens on the wings of birds ; a thing so inconceivable that, if it be well considered, the heart stops. To what passes with the anchored vermin, we have little clue : doubtless they have their joys and sorrows, their delights and killing agonies ; it appears not how. But of the locomotory, to which we ourselves belong, we can tell more. These share with us a thousand miracles : the miracles of sight, of hearing, of the projection of sound, things that bridge space ; the miracles of memory and reason, by which the present is conceived, and, when it is gone, its image kept living in the brains of man and brute ; the miracle of reproduction, with its imperious desires and staggering consequences. And to put the last touch upon this mountain mass of the revolting and the inconceivable, all these prey upon each other ; lives tearing other lives in pieces, cramming them inside themselves, and by that summary process growing fat ; the vegetarian, the whale, perhaps the tree, not less than the lion of the desert ; for the vegetarian is only the eater of the dumb.

Meanwhile our rotatory island, loaded with predatory life, and more drenched with blood, both animal and vegetable, than ever mutinied ship, scuds through space with unimaginable speed, and turns alternate cheeks to the reverberation of a blazing world, ninety million miles away.

(From *Later Essays*.)

## THE WRECK OF THE CHRIST-ANNA

"SHE cam' ashore Februar' 10, about ten at night," he went on to me. "There was nae wind, and a sair run o' sea ; and she was in the sook o' the Roost, as I jaloose. We had seen her a' day, Rorie and me, bea'ting to the wind. She wasnae a handy craft, I'm thinking, that *Christ-Anna* ; for she would neither steer nor stay wi' them. A sair day they had of it ; their hands was never aff the sheets, and it perishin' cauld—ower cauld to snaw ; and aye they would get a bit nip o' wind, and awa' again, to pit the emp'y hope into them. Eh, man ! but they had a sair day

for the last o't! He would have had a prood, prood heart that won ashore upon the back o' that."

"And were all lost?" I cried, "God help them!"

"Wheesht!" he said sternly. "Nane shall pray for the deid on my hearth-stane."

I disclaimed a Popish sense for my ejaculation; and he seemed to accept my disclaimer with unusual facility, and ran on once more upon what had evidently become a favourite subject.

"We fand her in Sandag Bay, Rorie an' me, and a' thae braws in the inside of her. There's a kittle bit ye sae, about Sandag; whiles the sook rins strong for the Merry Men; an' whiles again, when the tide's makin' hard an' ye can hear the Roost blawin' at the far-end of Aros, there comes a back-spang of current straucht into Sandag Bay. Weel, there's the thing that got the grip on the *Christ-Anna*. She but to have come in ramstam an' stern forrit; for the bows of her are aften under, and the back-side of her is clear at hie-water o' neaps. But, man! the dunt that she cam doon wi' when she struck! Lord save us a'! but it's an unco life to be a sailor—a cauld, wanchancy life. Mony's the gliff I got mysel' in the great deep; and why the Lord should hae made yon unco water is mair than ever I could win to understand. He made the vales and the pastures, the bonny green yaird, the halesome, canty land—

And now they shout and sing to Thee,  
For Thou hast made them glad,

as the Psalms say in the metrical version. No that I would preen my faith to that clink neither; but it's bonny, and easier to mind. 'Who go to sea in ships,' they hae't again—

And in  
Great waters trading be,  
Within the deep these men God's works  
And His great wonders see.

Weel, it's easy sayin' sae. Maybe Dauvit wasnae very weel acquaint wi' the sea. But, troth, if it wasnae prentit in the Bible, I wad whiles be temp't to think it wasnae the Lord, but the muckle black deil that made the sea. There's naething good comes oot o't but the fish; an' the spectacle o' God riding on the tempest to be shüre, whilk would be what Dauvit likely was ettling at. But, man, there were sair wonders that God showed to the *Christ-Anna*—wonders, do I ca' them? Judgments, rather: judgments



in the mirk nicht among the draygons o' the deep. And their souls—to think o' that—their souls, man, maybe no prepared ! The sea—a muckle yett to hell !”

I observed, as my uncle spoke, that his voice was unnaturally moved and his manner unwontedly demonstrative. He leaned forward at the last words, for example, and touched me on the knee with his spread fingers, looking up into my face with a certain pallor, and I could see that his eyes shone with a deep-seated fire, and that the lines about his mouth were drawn and tremulous.

Even the entrance of Rorie, and the beginning of our meal, did not detach him from his train of thought beyond a moment. He condescended, indeed, to ask me some questions as to my success at college, but I thought it was with half his mind ; and even in his extempore grace, which was, as usual, long and wandering, I could find the trace of his preoccupation, praying, as he did, that God would “remember in mercy fower puir, feckless, fiddling, sinful creatures here by their lee-lane beside the great and dowie waters.”

Soon there came an interchange of speeches between him and Rorie.

“Was it there ?” asked my uncle.

“Ou, ay !” said Rorie.

I observed that they both spoke in a manner of aside, and with some show of embarrassment, and that Mary herself appeared to colour, and looked down on her plate. Partly to show my knowledge, and so relieve the party from an awkward strain, partly because I was curious, I pursued the subject.

“You mean the fish ?” I asked.

“Whatten fish ?” cried my uncle. “Fish, quo’ he ! Fish ! Your een are fu’ o’ fatness, man ; your heid dozed with carnal lair. Fish ! it’s a bogle !”

He spoke with great vehemence, as though angry ; and perhaps I was not very willing to be put down so shortly, for young men are disputatious. At least I remember I retorted hotly, crying out upon childish superstitions.

“And ye come frae the College !” sneered Uncle Gordon. “Gude kens what they learn folk there ; it’s no muckle service onyway. Do ye think, man, that there’s naething in a’ yon saut wilderness o’ a world oot wast there, wi’ the sea grasses growin’, an’ the sea beasts fechtin’, an’ the sun glintin’ down into it, day

by day? Na; the sea's like the land, but fearsomer. If there's folk ashore, there's folk in the sea—deid they may be, but they're folk whatever; and as for deils, there's nane that's like the sea deils. There's no sae muckle harm in the land deils, when a's said and done. Langsyne when I was a callant in the south country, I mind there was an auld, bald bogle in the Peewie Moss. I got a glisk o' him mysel,' sittin' on his hunkers in a hag, as gray's a tombstane. An', troth, he was a fearsomelike taed. But he steered naebody. Nae doobt, if ane that was a reprobate, ane the Lord hated, had gane by there wi' his sin still upon his stomach, nae doobt the creature would hae lowped upo' the likes o' him. But there's deils in the deep sea would yoke on a communicant! Eh, sirs, if ye had gane doon wi' the puir lads in the *Christ-Anna*, ye would ken by now the mercy o' the seas. If ye had sailed it for as lang as me, ye would hate the thocht of it as I do. If ye had but used the een God gave ye, ye would hae learned the wickedness o' that fause, saut, cauld, bullering creature, and of a' that's in it by the Lord's permission: labsters an' partans, an' sic like, howking in the deid; muckle, gutsy, blawing whales; an' fish—the hale clan o' them—cauld-wamed, blind-eed uncanny ferlies. O sirs," he cried, "the horror—the horror o' the sea!"

(From *The Merry Men*.)

## NATURE AWAKING

NIGHT is a dead monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dewes and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afieid. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides,

and change to a new lair among the ferns ; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life ? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies ? Even shepherds and old country-folk, who are the deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Towards two in the morning they declared the thing takes place ; and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber, only like the luxurious Montaigne, "that we may the better and more sensibly relish it." We have a moment to look up on the stars. And there is a special pleasure for some minds in the reflection that we share the impulse with all outdoor creatures in our neighbourhood, that we have escaped out of the Bastille of civilisation, and are become, for the time being, a mere kindly animal and a sheep of Nature's flock.

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught ; and feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, coloured, jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether ; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward ; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the colour of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish gray behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue black between the stars. As if to be more like a pedlar, I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette ; and at each whiff the inside of my hand was illuminated and became for a second the highest light in the landscape.

A faint wind, more like a moving coldness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time ; so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. I thought with horror of the inn at Chasserades and the congre-

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gated nightcaps ; with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, of hot theatres and pass-keys and close rooms. I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after all a gentle habitable place ; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists : at the least I had discovered a new pleasure for myself. And yet even while I was exulting in my solitude I became aware of a strange lack. I wished a companion to be near me in the starlight, silent and not moving, but ever within touch. For there is a fellowship more quiet even than solitude, and which, rightly understood, is solitude made perfect. And to live out of doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free.

(From *Travels with a Donkey*.)



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